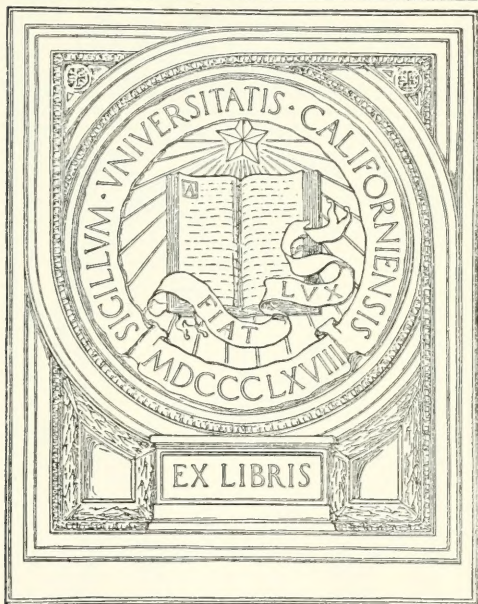


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GOETHE AT WEIMAR.

(See page 42.)

HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST FOREIGN AUTHORS.

SELECTED AND ARRANGED BY

CHARLES MORRIS.

VOL. II.

GERMAN.

PHILADELPHIA:

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INTRODUCTION.

THE literature of Germany, the subject of the present volume, has a character and tendencies of its own, which call for some preliminary observations, while its history presents interesting problems for the consideration of the student. No one to-day can accuse the Germans of the lack of an original literary genius; yet for centuries their literature lagged in a sort of half life behind the literatures of England, France, and Italy, and it is only in a minor sense of spontaneous growth. A strong impulse from without was needed to arouse this nation of deep thinkers to an appreciation of their own intellectual powers.

Yet the early history of German literature is full of indications of an indigenous growth of thought. An era of the heroic ballad and of mythological legend, not less active than that which existed in ancient Greece, made its appearance, and has yielded us, in addition to numerous legendary ballads, an epic poem of high value, the *Nibelungenlied*, which, while far below the parallel work of Homer in poetic and artistic merit, indicates a well-developed imagination and an active literary genius in the German people.

But with the passing away of this age of the ballad the distinctive literature of Germany vanished, and remained lost for many centuries, being replaced by imitations of the French and Italian authors. In the words of a critical writer, it disappeared like those Eastern rivers

that bury themselves in the sands, only to emerge into the light of day at remote distances. The influence of the French is seen in the songs of the Minnesingers, in which the love-poetry of the Troubadours is reproduced, and in the involved epics of chivalry, to which the long-winded and extravagant conceptions of the French Trouvères gave the cue. One further literary product of this age, the humorous satire of "Reynard the Fox," is of doubtful authorship. Versions of it in both French and German exist, but the weight of evidence seems to be in favor of its French origin.

After the period of these productions centuries passed without an indication of a literary renaissance in Germany. Poetry was represented by the wooden rhymes of the Mastersingers, which the shoemaker hammered out upon his bench and the tailor clipped into shape with his shears,—conceits in which rhyme and verse elbowed poetry completely out of sight. In the words of Longfellow,—

"As the weaver plied the shuttle, wove he too the mystic rhyme,
And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime,
Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom made the flower of poesy
bloom
In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom."

It is strongly overdrawn, however, to say that "the flower of poesy bloomed" in these verses of the Mastersingers, of whose multitude of writers only one name has gained a permanent place in literature, that of Hans Sachs, the poetic cobbler of Nuremberg, and he as much perhaps by the quantity as by the quality of his rhymes. The only poetry of merit during this period was, again to quote Longfellow, "the great mass of popular songs, of uncertain date, which, blooming like wild flowers on the

broad field of literature from the fifteenth century to the present time, surpass in beauty, variety, and quantity those of any other country."

In regard to prose literature, though abundance of translations and imitations of French and Italian writers existed, scarcely a single instance of indigenous German prose of merit appeared before the opening of the eighteenth century. Martin Luther stands almost alone as a skilful writer of German prose during the long and dreary preceding epoch. In the writings of this distinguished reformer first appears the distinctive German mode of thought, united with a developed literary skill, and to him we owe the moulding of the literary language of Germany into its present form. His translation of the Bible, a simple, strong, and graceful production, which is still the popular German version, undoubtedly had an immense influence in giving Germany a single literary language, in place of the varied dialects used by preceding writers. A century later (1575) appeared Jacob Boehme, the celebrated mystic, and the first of the original philosophical thinkers of Germany. As a writer, however, he was involved and obscure; while Abraham a Sancta Clara, born in 1642, who was abundantly supplied with wit, satire, and imagination, had a literary style so bristling with faults that his writings seem rather buffoonery than literature.

Such was the position of German literature at the opening of the eighteenth century. For five centuries no great literary production had appeared, the drama was not yet born, prose literature was but in its infancy, and the intellect of a people the most profound in thought of any nation of modern times lay buried in a mediæval slumber. We are not here concerned with the causes of this phenomenon. The terrible Thirty Years' War, with its ruinous effects and far-reaching consequences, was one of the most

potent of them. The breaking up of Germany into numerous minor political divisions, at whose courts French was the polite language and French books were the favorite reading, was another depressing influence. The long-continued use of Latin as the language of writers was a third. But with the opening of the eighteenth century the dominance of French and Italian literature gave place to the ardent study of English writers, whose mode of thought was far more in consonance with the tendency of the German mind. The revival of classical study also gave a new impulse to German thought; yet it was not till the middle of the century that the native Teutonic genius began to manifest itself clearly, and in the works of Lessing, Klopstock, and Wieland the ground-work of a distinctive German literature was laid.

The impulse given to the national thought of Germany by these three great writers and their lesser contemporaries and followers became fully developed in the final quarter of the century, when the two greatest of German authors, Goethe and Schiller, came into the field, and with their remarkable genius quickly raised the national literature of Germany to a full level with that of surrounding nations. We may here speak, however, of certain tendencies which for a time checked the artistic development of German literature. The first was that known as the *Sturm und Drang* (Storm and Pressure) movement, which began about 1770 and for nearly a score of years held almost all the new writers in its folds. Even Goethe, in his "Götz von Berlichingen," and Schiller, in his "Robbers" and others of his early plays, testify to its influence. Discontent with the existing world was its prominent characteristic. To break down conventionality and attain to some higher knowledge and more intense emotion than art or nature permitted, was the desire of the writers of this

school, who constantly proclaimed that it was the duty of a man of genius to write precisely as nature dictated,—genius with them meaning unpruned sensationalism, and nature a free indulgence in exaggerated epithets.

In the early part of the present century arose what is known as the “Romantic school,” inaugurated by the Schlegels, Tieck, and others. It was a protest against the influence of classical literature, and an assertion of the superior value of mediæval thought and the necessity of a freer and more varied intellectual expression. The writers were out of sympathy with their own age, which they stigmatized as tame and colorless, while they grew enthusiastic over the loyalty, chivalry, and other virtues of the Middle Ages, which they greatly exaggerated. The dreaminess and mysticism of this school reach their highest expression in the writings of Novalis, who has been called the prophet of the Romanticists, and who seemed to dwell in a world quite outside the hard, every-day world of facts. The influence of this school of thought extended to the middle of the present century, affecting nearly every author. It has gradually subsided into the recent school of German literature, in which these forced methods have given place to more natural conditions of literary production.

To the names which we have adduced might be added numbers of others of high standing in every field of thought which the mind of man has yet invaded. The philosophers of Germany rank with the ablest of the world's metaphysicians. In philosophical and critical history many eminent names exist, of whom we may mention Niebuhr, Müller, Mommsen, and Ranke. In travels Humboldt has been followed by a series of younger writers of great ability. Of writers of eminence in other fields may be named Winckelmann, Mendelssohn, Fouqué, Richter,

and Hoffmann, to whom we might add an extended list of poets, novelists, scientists, etc., in evidence that the long-slumbering intellect of Germany has at last fully and effectively awakened and has taken its true position in the world's pantheon of thought.

A few words as to the special characteristics of German literature will be in place in conclusion. It is widely acknowledged that the Germans are the deepest thinkers of modern times. They seem to possess an unquenchable desire to solve all the problems of the universe, and as philosophical reasoners have not their equals upon the earth. Such men as Leibnitz, Spinoza, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and others of the metaphysicians have no proper counterparts in other modern nations, not even in England, whose genius is too practical to permit such plunges into the bottomless profound. But, unfortunately for their readers, these writers have been governed so absolutely by their metaphysical conceptions as to find no time to attend to lucidity of expression and artistic roundness of literary art. This speculative tendency, indeed, is a distinctive characteristic of German literature. Most of its writers have their problems to solve, and in so doing are apt to get somewhat beyond the depth of their readers. Of the two elements which make up literature, the thought and its expression, the former is the predominant element in the German mind; the latter is of secondary consideration. The German author thinks more of what he has to say than of how he shall say it; being in this respect diametrically opposite to the French writer, to whom the expression is primary, the idea secondary, and who is seldom lost in the mazes of his own imagination.

The result of this characteristic is a lack of artistic roundness and harmony in literary style, and a heaviness

and awkwardness of expression which are often repellent. The principal faults are prolixity and involution of thought, with consequent obscurity. German sentences are apt to be of interminable length, and to be overweighted with parenthetical clauses until they are fatiguingly heavy. The speculative predilection and the tendency to yield without limit to the flow of thought are so strong as to destroy that moderation and sense of just proportion which are as necessary to a literary production as to any other work of art, and which are more lacking in the Germans than in any other modern literary people.

This fault in German prose is perhaps due in part to the influence of the metaphysicians, in whose works the tendency to prolixity is particularly noticeable. It is said that some of Kant's sentences measure two feet eight inches in length by six inches in breadth. This arises from the effort to present all the qualifications, limitations, and exceptions of a subject in a single sentence, an effort which cannot but produce an indescribable heaviness of style. In addition to the influence here noted, there is another of equal weight. The cultivation of the conversational art, which has so much to do with the lightness and grace of the French literary method, has been greatly neglected in Germany. Most of the authors of that land have lived a university life, the monologue of the teacher replacing with them the dialogue of the man of society, and the methods of thought and expression gained on the professor's platform accompanying them to the author's desk. Most writers are so full of interest in things and doctrines that clearness of expression seems to them of minor importance, while the bad style of a few conspicuous authors has had a powerful influence over that of a host of minor writers.

Even in the lighter forms of German prose, such as novels, this lack of artistic taste appears. Though inter-

minable sentences may be avoided, the works as wholes are apt to want coherence and concentration. They fail to display the limited and well-rounded completeness of a work of art, being diffuse, overloaded with episodic matter, and often more palatable as fragments than as complete productions.

What we have said here does not apply to the poetry of Germany, much of which is marked by the highest grace of expression and artistic delicacy of finish. Nor does it include all the prose writers. Lessing, Herder, and some others have escaped the besetting sin above indicated, possibly through the influence of foreign models, since it must be acknowledged that most of the German authors who have written gracefully, as in the instance of Jacobi, have lived abroad.

Yet while the authors of Germany are deficient in form, they are of the highest merit in thought, which we must acknowledge to be the most valuable element in literature. And, so far as our present purpose is concerned, their tendency to digression makes their works specially adapted to yield short and well-rounded selections, while their close attention to the development of the ideas involved gives them a value not possessed by many of the artistic and sparkling productions of neighboring nations. The latter, like buoyant boats, are built to float lightly and gracefully upon the surface of thought, while the heavier products of the German intellect tend to sink deeply into the mind, and yield it a solid nutriment that is seldom to be found in the literary productions of the nations of Southern Europe.

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HALF-HOURS

WITH THE

BEST FOREIGN AUTHORS.

THE LITERARY EPIDEMIC IN GERMANY.

WOLFGANG MENZEL.

[The author of our present selection was a native of Waldenburg, in Silesia, where he was born in 1798. He died in 1873. He was a prolific writer, being the author of a "History of Germany," and other historical productions, a work on "German Literature," several volumes of novelistic literature, etc. For many years he edited the *Literaturblatt* of Stuttgart, and held a prominent position as a critic, his opposition to the prevailing school of poetry, and particularly to the poetry of Goethe, bringing him into much notice. His "German Literature," from which our selection is taken, is written with great clearness and vigor, and shows its author to have been a man of brilliant powers and much originality of intellect. The example we give is notable for its trenchant satire, a manner not much cultivated by German writers, and, though perhaps overdrawn, its strictures might not inaptly be applied to other literatures besides those of Germany at the present day. The translation is that of C. C. Felton.]

THE Germans do little, but they write so much the more. If a denizen of the coming centuries ever turns his eye back to the present point of time in German history, he will meet with more books than men. He will be able to stride through years as through repositories.

He will say we have slept, and dreamed in books. We have become a nation of scribes, and might place a goose on our escutcheon, instead of the double-headed eagle. The pen governs and serves, works and pays, fights and feeds, prospers and punishes. We leave to the Italians their heaven, to the Spaniards their saints, to the French their deeds, to the English their bags of money, and sit down to our books. The contemplative German people love to think and poetize, and they have always time enough for writing. They have even invented the art of printing, and now they toil away indefatigably at the great engine. The learning of the schools, the passion for what is foreign, fashion, lastly, the profits of the book-trade, have done the rest; and so an immeasurable mass of books is built up around us, which increases every day; and we are astonished at this amazing apparition, this new wonder of the world, the Cyclopean walls, of which the mind is laying the foundation. Upon a moderate computation, there are printed, every year, in Germany, ten millions of volumes. As every half-yearly fair-catalogue gives us the names of a thousand German writers, we must admit that at the present moment there are living in Germany towards fifty thousand men who have each written one book or more. If their number goes on in the same progression as heretofore, we shall have it in our power to make a registry of ancient and modern German authors which will contain a larger number of names than a registry of all the living readers.

The operation of this literary activity stares us directly in the face. To which side soever we turn we behold books and readers. Even the smallest town has its reading-room, and the poorest gentleman his manual library. Whatever we may have in one hand, we are sure to have a book in the other. Everything, from government down

to children's cradles, has become a science, and must needs be studied. Literature is turned into a general apothecary's shop for the empire; and although the empire grows more ill the more medicine it takes, yet the doses are not diminished, but increased. Books help to everything. What one is ignorant of is to be found in a book. The physician writes his receipt, the judge his sentence, the preacher his sermon, the teacher, as well as the scholar, his task, from books. We govern, cure, trade and travel, boil and roast, according to books. Dear youth would be lost indeed without books. A child and a book are things which always occur to us together.

Much writing is a universal disease of the Germans, which prevails even beyond literature, and in the bureaucracy chains a considerable part of the population to the desk. Writers whithersoever we look! And those writers only contribute by what they consume to make more beggars in the land, so that the paper-maker may suffer no lack of rags. Let us consider, however, the sedentary life to which so many thousands are offered up in sacrifice. Had it not become the object of public ridicule before Tissot devoted to it his humane compassion and medical advice? Is not the noble but quill-wasted Gellert, on the horse presented to him by Frederick in jest, the everlasting archetype of those poor galley-slaves chained to the desk, an image incomparably less agreeable than that of a Grecian philosopher, who, under the shade of palm-trees and laurels, thinks and talks more than he writes?

There is nothing of any interest whatever which has not been written about in Germany. Is anything done, the most important consequence is, that somebody writes about it; nay, many things appear to be done for no other reason in the world than to be written about. Most things, however, are only written about in Germany, and

not done at all. Our activity is eminently in writing. This were no misfortune, where the wise man who writes a book does no less, but often more, than the general who gains a victory. But when ten thousand fools take it into their heads to write books, the case is as bad as when all the common soldiers choose to be generals.

We receive into ourselves all earlier culture only to enshroud it again in paper. We pay for the books which we read, with those which we write. There are hundreds of thousands who learn only for the purpose of teaching again; whose whole existence is riveted to books; who go from the school-bench to the professor's chair without once looking abroad into the green world. They apply also the same torture to others that they have endured themselves: priests of corruption dried up among mummies, they propagate the old poison, as the vestal virgins kept alive the sacred fire.

Every new genius seems to have been born only to rush immediately to paper. We have scarcely greater men among us than our penmen. The path of fame, which has been made somewhat tedious in Germany for the hero and statesman, and is all strewn with thorns for the artist, stands invitingly open only for the writer. It is as common for an intellectual man to be an author in Germany, as to be a statesman in France or England. If he cannot deal with affairs, at least he writes. Thus rival each other the good and the bad, the known and the unknown, in swelling this literary deluge.

* * * * *

The earlier races did not recognize the great significance of literature, because they, too much devoted to the enjoyment or the action of the present moment, lost themselves in the reality of the world, rather than sought to behold themselves in its mirror. Later times have gone

quite to the opposite extreme, and man steals, as it were, from his present, to transport himself into a foreign world, and is deafened with the wonders which his own curiosity has gathered around him. Then people lived more; now they wish to know life better. Literature has drawn an interest to itself and attained to an influence which was unknown to earlier times. The invention of the art of printing has given it a material basis from which it can unfold its great operations. Since that time, it has become a European power, in part ruling over all, and in part serving all. It has mastered mind by the word, ruled over life by the image of life, but at the same time has furnished an acceptable instrument for every struggle of the age. In her golden book every one has registered his vote. She is a shield to righteousness and virtue, a temple to wisdom, a paradise to innocency, a cup of delight to love, a Jacob's ladder to the poet, but also a fierce weapon to party spirit, a plaything for trifling, a stimulant to wantonness, an easy-chair to laziness, a spring-wheel to gossip, a fashion to vanity, a merchandise to the spirit of gain, and has served, like a handmaid, all the great and little, pernicious and useful, noble and mean interests of the time.

Hence, in multiplicity and extent, it has reached such a monstrous growth that the individual who falls in for the first time with the world of books finds himself transported to a chaos. Constantly busy in comprehending everything else, it has not yet comprehended itself. It is a head with many thousand tongues, which are all talking against each other. It is an immense tree, which overshadows the living generation, but the eyes of all its blossoms are looking abroad, and the widely-extended branches are standing apart from each other. Everywhere we behold sciences and arts which exclude each

other, although one soil supports them, one sun ripens them, and their fruits enrich us in common. On all sides we see parties striving to annihilate each other by the same opposition by which they themselves are mutually generated and upheld. The mind which comes to this literature a stranger knows not what to make of the abundance, nor how to separate that which falls into subordinate spheres. It contents itself with the little, because it knows not the great; with one-sidedness, because it sees not the other side; and, further still, as the multiplicity of books increases the difficulty of the survey, the prevailing parties confound judgment itself, and generate, besides ignorance, that frivolous contempt for the unknown, or the half-understood, which has in the most recent times reached such a ruinous extent. Finally, the present moment claims its right,—novelty, fashion. The stream of literature appears, in its windings, each moment, only like a contracted lake, and to the ordinary reader the wide world of books closes into a narrow horizon. Everything is good for everybody, but only one thing is good for one, and much only for the moment. Thus our literature furnishes the most variegated chaos of minds, opinions, and styles. It descends from the sunlit summit of genius to the deepest slough of vulgarity. At one time it is sage, even to mystical profundity; at another time dull or foolish, to doting. Now it is subtle to unintelligibleness, and now rough as the rocks. A just proportion of views, of sentiment, of understanding, and of language, is nowhere discernible. Every view, every nature, every talent, asserts its right, regardless of the judge; for there is no law existing, and minds are living in wild anarchy. The wondrous concert of literature is incessantly played upon all instruments and in all tones; and it is impossible for him who stands in the midst of the noise to find harmony

therein. Still, if one raise himself to a higher point, above the times, he hears the fugues changing every half-century, and the discords finding their solution. There is somewhere a place wherein the labyrinthine passages terminate in a beautiful whole. In this multiplicity the secret harmony of an infinite work of art lies concealed, which an æsthetic impulse is ever impelling us to criticise. Sprung from *one* life, this literature is itself a single whole.

* * * * * * * * * *

Much writing has become in Germany such a mania, that the less chance a new book has of making its way through the huge crowd already existing, the more eager are the good people that every one, even the most insignificant, should be printed. Hence, in the most recent times, the literary sweepings, the collections of letters and remains, of every far-famed man. Scarce a visiting-card or washing-bill of Matthison, of blessed memory, is permitted to remain unprinted. Of Jean Paul, we know at what precise date he got his first suspenders made; of Voss, what he devoured at every inn, on his short journey; of Schiller, in what equipage he called upon Goethe; and other like matters, with which the many hundreds of biographies, and volumes of letters of this sort, are crammed.

In some respects writing much may be necessary and unavoidable. Posterity, indeed, must always content itself with a selection of the best and weightiest from the earlier literature; but yet literature has, in regard to communication and discussion, a distinct value for the present age. Many an experiment and preparatory labor must be lost before the result can be transmitted to posterity in a few words; and the present age has interests of its own, which it must satisfy, without posterity's needing, in general, to take any notice of them. The

Germans, however, as I have already observed, know not how to concentrate discussion, but multiply it to a prodigious extent, and talk all together, without being able to hear each other, at the same time; and, besides, they confound constantly the practical want of the present moment with care for posterity. They not only are thoughtful to say something at the right time, but they address their discourse to posterity likewise; and posterity and the public are identical ideas to them, even where they must necessarily make a distinction. With truly Chinese painstaking, they are anxious that nothing shall be withheld from poor posterity; and so they write on every gravestone immortal words which the very next shower washes away.

I have often been solicited by learned Frenchmen to furnish them with a clue to the labyrinth of German literature. I imagine to myself the Brahmin who recently arrived in England approaching the endless German world of books, and asking me, "Is there no book of books, in which one can find all this wisdom together in a nutshell?" "No," I must reply; "since the time when the beasts dwelt together in Noah's ark, they have so innumerably increased that at present the Linnauses, and Buffons, and Blumenbachs, and Cuviers, can never complete the task of finding among the individuals merely the species." . . .

He who can take pleasure in such a literature must be beside himself; truly so, for nobody but one beside himself would collect a library the books of which, for the most part, are empty behind the title, or filled up with saw-dust and spiders' webs. In the first place, a reflecting man does not make the intellect of the nation to consist in books, nor, in the second place, the worth of the books in their number. Instead of taking pride in our

riches, we ought only to be anxious to compress within a narrow compass the results of our book-wisdom, that we may get something from it; for without some such management we shall for a long time see empty heads running about in the midst of our book-abounding Germany.

THE SCENERY OF THE ORINOCO.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

[Of this distinguished traveller and scientist we need only say that he was born at Berlin in 1769, and died there in 1859, in his ninetieth year, after having made journeys of scientific exploration to many untravellered regions, and written numerous works of travel and science, which are alike distinguished for acuteness of observation, breadth of knowledge, enthusiastic devotion to science in its every field, imaginative earnestness, and an agreeable fluency of style. From one of his smaller works, "Views of Nature," we select the following attractively-written description of travel on the Orinoco. The translation is that of Otté and Bohn.]

THE impression which is left on the mind by the aspect of natural scenery is less determined by the peculiar character of the region than by the varied nature of the light through which we view, or mountain or plain, sometimes beaming beneath an azure sky, sometimes enveloped in the gloom of lowering clouds. Thus, too, descriptions of nature affect us more or less powerfully in proportion as they harmonize with the condition of our own feelings. For the physical world is reflected with truth and animation on the inner susceptible world of the mind. Whatever marks the character of a landscape,—the profile of mountains which in the far and hazy distance bound the

horizon, the deep gloom of pine forests, the mountain-torrent which rushes headlong to its fall through overhanging cliffs,—all stand alike in an ancient and mysterious communion with the spiritual life of man.

From this communion arises the nobler portion of the enjoyment which Nature affords. Nowhere does she more deeply impress us with a sense of her greatness, nowhere does she speak to us more forcibly, than in the tropical world, beneath the “Indian sky,” as the climate of the tropical zone was called in the early period of the Middle Ages. While I now, therefore, venture to give a delineation of these regions, I am encouraged to hope that the peculiar charm which belongs to them will not be unfelt. The remembrance of a distant and richly-endowed land, the aspect of a free and powerful vegetation, refreshes and strengthens the mind; even as our soaring spirit, oppressed with the cares of the present, turns with delight to contemplate the early dawn of mankind and its simple grandeur.

Western currents and tropical winds favor the passage over that pacific arm of the sea which occupies the vast valley stretching between the New Continent and Western Africa. Before the shore is seen to emerge from the highly-curved expanse of waters, a foaming rush of conflicting and intermingling waves is observed. The mariner who is unacquainted with this region would suspect the vicinity of shoals, or a wonderful burst of fresh springs, such as occur in the midst of the ocean among the Antilles.

On approaching nearer to the granitic shores of Guiana, he sees before him the wide mouth of a mighty river, which gushes forth like a shoreless sea, flooding the ocean around with fresh water. The green waves of the river, which assume a milky-white hue as they foam over the

shoals, contrast with the indigo-blue of the sea, which marks the waters of the river in sharp outlines.

The name Orinoco, which the first discoverers gave to this river, and which probably owes its origin to some confusion of language, is unknown in the interior of the country. For, in their condition of animal rudeness, savage tribes only designate by peculiar geographical names those objects which might be confounded with others. Thus, the Orinoco, the Amazon, and the Magdalena are each simply termed *The River*, *The Great River*, and *The Great Water*; whilst those who dwell upon the banks of even the smallest streams distinguish them by special names.

The current produced by the Orinoco between the South American continent and the asphaltic island of Trinidad is so powerful that ships, with all their canvas spread, and a westerly breeze in their favor, can scarcely make way against it. This desolate and fearful spot is called the Bay of Sadness (*Golfo Triste*), and its entrance the Dragon's Mouth (*Boca del Drago*). Here isolated cliffs rise tower-like in the midst of the rushing stream. They seem to mark the old rocky barrier which, before it was broken through by the current, connected the island of Trinidad with the coast of Paria.

The appearance of this region first convinced the bold navigator Columbus of the existence of an American continent. "Such an enormous body of fresh water," concluded this acute observer of nature, "could only be collected from a river having a long course: the land, therefore, which supplied it must be a continent, and not an island." As, according to Arrian, the companions of Alexander, when they penetrated across the snow-crowned summits of Paropamisus, believed that they recognized in the crocodile-teeming Indus a part of the Nile, so Colum-

bus, in his ignorance of the similarity of physiognomy which characterizes all the products of the climate of palms, imagined that the New Continent was the eastern coast of the far-projecting Asia. The grateful coolness of the evening air, the ethereal purity of the starry firmament, the balmy fragrance of flowers, wafted to him by the land-breeze, all led him to suppose (as we are told by Herrera, in the *Decades*) that he was approaching the garden of Eden, the sacred abode of our first parents. The Orinoco seemed to him one of the four rivers which, according to the venerable tradition of the ancient world, flowed from Paradise, to water and divide the surface of the earth, newly adorned with plants. This poetical passage in the *Journal of Columbus*, or rather in a letter to Ferdinand and Isabella, written from Haiti in October, 1498, presents a peculiar psychological interest. It teaches us anew that the creative fancy of the poet manifests itself in the discoverer of a world no less than in every other form of human greatness. . . .

When, in the summer of 1800, we ascended the Upper Orinoco, we passed the mission of Esmeralda, and reached the mouths of the Sodomoni and the Guapo. Here soars high above the clouds the mighty peak of the Yeonnamari, or Duida,—a mountain which presents one of the grandest spectacles in the natural scenery of the tropical world. Its altitude, according to my trigonometrical measurement, is 8278 (8823 English) feet above the level of the sea. Its southern slope is a treeless, grassy plain, redolent with the odor of pineapples, whose fragrance scents the humid evening air. Among lowly meadow-plants rise the juicy stems of the *anana*, whose golden-yellow fruit gleams from the midst of a bluish-green diadem of leaves. Where the mountain-springs break forth from beneath the grassy covering, rise isolated groups of

lofty fan-palms, whose leaves, in this torrid region, are never stirred by a cooling breeze. . . . To the east of the Duida mountain begins a thicket of wild cacao-trees, among which are found the celebrated almond-tree, *Bertholletia excelsa*, the most luxurious product of a tropical vegetation. Here the Indians collect colossal stalks of grass, whose joints measure upwards of eighteen feet from knot to knot, which they use as blow-pipes for the discharge of their arrows. Some Franciscan monks have penetrated as far as the mouth of the Chiguire, where the river is already so narrow that the natives have suspended over it, near the water-fall of the Guaharibes, a bridge woven of the stems of twining plants. The Guaicas, of palish complexion and short stature, armed with poisoned arrows, oppose all further progress eastward. . . .

The Orinoco is one of those remarkable rivers which, after numerous windings, first towards the west and then to the north, finally returns towards the east in such a manner as to bring its estuary and its source into nearly the same meridian. From the Chiguire and the Gehette as far as the Guaviare the course of the Orinoco inclines westward, as if it would pour its waters into the Pacific. Here branches off to the south the Cassiquiare, a remarkable river, but little known to Europeans, which unites with the Rio Negro, or, as the natives call it, the Guainia: furnishing the only example of a bifurcation which forms in the very interior of a continent a natural connection between two great river-valleys. . . . In an uninterrupted voyage of nine hundred and twenty miles I penetrated through a remarkable net-work of rivers, from the Rio Negro, along the Cassiquiare, into the Orinoco, across the interior of the continent, from the Brazilian boundary to the coast of Caracas.

In the upper portion of this fluvial district, between 3°

and 4° north latitude, nature has exhibited, at many different points, the puzzling phenomenon of the so-called *black waters*. The Atabapo, whose banks are adorned with *Carolinias* and arborescent *Melastomas*, the Temi, Tuamini, and Guainia, are all rivers of a brown or coffee color, which, under the deep shade of the palms, assumes a blackish, inky tint. When placed in a transparent vessel, the water appears of a golden-yellow color. These black streams reflect the images of the Southern stars with the most remarkable clearness. Where the waters flow gently they afford the astronomer, who is making observations with reflecting instruments, a most excellent artificial horizon.

An absence of crocodiles as well as of fish, greater coolness, less torment from stinging mosquitoes, and salubrity of atmosphere, characterize the region of the black rivers. They probably owe their singular color to a solution of carburetted hydrogen, to the rich luxuriance of tropical vegetation, and to the abundance of plants on the soil over which they flow. Indeed, I have observed that on the western declivity of the Chimborazo, towards the shores of the Pacific, the overflowing waters of the Rio de Guayaquil gradually assume a golden yellow, approaching to a coffee color, after they have covered the meadows for several weeks.

Near the mouths of the Guaviare and Atabapo grows one of the noblest forms of the palm-tree, the piriguao, whose smooth stem, which is nearly seventy feet in height, is adorned with delicate flag-like leaves having curled margins. I know no palm which bears equally large and beautifully colored fruits. They resemble peaches in their blended tints of yellow and crimson. Seventy or eighty of these form one enormous cluster, of which each stem annually ripens three. This noble tree might be termed the peach-palm. Its fleshy fruit, owing

to the extreme luxuriance of vegetation, is generally devoid of seed; and it yields the natives a nutritious and farinaceous article of food, which, like the banana and the potato, is capable of being prepared in many different ways.

[The author proceeds to describe the cataracts of the river, to which, however, the name of dangerous rapids would be more applicable. These are passable by the natives in their canoes where the cascades are not more than two or three feet in height.]

Sometimes the canoe is dashed to pieces on the rock; and this is the only danger the natives fear. With bleeding bodies they then strain every nerve to escape the fury of the whirlpool and swim to land. Where the rocky ledges are very high and form a barrier by extending across the entire bed of the river, the light canoe is hauled to land and dragged for some distance along the shore on branches of trees which serve the purpose of rollers.

The most celebrated and most perilous ledges are those of Purimarimi and Manimi, which are between nine and ten feet in height. It was with surprise I found, by barometrical measurements, that the entire fall of the Raudal, from the mouth of the Cameji to that of the Topari, scarcely amounted to more than thirty or thirty-two feet. I say with surprise, for I hence discovered that the tremendous roar and wild dashing of the stream arose from the contraction of its bed by numerous rocks and islands and the counter-currents produced by the form and position of the masses of rock. . . .

[From a point near the village of Maypuras] the beholder enjoys a most striking and wonderful prospect. A foaming surface several miles in length, intersected with iron-black masses of rock projecting like battlemented ruins from the waters, is seen at one view. Every island and every rock is adorned with luxuriant forest-trees. A

perpetual mist hovers over the watery mirror, and the summits of the lofty palms pierce through the clouds of vaporous spray. When the rays of the glowing evening sun are refracted in the humid atmosphere, an exquisite optical illusion is produced. Colored bows appear, vanish, and reappear, while the ethereal picture dances, like an *ignis fatuus*, with every motion of the sportive breeze. . . .

In the blue distance the eye rests on the mountain-chain of Cunavami, a far-stretching chain of hills which terminates abruptly in a sharply-truncated cone. We saw this conical hill, called by the Indians Calitamini, glowing at sunset as if in crimson flames. This appearance daily returns. No one has ever been in the immediate neighborhood of this mountain. Possibly its dazzling brightness is produced by the reflecting surface of decomposing talc or mica schist.

During the five days that we passed in the neighborhood of the cataracts we were struck by the fact that the roar of the rushing torrent was three times as great by night as by day. The same phenomenon is observable in European water-falls. To what can we ascribe this effect in a solitude where the repose of nature is undisturbed? Probably to ascending currents of warm air, which, producing an unequal density of the elastic medium, obstruct the propagation of sound by displacing its waves; causes which cease after the nocturnal cooling of the earth's surface. . . .

Near the southern entrance of the Raudal of Atures, on the right bank of the river, lies the cavern of Ataruipe, so celebrated among the Indians. The surrounding scenery has a grand and solemn character, which seems to mark it as a national burial-place. With difficulty, and not without danger of being precipitated into the depths below, we clambered a steep and perfectly bare granitic rock, on

whose smooth surface it would be hardly possible to keep one's footing were it not for large crystals of feldspar which, defying the action of the weather, project an inch or more from the mass.

On gaining the summit, a wide prospect of the surrounding country astonishes the beholder. From the foaming bed of the river rise hills richly crowned with woods, while beyond its western bank the eye rests on the boundless savanna of the Meta. On the horizon loom like threatening clouds the mountains of Uniamá. Such is the distant view ; but immediately around all is gloomy and contracted. In the deep ravines of the valley moves no living thing, save when the vulture and whirring goat-sucker wing their lonely way, their heavy shadows gleaming fitfully past the barren rock.

The caldron-shaped valley is encompassed by mountains, whose rounded summits bear huge granite boulders measuring from forty to more than fifty feet in diameter. They appear poised on only a single point of their surface, as if the slightest shock of the earth would hurl them down.

The further-side of this rocky valley is thickly wooded. It is in this shady spot that the cave of the Ataruípe is situated : properly speaking, however, it is not a cave, but a vault formed by a far-projecting and overhanging cliff, —a kind of bay hollowed out by the waters when formerly at this high level. This spot is the grave of an extinct tribe. We counted about six hundred well-preserved skeletons, placed in as many baskets, formed of the stalks of palm-leaves. These baskets, called by the Indians *mapires*, are a kind of square sack varying in size according to the age of the deceased. Even new-born children have each their own *mapire*. These skeletons are so perfect that not a rib or a finger is wanting.

The bones are prepared in three different ways: some are bleached; some dyed red with onoto, the pigment of the *Bixa Orellana*; others, like mummies, are anointed with fragrant resin and wrapped in banana-leaves.

The Indians assured me that the corpse was buried during several months in a moist earth, which gradually destroyed the flesh, and that, after being disinterred, any particles of flesh still adhering to the bones were scraped off with sharp stones. This practice is still continued among many tribes of Guiana. Besides these baskets or mapires, we saw many urns of half-burned clay, which appear to contain the bones of whole families. The largest of these urns are upwards of three feet in height and nearly six feet in length, of an elegant oval form, and greenish color, with handles shaped like crocodiles and serpents, and the rims bordered with flowing scrolls and labyrinthine figures. . . .

There is a legend amongst the Guareke Indians that the brave Atures, when closely pursued by the cannibal Caribs, took refuge in the rocks of the cataracts,—a mournful place of abode, in which this oppressed race perished, together with its language. . . . There still lives, and it is a singular fact, an old parrot in Maypures which cannot be understood because, as the natives assert, it speaks the language of the Atures. . . .

We turned from this grave of a departed race with feelings of deep emotion. It was one of those clear and deliciously cool nights so frequent beneath the tropics. The moon stood high in the zenith, encircled by a halo of colored rings, her rays gilding the margins of the mist, which in well defined outline hovered like clouds above the foaming flood. Innumerable insects poured their red phosphorescent light over the herb-covered surface, which glowed with living fire, as though the starry canopy of

heaven had sunk upon the grassy plain. Climbing bigonias, fragrant vanillas, and golden-flowered Banisterias adorned the entrance of the cave, whilst the rustling palm-leaves waved over the resting-place of the dead.

Thus pass away the generations of men!—thus perish the records of the glory of nations! Yet, when every emanation of the human mind has faded, when in the storms of time the monuments of man's creative art are scattered to the dust, an ever new life springs from the bosom of the earth. Unceasingly prolific Nature unfolds her germs, regardless though sinful man, ever at war with himself, tramples beneath his foot the ripening fruit!

[The interesting incident of the parrot which, in Humboldt's time, still spoke the language of the Atures, has been made the subject of a graceful poem by Ernst Curtius, which has been excellently translated, and is well worth quoting in conclusion of this article.]

THE PARROT OF ATURES.

Where, through deserts wild and dreary,
Orinoco dashes on,
Sits a parrot old and weary,
Like a sculptured thing of stone.

Through its rocky barriers flowing,
Onward rolls the foaming stream;
Waving palms on high are glowing
In the sun's meridian beam.

Ceaselessly the waves are heaving,
Sparkling up in antic play;
While the sunny rays are weaving
Rainbows in the feathery spray.

Where yon billows wild are breaking,
Sleeps a tribe for evermore,
Who, their native land forsaking,
Refuge sought on this lone shore.

As they lived, free, dauntless ever,
So the brave Aturians died ;
And the green banks of the river
All their mortal relics hide.

Yet the parrot, ne'er forgetting
Those who loved him, mourns them still,
On the stones his sharp beak whetting,
While the air his wailings fill.

Where are now the youths who bred him
To pronounce their mother-tongue,—
Where the gentle maids who fed him,
And who built his nest when young ?

All, alas ! are lifeless lying,
Stretched upon their grassy bed ;
Nor can all his mournful crying
E'er awake the slumbering dead.

Still he calls, with voice imploring,
To a world that heeds him not ;
Naught replies but waters roaring,—
No kind soul bewails his lot.

Swift the savage turns his rudder
When his eyes the bird behold :
None e'er saw without a shudder
That Aturian parrot old !

SONGS OF SORROW.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

[Uhland, a writer unsurpassed in merit and celebrity among the later lyric poets of Germany, was born in 1787, at Tübingen, and died in the same city in 1862. He is the author of two tragedies, and of a collection of patriotic songs, with several essays on ancient literature and legends; but it is to the tenderness and beauty of his lays and ballads that his enduring fame is due. There is nothing in modern literature surpassing in delicacy of sentiment and thought some of the lays of this poet. The first three examples we give are in Longfellow's translation.]

THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

Of Edenhall the youthful lord
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call;
He rises at the banquet-board,
And cries, 'mid the drunken revellers all,
"Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall!"

The butler hears the words with pain,—
The house's oldest seneschal,—
Takes slow from its silken cloth again
The drinking-glass of crystal tall;
They call it *The Luck of Edenhall*.

Then said the lord, "This glass to praise,
Fill with red wine from Portugal!"
The graybeard with trembling hand obeys;
A purple light shines over all;
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light,—

“This glass of flashing crystal tall
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite;
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*
Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall!”

“’Twas right a goblet the fate should be
Of the joyous race of Edenhall!
We drink deep draughts right willingly;
And willingly ring, with merry call,
Kling! klang! to the Luck of Edenhall!”

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,
Like to the song of a nightingale;
Then like the roar of a torrent wild;
Then mutters, at last, like the thunder’s fall,
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

“For its keeper, takes a race of might
The fragile goblet of crystal tall;
It has lasted longer than is right:
Kling! klang!—with a harder blow than all
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall!”

As the goblet, ringing, flies apart,
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall;
And through the rift the flames upstart;
The guests in dust are scattered all
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall!

In storms the foe, with fire and sword!
He in the night had scaled the wall;
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,
The graybeard, in the desert hall;
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton;
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

"The stone wall," saith he, "doth fall aside;
Down must the stately columns fall;
Glass is this earth's Luck and Pride;
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall!"

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
That castle by the sea?
Golden and red above it
The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
To the mirrored wave below,
And fain it would soar upward
In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
That castle by the sea,
And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly."

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime?
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

“And sawest thou on the turrets
The king and his royal bride,
And the wave of their crimson mantles,
And the golden crown of pride?”

“Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there,
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?”

“Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe;
No maiden was by their side!”

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

’Twas Pentecost, the Feast of Gladness,
When woods and fields put off all sadness.
Thus began the king and spake :
“So from the halls
Of ancient Hofburg’s walls
A luxuriant spring shall break.”

Drums and trumpets echo loudly,
Wave the crimson banners proudly.
From balcony the king looked on ;
In the play of spears,
Fell all the cavaliers
Before the monarch’s stalwart son.

To the barrier of the fight
Rode at last a sable knight.

“Sir Knight! your name and scutcheon? say!”
“Should I speak it here,
Ye would stand aghast with fear:
I’m a prince of mighty sway!”

When he rode into the lists,
The arch of heaven grew black with mists,
And the castle 'gan to rock.
At the first blow
Fell the youth from saddle-bow,—
Hardly rises from the shock.

Pipe and viol call the dances,
Torch-light through the high halls glances,
Waves a mighty shadow in,
With manner bland
Doth ask the maiden's hand,
Doth with her the dance begin :

Danced in sable iron sark,
Danced a measure weird and dark,
Coldly clasped her limbs around.
From breast and hair
Down fall from her the fair
Flowerets, faded, to the ground.

To the sumptuous banquet came
Every knight and every dame.
'Twixt son and daughter all distraught,
With mournful mind
The ancient king reclined,
Gazed at them in silent thought.

Pale the children both did look,
But the guest a beaker took :
"Golden wine will make you whole !"
The children drank,
Gave many a courteous thank :
"Oh, that draught was very cool !"

Each the father's breast embraces,
Son and daughter, and their faces
Colorless grow utterly.
Whichever way
Looks the fear-struck father gray,
He beholds his children die.

"Woe! the blessed children both
Takest thou in the joy of youth:
Take me too, the joyless father!"
Spake the grim guest,
From his hollow, cavernous breast:
"Roses in the spring I gather!"

THE PASSAGE.

Many a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried,—
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,—
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

THE SERENADE.

“What sounds so sweet awake me?
What fills me with delight?
Oh, mother, look! who sings thus
So sweetly through the night?”

“I hear not, child, I see not;
Oh, sleep thou softly on!
Comes now to serenade thee,
Thou poor sick maiden, none!”

“It is not earthly music
That fills me with delight;
I hear the angels call me:
Oh, mother dear, good-night!”

THE NOVELLE.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

[Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the most illustrious name in German literature, and one of the world's first poets, was born at Frankfurt-on-the-Main, August 28, 1749. He proved to be of unusually

precocious intellect, at seven years of age giving indications of deep thought, while before he was nine he could write several languages, including French, Latin, and Greek. He graduated in law from Strasburg University in 1771, and in the same year produced "*Götz von Berlichingen*," one of his most celebrated plays. The "*Sorrows of Werther*," which appeared in 1774, excited universal admiration, and the fame of the young author grew world-wide. From that time forward he continued to produce poems, plays, and prose writings, many of them of remarkable character, and all indicative of the highest grade of genius. Among the most notable of these are his "*Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship*" and "*Travels*," his "*Elective Affinities*," and his widely celebrated "*Faust*," one of the most remarkable productions of genius to be found in all literature. In addition to his poetic and dramatic labors, Goethe was an ardent student of science, in which he has given to the world some highly valuable theories.

As a writer, the versatility of Goethe's genius stands almost unrivalled in the modern world, while his high grade of ability in the most diversified fields of literature has perhaps never been equalled. Instead of following the beaten track, he struck out boldly into new provinces of thought, in each of which he displayed remarkable originality of conception, while in almost every production of his genius he came before the world in the guise of a new discoverer in the universe of the mind. The principal faults of character with which he has been charged are a coldness of temperament, which lowered his range of human sympathies, and a lack of the moral sentiment, with a thorough selfishness of disposition. But these charges are unquestionably too strongly drawn, and, though his deep devotion to literature withdrew him largely from interest in popular and national questions, he was not wanting in full sympathy alike in the thoughts and in the physical welfare of those with whom he came into contact. From Carlyle's translation of "*The Novelle*," one of Goethe's enigmatical tales, we select the following portions.

The story opens with a description of the prince with his hunting-train seeking the mountains, while the princess rides out attended by Honorio, a handsome young page. Their course takes them through the market-place of the town, which presents the activity of a great fair, and to a place in the suburbs where a show of wild beasts is in progress, the lion and the tiger particularly attracting their attention. Thence they pass through a cultivated country, and climb a rugged mountain-side which is crowned with the ruins of an ancient castle.]

THE sun, almost at its meridian, lent the clearest light; the prince's castle, with its compartments, main buildings, wings, domes, and towers, lay clear and stately; the upper town in its whole extent; into the lower also you could conveniently look, nay, by the telescope, distinguish the booths in the market-place. So furthersome an instrument Honorio would never leave behind: they looked at the river upwards and downwards, on this side the mountainous, terrace-like, interrupted expanse, on that the upswelling, fruitful land, alternating in level and low hill; places innumerable; for it was long customary to dispute how many of them were here to be seen.

Over the great expanse lay a cheerful stillness, as is common at noon; when, as the ancients were wont to say, Pan is asleep, and all nature holds her breath not to awaken him.

"It is not the first time," said the princess, "that I, on some such high, far-seeing spot, have reflected how nature all clear looks so pure and peaceful, and gives you the impression as if there were nothing contradictory in the world; and yet when you return back into the habitation of man, be it lofty or low, wide or narrow, there is ever something to contend with, to battle with, to smooth and put to rights."

Honorio, who, meanwhile, was looking through the glass at the tower, exclaimed, "See! see! There is fire in the market!" They looked, and could observe some smoke; the flames were smothered in the daylight. "The fire spreads!" cried he, still looking through the glass; the mischief indeed now became noticeable to the good eyes of the princess; from time to time you observed a red burst of flame; the smoke mounted aloft; and the prince-uncle said, "Let us return: that is not good: I always feared I should see that misery a second time."

[The market had once before been burned.] They descended, got back to their horses. "Ride," said the princess to the uncle, "fast, but not without a groom; leave me Honorio; we will follow without delay." The uncle felt the reasonableness, nay, necessity, of this, and started off down the waste stony slope, at the quickest pace the ground allowed.

As the princess mounted, Honorio said, "Please your Excellency to ride slow. In the town, as in the castle, the fire-apparatus is in perfect order; the people, in this unexpected accident, will not lose their presence of mind. Here, moreover, we have bad ground, little stones, and short grass; quick riding is unsafe; in any case, before we arrive, the fire will be got under." The princess did not think so; she observed the smoke spreading, she fancied that she saw a flame flash up, that she heard an explosion; and now in her imagination all the terrific things awoke which the worthy uncle's repeated narrative of his experiences in that market-conflagration had too deeply implanted there. . . .

Entering the peaceful vale, heeding little its refreshing coolness, they were but a few steps down from the copious fountain of the brook which flowed by them, when the princess descried, quite down in the thickets, something singular, which she soon recognized for the tiger: springing on, as she a short while ago had seen him painted, he came towards her; and this image, added to the frightful ones she was already busy with, made the strangest impression.

"Fly, your Grace!" cried Honorio, "fly!" She turned her horse towards the steep hill they had just descended. The young man, rushing on towards the monster, drew his pistol and fired when he thought himself near enough; but, alas! without effect; the tiger sprang to a side, the

horse faltered, the provoked wild beast followed his course, upwards straight after the princess. She galloped, what her horse could, up the steep stony space, scarcely apprehending that so delicate a creature, unused to such exertion, could not hold out. It overdid itself, driven on by the necessitated princess; it stumbled on the loose gravel of the steep, and again stumbled, and at last fell, after violent efforts, powerless to the ground. The fair dame, resolute and dexterous, failed not instantly to get upon her feet; the horse, too, rose, but the tiger was approaching, though not with vehement speed; the uneven ground, the sharp stones, seemed to damp his impetuosity; and only Honorio flying after him, riding with checked speed along with him, appeared to stimulate and provoke his force anew. Both runners at the same instant reached the spot where the princess was standing by her horse: the knight bent himself, fired, and with this second pistol hit the monster through the head, so that it rushed down, and now, stretched out in full length, first clearly disclosed the might and terror of which only the bodily hull was left lying. Honorio had sprung from his horse, was already kneeling on the beast, quenching its last movements, and held his drawn hanger in his right hand. The youth was beautiful; he had come dashing on as in sports of the lance and the ring the princess had often seen him do. Even so in the riding-course would his bullet, as he darted by, hit the Turk's-head on the pole, right under the turban in the brow; even so would he, lightly prancing up, prick his naked sabre into the fallen mass, and lift it from the ground. In all such arts he was dexterous and felicitous; both now stood him in good stead.

"Give him the rest," said the princess: "I fear he will hurt you with his claws." "Pardon," answered the youth, "he is already dead enough; and I would not hurt

the skin, which next winter shall shine upon your sledge." "Sport not," said the princess: "whatsoever of pious feeling dwells in the depth of the heart unfolds itself in such a moment." "I too," cried Honorio, "was never more pious than even now; and therefore do I think of what is joyfullest; I look at the tiger's fell only as it can attend you to do you pleasure." "It would forever remind me," said she, "of this fearful moment." "Yet is it," replied the youth, with glowing cheeks, "a more harmless spoil than when the weapons of slain enemies are carried for show before the victor." "I shall bethink me, at sight of it, of your boldness and cleverness, and need not add that you may reckon on my thanks and the prince's favor for your life long. But rise; the beast is clean dead; let us consider what is next: before all things, rise." . . .

In hot haste, up the steep, came a woman, with a boy at her hand, straight to the group so well known to us; and scarcely had Honorio arisen when they, howling and shrieking, cast themselves upon the carcass; by which action, as well as by their cleanly decent yet parti-colored and unusual dress, might be gathered that it was the mistress of this slain creature, and the black-eyed, black-locked boy, holding a flute in his hand, her son; weeping like his mother, less violently, but deeply moved, kneeling beside her.

Now came strong outbreakings of passion from this woman; interrupted, indeed, and pulse-wise; a stream of words, leaping like a stream in gushes from rock to rock. A natural language, short and discontinuous, made itself impressive and pathetic: in vain should we attempt translating it into our dialects; the approximate purport of it we must not omit. "They have murdered thee, poor beast! murdered without need! Thou wert tame,

and wouldst fain have laid down at rest and waited our coming; for thy footballs were sore, thy claws had no force left. The hot sun to ripen them was wanting. Thou wert the beautifullest of thy kind: who ever saw a kingly tiger so gloriously stretched out in sleep as thou here liest, dead, never to rise more? When thou awokest in the early dawn of morning, and openedst thy throat, stretching out thy red tongue, thou wert as if smiling on us; and even when bellowing, thou tookest thy food from the hands of a woman, from the fingers of a child. How long have we gone with thee on thy journeys! how long has thy company been useful and fruitful to us! To us, to us, of a very truth, meat came from the eater, and sweetness from the strong. So will it be no more. Woe! woe!"

She had not done lamenting, when over the smother part of the Castle Mountain came riders rushing down; soon recognized as the prince's hunting-train, himself the foremost. Following their sport, in the backward hills, they had observed the fire-vapors, and fast through dale and ravine, as in fierce chase, taken the shortest path towards this mournful sign. Galloping along the stony vacancy, they stopped and stared at sight of the unexpected group, which in that empty expanse stood out so markworthy. After the first recognition, there was silence; some pause of breathing-time; and then what the view itself did not impart was with brief words explained. So stood the prince, contemplating the strange, unheard-of incident; a circle around him of riders, and followers that had run on foot. What to do was still undetermined, the prince intent on ordering, executing, when a man pressed forward into the circle, large of stature, parti-colored, wondrously apparelled, like wife and child. And now the family in unison testified their sorrow

and astonishment. The man, however, soon restrained himself, bowed in reverent distance before the prince, and said, "It is not the time for lamenting; alas, my lord and mighty hunter, the lion too is loose, hither towards the mountains is he gone; but spare him, have mercy, that he perish not like this good beast."

"The lion!" said the prince. "Hast thou the trace of him?"—"Yes, lord. A peasant down there, who had heedlessly taken shelter on a tree, directed me farther up this way, to the left; but I saw the crowd of men and horses here; anxious for tidings of assistance, I hastened hither."—"So, then," commanded the prince, "draw to the left, huntsmen; you will load your pieces, go softly to work, if you drive him into the deep woods it is no matter: but in the end, good man, we shall be obliged to kill your animal. Why were you improvident enough to let him loose?"—"The fire broke out," replied he; "we kept quiet and attentive; it spread fast, but at a distance from us; we had water enough for our defence; but a heap of powder blew up, and threw the brands on to us, and over our heads; we were too hasty, and are now ruined people."

The prince was still busy directing; but for a moment all seemed to pause, as a man was observed hastily springing down from the heights of the old castle, whom the troop soon recognized for the watchman that had been stationed there to keep the painter's apartments while he lodged there and took charge of the workmen. He came running, out of breath, yet in few words soon made known that the lion had laid himself down within the high ring-wall, in the sunshine, at the foot of a large beech, and was behaving quite quietly. With an air of vexation, however, the man concluded, "Why did I take my rifle to town yester-night, to have it cleaned? he had never risen again,

the skin had been mine, and I might all my life have had the credit of the thing."

The prince, whom his military experiences here also stood in stead, for he had before now been in situations where from various sides inevitable evil seemed to threaten, said hereupon, "What surety do you give me that if we spare your lion he will not work destruction among us, among my people?"

"This woman and this child," answered the father, hastily, "engage to tame him, to keep him peaceable, till I bring up the cage, and then we can carry him back unharmed and without harming any one."

The boy put his flute to his lips; an instrument of the kind once named soft or sweet flutes,—short-beaked like pipes; he who understood the art could bring out of it the gracefulest tones. Meanwhile, the prince had inquired of the watchman how the lion came up. "By the hollow way," answered he, "which is walled in on both sides, and was formerly the only entrance, and is to be the only one still; two foot-paths, which led in elsewhere, we have so blocked up and destroyed that no human being, except by that first narrow passage, can reach the magic castle which Prince Friedrich's talent and taste is making of it."

After a little thought, during which the prince looked round at the boy, who still continued as if softly preluding, he turned to Honorio, and said, "Thou hast done much to-day; complete thy task. Secure that narrow path; keep your rifles in readiness, but do not shoot till the creature can no other wise be driven back; in any case, kindle a fire, which will frighten him if he make downwards. The man and woman take charge of the rest." Honorio rapidly bestirred himself to execute these orders.

The child continued his tune, which was no tune,—a series of notes without law, and perhaps on that account

so heart-touching; the by-standers seemed as if enchanted by the movement of a song-like melody, when the father, with dignified enthusiasm, began to speak in this sort:

“God has given the prince wisdom, and also knowledge to discern that all God’s works are wise, each after its kind. Behold the rock, how he stands fast and stirs not, defies the weather and the sunshine; primeval trees adorn his head, and so crowned he looks abroad; neither if a mass rush away will this continue what it was, but falls broken into many pieces, and covers the side of the descent. But there too they will not tarry; capriciously they leap far down, the brook receives them, to the river he bears them. Not resisting, not contradictory, angular; no, smooth and rounded they travel now quicker on their way, arrive, from river to river, finally at the ocean, whither march the giants in hosts, and in the depths whereof dwarfs are busy.

“But who shall exalt the glory of the Lord, whom the stars praise from eternity to eternity! Why look ye far into the distance? Consider here the bee: late at the end of harvest she still busily gathers, builds herself a house, tight of corner, straight of wall, herself the architect and mason. Behold the ant: she knows her way, and loses it not; she piles her a dwelling of grass-halms, earth-crumbs, and needles of the fir; she piles it aloft and arches it in; but she has labored in vain, for the horse stamps, and scrapes it all in pieces; lo! he has trodden down her beams and scattered her planks; impatiently he snorts and cannot rest; for the Lord has made the horse comrade of the wind and companion of the storm, to carry man whither he wills, and woman whither she desires. But in the Wood of Palms arose he, the Lion, with earnest step traversed the wildernesses; there rules he over all creatures, his might who shall withstand?

Yet man can tame him; and the fiercest of living things has reverence for the image of God, in which too the angels are made, who serve the Lord and his servants. For in the den of lions Daniel was not afraid: he remained fast and faithful, and the wild bellowing interrupted not his song of praise."

This speech, delivered with the expression of a natural enthusiasm, the child accompanied here and there with graceful tones; but now, the father having ended, he, with clear melodious voice and skilful passaging, struck up his warble, whereupon the father took the flute and gave tone in unison, while the child sang.

[The song, or hymn rather, which bore reference to the Biblical story of Daniel and the lions, was so strange and impressive as to soften all hearts and melt the princess to tears. At its close, by direction of the prince, the party proceeded up the steep. At the entrance to the hollow way they found the hunters piling up brushwood for a fire. Farther in they found Honorio, his rifle on his lap, but seemingly lost in deep thought.]

Honorio was looking out straight before him, to where the sun in his course began to sink. "Thou lookest to the west," cried the woman; "thou dost well, there is much to do there; hasten, delay not, thou wilt conquer. But first conquer thyself." At this he appeared to give a smile; the woman stept on; could not, however, but look back once more at him: a ruddy sun was overshadowing his face; she thought she had never seen a handsomer youth.

"If your child," said the warder now, "with his fluting and singing, can, as you are persuaded, entice and pacify the lion, we shall soon get mastery of him after, for the creature has lain down quite close to the perforated vaults through which, as the main passage was blocked up with

ruins, we had to bore ourselves an entrance into the castle-court. If the child entice him into the latter, I can close the opening with little difficulty; then the boy, if he like, can glide out by one of the little spiral stairs he will find in the corner. We must conceal ourselves; but I shall so take my place that a rifle-ball can at any moment help the poor child in case of extremity."

"All these precautions are unnecessary; God and skill, piety and a blessing, must do the work."—"Maybe," replied the warder: "however, I know my duties. First, I must lead you by a difficult path to the top of the wall, right opposite the vaults and opening I have mentioned: the child may then go down, as into the arena of the show, and lead away the animal, if it will follow him." This was done: warder and mother looked down in concealment as the child, descending the screw stairs, showed himself in the open space of the court, and disappeared opposite them in the gloomy opening, but forthwith gave his flute voice, which by and by grew weaker, and at last sank dumb. The pause was bodeful enough; the old hunter, familiar with danger, felt heart-sick at the singular conjuncture; the mother, however, with cheerful face, bending over to listen, showed not the smallest discomposure.

At last the flute was again heard; the child stepped forth from the cavern with glittering satisfied eyes, the lion after him, but slowly, and, as it seemed, with difficulty. He showed here and there desire to lie down; yet the boy led him in a half-circle through the few disleaved, many-tinted trees, till at length, in the last rays of the sun which poured in through a hole in the ruins, he sat him down, as if transfigured in the bright red light, and again commenced his pacifying song, the repetition of which we also cannot forbear:

“From the dens, I, in a deeper,
Prophet's song of praise can hear;
Angel-host he hath for keeper,
Needs the good man there to fear?

“Lion, lioness, a-gazing,
Mildly pressing round him came;
Yea, that humble, holy praising,
It hath made them tame.”

Meanwhile the lion had laid itself down quite close to the child, and lifted its heavy right fore-paw into his bosom; the boy as he sung gracefully stroked it, but was not long in observing that a sharp thorn had stuck itself between the balls. He carefully pulled it out; with a smile, took the parti-colored silk handkerchief from his neck, and bound up the frightful paw of the monster; so that his mother for joy bent herself back with outstretched arms, and perhaps, according to custom, would have shouted and clapped applause, had not a hard hand-gripe of the warder reminded her that the danger was not yet over.

Triumphantly the child sang on, having with a few notes preluded:

“For th’ Eternal rules above us,
Lands and oceans rules his will;
Lions even as lambs shall love us,
And the proudest waves be still.

“Whetted sword to scabbard cleaving,
Faith and hope victorious see:
Strong who, loving and believing,
Prays, O Lord, to thee.”

Were it possible to fancy that in the countenance of so grim a creature, the tyrant of the woods, the despot of the animal kingdom, an expression of friendliness, of

thankful contentment could be traced, then there was such traceable; and truly the child in his illustrated look had the air as of a mighty triumphant victor; the other figure, indeed, not that of one vanquished, for his strength lay concealed in him, but yet of one tamed, of one given up to his own peaceful will. The child fluted and sang on, changing the lines according to his way, and adding new :

“And so to good children bringeth
Blessed angel help in need;
Fetters o’er the cruel flingeth,
Worthy art with wings doth speed.

“So have tamed, and firmly ironed
To a poor child’s feeble knee,
Him the forest’s lordly tyrant,
Song and piety.”

THE SOCIAL ELEMENT IN RELIGION.

FRIEDRICH SCHLEIERMACHER.

[Friedrich Ernst Daniel Schleiermacher, an eminent German author and divine, was born at Breslau in 1768. He was educated for the Moravian ministry, and studied philosophy and the ancient languages at the University of Halle. His life was spent in preaching and in philosophical and religious authorship, his profound learning and originality of thought giving him a high standing as a professor and orator. He produced an excellent translation of a portion of Plato’s works, while among his most important writings were “Discourses on Religion,” “A Critical Essay on the Writings of Luke,” and “Doctrine of Christianity.” From the translation of the first-named work by George Ripley we make the following selection.]

IF religion exists at all, it must needs possess a social character; this is founded not only in the nature of man,

but still more in the nature of religion. You will acknowledge that it indicates a state of disease, a signal perversion of nature, when an individual wishes to shut up within himself anything which he has produced and elaborated by his own efforts. It is the disposition of man to reveal and to communicate whatever is in him, in the indispensable relations and mutual dependence not only of practical life, but also of his spiritual being, by which he is connected with all others of his race; and the more powerfully he is wrought upon by anything, the more deeply it penetrates his inward nature, so much the stronger is this social impulse, even if we regard it only from the point of view of the universal endeavor to behold the emotions which we feel ourselves, as they are exhibited by others, so that we may obtain a proof from their example that our own experience is not beyond the sphere of humanity.

You perceive that I am not speaking here of the endeavor to make others similar to ourselves, nor of the conviction that what is exhibited in one is essential to all: it is merely my aim to ascertain the true relation between our individual life and the common nature of man, and clearly to set it forth. But the peculiar object of this desire for communication is unquestionably that in which man feels that he is originally passive,—namely, his perceptions and emotions. He is here impelled by the eager wish to know whether the power which has produced them in him be not something foreign and unworthy. Hence we see man employed, from his very childhood, in making revelations which, for the most part, are of this character; the conceptions of his understanding, concerning whose origin there can be no doubt, he allows to rest in his own mind, and still more easily he determines to refrain from the expression of his judgments; but what-

ever acts upon his senses, whatever awakens his feelings, of that he desires to obtain witnesses, with regard to that he longs for those who will sympathize with him. How should he keep to himself those very operations of the world upon his soul which are the most universal and comprehensive, which appear to him as of the most stupendous and resistless magnitude? How should he be willing to lock up within his own bosom those very emotions which impel him with the greatest power beyond himself, and in the indulgence of which he becomes conscious that he can never understand his own nature from himself alone? It will rather be his first endeavor, whenever a religious view gains clearness in his eye, or a pious feeling penetrates his soul, to direct the attention of others to the same object, and, as far as possible, to communicate to their hearts the elevated impulses of his own.

If, then, the religious man is urged by his nature to speak, it is the same nature which secures to him the certainty of hearers. There is no element of his being with which, at the same time, there is implanted in man such a lively feeling of his total inability to exhaust it by himself alone, as with that of religion. A sense of religion has no sooner dawned upon him than he feels the infinity of its nature and the limitation of his own; he is conscious of embracing but a small portion of it; and that which he cannot immediately reach he wishes to perceive, as far as he can, from the representations of others who have experienced it themselves, and to enjoy it with them. Hence he is anxious to observe every manifestation of it, and, seeking to supply his own deficiencies, he watches for every tone which he recognizes as proceeding from it. In this manner, mutual communications are instituted; in this manner, every one feels the need both of speaking and hearing.

But the imparting of religion is not to be sought in books, like that of intellectual conceptions and scientific knowledge. The pure impression of the original product is too far destroyed in this medium, which, in the same way that dark-colored objects absorb a great proportion of the rays of light, swallows up everything belonging to the pious emotions of the heart, which cannot be embraced in the insufficient symbols from which it is intended again to proceed. Nay, in the written communications of religious feeling, everything needs a double and triple representation; for that which originally represented must be represented in its turn; and yet the effect on the whole man, in its complete unity, can only be imperfectly set forth by continued and varied reflections. It is only when religion is driven out from the society of the living, that it must conceal its manifold life under the dead letter.

Neither can this intercourse of heart with heart, on the deepest feelings of humanity, be carried on in common conversation. Many persons, who are filled with zeal for the interests of religion, have brought it as a reproach against the manners of our age that while all other important subjects are so freely discussed in the intercourse of society, so little should be said concerning God and divine things. I would defend ourselves against this charge by maintaining that this circumstance, at least, does not indicate contempt or indifference towards religion, but a happy and very correct instinct. In the presence of joy and merriment, where earnestness itself must yield to raillery and wit, there can be no place for that which should be always surrounded with holy veneration and awe. Religious views, pious emotions, and serious considerations with regard to them,—these we cannot throw out to each other in such small crumbs as the topics of a light conversation; and when the discourse turns upon

sacred subjects, it would rather be a crime than a virtue to have an answer ready for every question, and a rejoinder for every remark. Hence the religious sentiment retires from such circles as are too wide for it, to the more confidential intercourse of friendship, and to the mutual communications of love, where the eye and the countenance are more expressive than words, and where even a holy silence is understood.

But it is impossible for divine things to be treated in the usual manner of society, where the conversations consist in striking flashes of thought, gayly and rapidly alternating with each other; a more elevated style is demanded for the communication of religion, and a different kind of society, which is devoted to this purpose, must hence be formed. It is becoming, indeed, to apply the whole richness and magnificence of human discourse to the loftiest subject which language can reach,—not as if there were any adornment with which religion could not dispense, but because it would show a frivolous and unholy disposition in its heralds if they did not bring together the most copious resources within their power and consecrate them all to religion: so that they might thus perhaps exhibit it in its appropriate greatness and dignity. Hence it is impossible, without the aid of poetry, to give utterance to the religious sentiment, or in any other than an oratorical manner, with all the skill and energy of language, and freely using, in addition, the service of all the arts which can contribute to flowing and impassioned discourse. He, therefore, whose heart is overflowing with religion can open his mouth only before an auditory where that which is presented with such a wealth of preparation can produce the most extended and manifold effects.

Would that I could present before you an image of

the rich and luxurious life in this city of God, when its inhabitants come together each in the fulness of his own inspiration, which is ready to stream forth without constraint, but, at the same time, each filled with a holy desire to receive and to appropriate to himself everything which others wish to bring before him! If one comes forward before the rest, it is not because he is entitled to this distinction in virtue of an office or of a previous agreement, nor because pride and conceitedness have given him presumption: it is rather a free impulse of the spirit, a sense of the most heart-felt unity of each with all, a consciousness of entire equality, a mutual renunciation of all First and Last, of all the arrangements of earthly order. He comes forward, in order to communicate to others, as an object of sympathizing contemplation, the deepest feelings of his soul while under the influence of God; to introduce them within the sphere of religion, in which he breathes his native air; and to infect them with the contagion of his own holy emotions. He speaks forth the Divine which stirs his bosom, and in holy silence the assembly follows the inspiration of his words. Whether he unveils a secret mystery, or with prophetic confidence connects the future with the present; whether he strengthens old impressions by new examples, or is led by the lofty visions of his burning imagination into other regions of the world and into another order of things; the practised sense of his audience everywhere accompanies his own; and when he returns into himself from his wanderings through the kingdom of God, his own heart and that of each of his hearers are the common dwelling-place of the same emotion.

If now the agreement of his sentiments with that which they feel be announced to him, whether loudly or low, then are holy mysteries—not merely significant emblems,

but, justly regarded, natural indications of a peculiar consciousness, and peculiar feelings—invented and celebrated, a higher choir, as it were, which in its own lofty language answers to the appealing voice. But not only as it were; for as such a discourse is music without tune or measure, so there is also a music among the Holy, which may be called discourse without words, the most distinct and impressive utterance of the inward man. The Muse of Harmony, whose intimate relation with religion, although it has been for a long time spoken of and described, is yet recognized only by few, has always presented upon her altars the most perfect and magnificent productions of her selectest scholars, in honor of religion. It is in sacred hymns and choirs, with which the words of the poet are connected only by slight and airy bands, that those feelings are breathed forth which precise language is unable to contain; and thus the tones of thought and emotion alternate with each other in mutual support, until all is satisfied and filled with the Holy and the Infinite. Of this character is the influence of religious men upon one another; such is their natural and eternal union. Do not take it ill of them that this heavenly band,—the most consummate product of the social nature of man, but to which it does not attain until it becomes conscious of its own high and peculiar significance,—that this should be deemed of more value in their sight than the political union which you esteem so far above everything else, but which will nowhere ripen to manly beauty, and which, compared with the former, appears far more constrained than free, far more transitory than eternal.

WAR-SONGS.

VARIOUS.

[A few examples will suffice to represent this theme, the first being the celebrated "Sword-Song" of Karl Theodor Körner, which was completed but an hour before he himself sank in death on the battle-field.]

SWORD-SONG.

"Sword at my left side gleaming!
Why is thy keen glance beaming,
So fondly bent on mine?
I love that smile of thine!
Hurrah!"

"Borne by a trooper daring,
My looks his fire-glance wearing,
I arm a freeman's hand:
This well delights thy brand!
Hurrah!"

"Ay, good sword! Free I wear thee;
And, true heart's love, I bear thee,
Betrothed one, at my side,
As my dear, chosen bride!
Hurrah!"

"To thee till death united,
Thy steel's bright life is plighted:
Ah, were my love but tried!
When wilt thou wed thy bride?
Hurrah!"

“The trumpet’s festal warning
Shall hail our bridal morning;
 When loud the cannon chide,
 Then clasp I my loved bride!
 Hurrah!”

“Oh, joy, when thine arms hold me!
I pine until they fold me.
 Come to me, bridegroom, come!
 Thine is my maiden bloom.
 Hurrah!”

“Why, in thy sheath upspringing,
Thou wild, dear steel, art ringing?
 Why clanging with delight,
 So eager for the fight?
 Hurrah!”

“Well may thy scabbard rattle,
Trooper, I pant for battle;
 Right eager for the fight,
 I clang with wild delight.
 Hurrah!”

“Why thus, my love, forth creeping?
Stay, in thy chamber sleeping;
 Wait, still, i’ th’ narrow room!
 Soon for my bride I come.
 Hurrah!”

“Keep me not longer pining!
Oh for Love’s garden, shining
 With roses, bleeding red,
 And blooming with the dead!
 Hurrah!”

“Come from thy sheath, then, treasure!
Thou trooper’s true eye-pleasure!
Come forth, my good sword, come!
Enter thy father-home!
Hurrah!”

“Ha! in the free air glancing,
How brave this bridal dancing!
How, in the sun’s glad beams,
Bride-like thy bright steel gleams!
Hurrah!”

Come on, ye German horsemen!
Come on, ye valiant Norsemen!
Swells not your hearts’ warm tide?
Clasp each in hand his bride!
Hurrah!

Once at your left side sleeping,
Scarce her veiled glance forth peeping;
Now, wedded with your right,
God plights your bride i’ th’ light.
Hurrah!

Then press, with warm caresses,
Close lips, and bridal kisses,
Your steel:—cursed be his head
Who fails the bride he wed!
Hurrah!

Now, till your swords flash, flinging
Clear sparks forth, wave them singing;
Day dawns for bridal pride;
Hurrah, thou Iron bride!
Hurrah!

[As a makeweight to the wild war spirit of Körner's ode, we offer the following psalm of liberty's battle-field, by Johann Wilhelm Gleim, a popular German poet of the last century.]

BATTLE PSALM.

We met, a hundred of us met,
At curfew, in the field ;
We talked of heaven and Jesus Christ,
And all devoutly kneeled ;

When, lo ! we saw, all of us saw,
The star-lit sky uncloze,
And heard the far-high thunders roll
Like seas where storm-wind blows.

We listened, in amazement lost,
As still as stones for dread,
And heard the war proclaimed above,
And sins of nations read.

The sound was like a solemn psalm
That holy Christians sing ;
And by and by the noise was ceased
Of all the angelic ring :

Yet still, beyond the cloven sky,
We saw the sheet of fire ;
There came a voice, as from a throne,
To all the heavenly choir,

Which spake : " Though many men must fall,
I will that these prevail :
To me the poor man's cause is dear."
Then slowly sank a scale.

The hand that poised was lost in clouds,
One shell did weighty seem :
But sceptres, scutcheons, mitres, gold,
Flew up, and kicked the beam.

[To these may be added the "Midnight Review" of Joseph Christian von Zedlitz, the war-lyric of the dead hosts of Napoleon's "Grand Army," as translated by J. C. Mangan.]

THE MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

I.

When the midnight hour is come,
The drummer forsakes his tomb,
And marches, beating his phantom drum,
To and fro through the ghastly gloom.

He plies the drum-sticks twain
With fleshless fingers pale,
And beats and beats again and again
A long and dreary reveille.

Like the voice of abysmal waves
Resounds its unearthly tone,
Till the dead old soldiers, long in their graves,
Awaken through every zone.

And the slain in the land of the Hun,
And the frozen in the icy North,
And those who under the burning sun
Of Italy sleep, come forth.

And they whose bones longwhile
Lie bleaching in Syrian sands,
And the slumberers under the reeds of the Nile,
Arise with arms in their hands.

II.

And at midnight in his shroud
The trumpeter leaves his tomb,
And blows a blast, long, deep, and loud,
As he rides through the ghastly gloom.

And the yellow moonlight shines
On the old imperial dragoons,
And the cuirassiers they form in lines,
And the carabineers in platoons.

At a signal the ranks unsheathe
Their weapons in rear and van;
But they scarcely appear to speak or breathe,
And their features are sad and wan.

III.

And when midnight robes the sky,
The Emperor leaves his tomb,
And rides along, surrounded by
His shadowy staff, through the gloom.

A silver star so bright
Is glittering on his breast;
In a uniform of blue and white
And a gray camp-frock he is dressed.

The moonbeams shine afar
On the various marshalled groups,
And the man with the glittering silver star
Rides forth to see the troops.

And the dead battalions all
Go again through their exercise,
And the moon withdraws, and a gloomier pall
Of blackness wraps the skies.

Then around the chief once more
The generals and marshals throng;
And he whispers a word oft heard before
In the ear of the aide-de-camp.

In files the troops advance
And then are no longer seen:
The challenging watchword given is "France,"
The answer is "Saint Helene!"

And this is the Grand Review
Which at midnight on the wolds,
If popular tales may pass for true,
The buried Emperor holds.

LETTER FROM AN OLD TO A YOUNG MARRIED LADY.

JUSTUS MÖSER.

[The writings of Möser are little known out of Germany, yet for homely good sense, lack of affectation, and zeal for the good of the laboring-classes no one surpasses him. Goethe has called him, with much justice, the Franklin of Germany. He was born at Osnabrück in 1720, studied law, and became an active advocate for the injured and oppressed, while his estimable character raised him to high offices in the state. As a writer it was the good of mankind, rather than his own enhancement or fame, that he sought, yet no author has gained a more enduring reputation in his native land. His principal works are the "History of Osnabrück" and "Patriotic Fancies," from the latter of which we select Mrs. Austin's translation of a letter in which good sense and good advice are equally mingled.]

You do your husband injustice, dear child, if you think he loves you less than formerly. He is a man of an ardent, active temper, who loves labor and exertion and

finds his pleasure in them ; and as long as his love for you furnished him with labor and exertion he was completely absorbed in it. But this has, of course, ceased ; your reciprocal position—but by no means his love, as you imagine—has changed.

A love which seeks to conquer, and a love which has conquered, are two totally different passions. The one puts on the stretch all the virtues of the hero ; it excites in him fear, hope, desire ; it leads him from triumph to triumph, and makes him think every foot of ground that he gains a kingdom. Hence it keeps alive and fosters all the active powers of the man who abandons himself to it. The happy husband cannot appear like the lover ; he has not, like him, to fear, to hope, and to desire ; he has no longer that charming toil, with all its triumphs, which he had before, nor can that which he has already won be again a conquest.

You have only, my dear child, to attend to this most natural and inevitable difference, and you will see in the whole conduct of your husband, who now finds more pleasure in business than in your smiles, nothing to offend you. You wish—do you not?—that he would still sit with you alone on the mossy bank in front of the grotto, as he used to do, look in your blue eyes, and kneel to kiss your pretty hand. You wish that he would paint to you in livelier colors than ever those delights of love which lovers know how to describe with so much art and passion ; that he would lead your imagination from one rapture to another. My wishes, at least for the first year after I married my husband, went to nothing short of this. But it will not do : the best husband is also the most useful and active member of society ; and when love no longer demands toil and trouble, when every triumph is a mere repetition of the last, when success has

lost something of its value along with its novelty, the taste for activity no longer finds its appropriate food, and turns to fresh objects of pursuit. The necessity for occupation and for progress is of the very essence of our souls; and if our husbands are guided by reason in the choice of occupation, we ought not to pout because they do not sit with us so often as formerly by the silver brook or under the beech-tree. At first I too found it hard to endure the change. But my husband talked to me about it with perfect frankness and sincerity. "The joy with which you receive me," said he, "does not conceal your vexation, and your saddened eye tries in vain to assume a cheerful look. I see what you want,—that I should sit as I used to do on the mossy bank, hang on all your steps, and live on your breath; but this is impossible. I would bring you down from the top of the church steeple on a rope ladder, at the peril of my life, if I could obtain you in no other way; but now, as I have you fast in my arms, as all dangers are past and all obstacles overcome, my passion can no longer find satisfaction in that way. What has once been sacrificed to my self-love ceases to be a sacrifice. The spirit of invention, discovery, and conquest, inherent in man, demands a new career. Before I obtained you I used all the virtues I possessed as steps by which to reach you; but now, as I have you, I place you at the top of them, and you are the highest step from which I now hope to ascend higher."

Little as I relished the notion of the church tower, or the honor of serving as the highest step under my husband's feet, time and reflection on the course of human affairs convinced me that the thing could not be otherwise. I therefore turned my active mind, which would perhaps in time have been tired of the mossy bank, to the domestic business which came within my department;

and when we had both been busy and bustling in our several ways, and could tell each other in the evening what we had been doing, he in the fields, and I in the house or the garden, we were often more happy and contented than the most loving couple in the world.

And, what is best of all, this pleasure has not left us after thirty years of marriage. We talk with as much animation as ever of our domestic affairs; I have learned to know all my husband's tastes, and I relate to him whatever I think likely to please him out of journals, whether political or literary; I recommend books to him, and lay them before him; I carry on the correspondence with our married children, and often delight him with good news of them and our little grandchildren. As to his accounts, I understand them as well as he, and make them easier to him by having mine of all the yearly outlay which passes through my hands, ready and in order; if necessary, I can send in a statement to the treasury chamber, and my hand makes as good a figure in our cash-book as his; we are accustomed to the same order, we know the spirit of all our affairs and duties, and we have one aim and one rule in all our undertakings.

This would never have been the case if we had played the part of tender lovers after marriage as well as before, and had exhausted our energies in asseverations of mutual love. We should perhaps have regarded each other with *ennui*, and have soon found the grotto too damp, the evening air too cool, the noontide too hot, the morning fatiguing. We should have longed for visitors, who when they came would not have been amused, and would have impatiently waited the hour of departure, or, if we went to them, would have wished us away. Spoiled by effeminate trifling, we should have wanted to continue to trifle, and to share in pleasures we could not enjoy, or have

been compelled to find refuge at the card-table,—the last place at which the old can figure with the young.

Do you wish not to fall into this state, my dear child? Follow my example, and do not torment yourself and your excellent husband with unreasonable exactions. Don't think, however, that I have entirely renounced the pleasure of seeing mine at my feet. Opportunities for this present themselves far more frequently to those who do not seek, but seem to avoid them, than to those who allow themselves to be found on the mossy bank at all times and as often as it pleases their lord and master.

I still sometimes sing to my little grandchildren, when they come to see me, a song which, in the days when his love had still to contend with all sorts of obstacles, used to throw him into raptures; and when the little ones cry, "Ancora! ancora! grandmamma," his eyes fill with tears of joy. I asked him once whether he would not now think it too dangerous to bring me down a rope ladder from the top of the church steeple, upon which he called out as vehemently as the children, "Oh, ancora! grandmamma, ancora!"

P.S.—One thing, my dear child, I forgot. It seems to me that you trust too entirely to your good cause and your good heart (perhaps, too, a little to your blue eyes), and do not deign to try to attract your husband anew. I fancy you are at home just as you were a week ago in society at our excellent G——'s, where I found you all as stiff and silent as if you had met only to tire each other to death. Did you not observe how soon I set the whole company in motion? This was merely by a few words addressed to each on the subject I thought most agreeable or most flattering to him. After a time the others began to feel more happy and at their ease, and we parted in high spirits and good humor.

What I did there I do daily at home. I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. But it is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain forever in some measure a lover. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect. What need have you to play the part of suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dew-drop on the rose, but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy, you will become so, not in appearance, but in reality.

The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife: he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful, you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed upon you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind, and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings.

THE CHARACTER OF CÆSAR.

THEODOR MOMMSEN.

[MommSEN, one of the ablest of recent German historians, is a native of Sleswick-Holstein, where he was born in 1817. His life has been devoted to the study of the history of the Roman empire, in

which he has displayed keen powers of deduction and much philological skill. His most important work is the "History of Rome," in three volumes, published in 1857, with a continuation, published in 1885, of two volumes devoted to the history of the provinces of Rome. He is a warm admirer of Cæsar, as will appear from the eulogistic tone of the following selection, from W. P. Dickson's translation.]

FEW men have had their elasticity so thoroughly put to the proof as Cæsar,—the sole creative genius produced by Rome, and the last produced by the ancient world, which accordingly moved on in the track that he marked out for it until its sun had set. Sprung from one of the oldest noble families of Latium,—which traced back its lineage to the heroes of the Iliad and the kings of Rome, and in fact to the Venus Aphrodite common to both nations,—he spent the years of his boyhood and early manhood as the genteel youth of that epoch were wont to spend them. He had tasted the sweetness as well as the bitterness of the cup of fashionable life, had recited and declaimed, had practised literature and made verses in his idle hours, had prosecuted love-intrigues of every sort, and got himself initiated into all the mysteries of shaving, curls, and ruffles pertaining to the toilet-wisdom of the day, as well as into the far more mysterious art of always borrowing and never paying.

But the flexible steel of that nature was proof against even these dissipated and flighty courses: Cæsar retained both his bodily vigor and his elasticity of mind and heart unimpaired. In fencing and in riding he was a match for any of his soldiers, and his swimming saved his life at Alexandria; the incredible rapidity of his journeys, which usually, for the sake of gaining time, were performed at night,—a thorough contrast to the procession-like slowness with which Pompey moved from one place to another,—was the astonishment of his contemporaries, and not the

least among his causes of success. The mind was like the body. His remarkable power of intuition revealed itself in the precision and practicability of all his arrangements, even where he gave orders without having seen with his own eyes. His memory was matchless, and it was easy for him to carry on several occupations simultaneously with equal self-possession. Although a gentleman, a man of genius, and a monarch, he had still a heart. So long as he lived, he cherished the purest veneration for his worthy mother Aurelia (his father having died early); to his wives and above all to his daughter Julia he devoted an honorable affection, which was not without reflex influence even upon political affairs. With the ablest and most excellent men of his time, of high and of humble rank, he maintained noble relations of mutual fidelity, with each after his kind. . . .

If in a nature so harmoniously organized there is any one trait to be singled out as characteristic, it is this—that he stood aloof from all ideology and everything fanciful. As a matter of course Cæsar was a man of passion, for without passion there is no genius; but his passion was never stronger than he could control. He had his season of youth, and song, love, and wine had taken joyous possession of his mind; but with him they did not penetrate to the inmost core of his nature. Literature occupied him long and earnestly; but, while Alexander could not sleep for thinking of the Homeric Achilles, Cæsar in his sleepless hours mused on the inflections of the Latin nouns and verbs. He made verses, as everybody then did, but they were weak; on the other hand, he was interested in the subjects of astronomy and natural science. While wine was and continued to be with Alexander the destroyer of care, the temperate Roman, after the revels of his youth were over, avoided it entirely. . . .

Cæsar was thoroughly a realist and man of sense; and whatever he undertook and achieved was penetrated and guided by the cool sobriety which constitutes the most marked peculiarity of his genius. To this he owed the power of living energetically in the present, undisturbed either by recollection or by expectation; to this he owed the capacity of acting at any moment with collected vigor and applying his whole genius even to the smallest and most incidental enterprise; to this he owed the many-sided power with which he grasped and mastered whatever understanding can comprehend and will can compel; to this he owed the self-possessed ease with which he arranged his periods as well as projected his campaigns; to this he owed the "marvellous serenity" which remained steadily with him through good and evil days; to this he owed the complete independence which admitted of no control by favorite or by mistress or even by friend. It resulted, moreover, from this clearness of judgment that Cæsar never formed to himself illusions regarding the power of fate and the ability of man; in his case the friendly veil was lifted up which conceals from man the inadequacy of his working. However prudently he planned and contemplated all possibilities, the feeling was never absent from his heart that in all things fortune—that is to say, accident—must bestow success; and with this may be connected the circumstance that he so often played a desperate game with destiny, and in particular again and again hazarded his person with daring indifference. As indeed occasionally men of predominant sagacity betake themselves to a pure game of hazard, so there was in Cæsar's rationalism a point at which it came in some measure into contact with mysticism. . . .

We cannot properly speak of isolated achievements of Cæsar: he did nothing isolated. With justice men com-

mend Cæsar the orator for his masculine eloquence, which, scorning all the arts of the advocate, like a clear flame at once enlightened and warmed. With justice men admire in Cæsar the author the illimitable simplicity of the composition, the unique purity and beauty of the language. With justice the greatest masters of war of all times have praised Cæsar the general, who, in a singular degree disregarding routine and traditions, knew always how to find out the mode of warfare by which in the given case the enemy was conquered, and which was consequently in the given case the right one; who with the certainty of divination found the proper means for every end; who after defeat stood ready for battle, like William of Orange, and ended the campaign invariably with victory; who managed that element of warfare the treatment of which serves to distinguish military genius from the mere ordinary ability of an officer,—the rapid movement of masses,—with unsurpassed perfection, and found the guarantee of victory not in the massiveness of his forces, but in the celerity of their movements, not in long preparation, but in rapid and bold action even with inadequate means.

But all these were with Cæsar mere secondary matters; he was no doubt a great orator, author, and general, but he became each of these merely because he was a consummate statesman. The soldier more especially played in him altogether an accessory part, and it is one of the principal peculiarities by which he is distinguished from Alexander, Hannibal, and Napoleon, that he began his political activity not as an officer, but as a demagogue. According to his original plan, he had purposed to reach his object, like Pericles and Caius Gracchus, without force of arms, and throughout eighteen years he had as leader of the popular party moved exclusively amid political plans and intrigues,—until, reluctantly convinced of the

necessity for a military support, he, when already forty years of age, headed an army. . . . The most remarkable peculiarity of his action as a statesman was its perfect harmony. In reality, all the conditions for this most difficult of human functions were united in Cæsar. A thorough realist, he never allowed the images of the past or venerable tradition to disturb him; with him nothing was of value in politics but the living present and the law of reason, just as in grammar he set aside historical and antiquarian research and recognized nothing but on the one hand the living *usus loquendi* and on the other hand the rule of symmetry. A born ruler, he governed the minds of men as the wind drives the clouds, and compelled the most heterogeneous natures to place themselves at his service,—the smooth citizen and the rough subaltern, the noble matrons of Rome and the fair princesses of Egypt and Mauritania, the brilliant cavalry officer and the calculating banker.

His talent for organization was marvellous; no statesman has ever compelled alliances, no general has ever collected an army out of unyielding and refractory elements, with such decision, and kept them together with such firmness, as Cæsar displayed in constraining and upholding his coalitions and legions; never did regent judge his instruments and assign each to the place appropriate for him with so acute an eye. He was monarch, but he never played the king. Even when absolute lord of Rome, he retained the deportment of the party leader; perfectly pliant and smooth, easy and charming in conversation, complaisant towards every one, it seemed as if he wished to be nothing but the first among his peers. Cæsar entirely avoided the blunder of so many men otherwise on an equality with him, who have carried into politics the tone of military command: however much occasion his

disagreeable relations with the senate gave for it, he never resorted to outrages such as that of the eighteenth Brumaire. Cæsar was monarch, but he was never seized with the giddiness of the tyrant. He is perhaps the only one among the mighty men of the earth who in great matters and little never acted according to inclination or caprice, but always, without exception, according to his duty as ruler, and who when he looked back on his life found doubtless erroneous calculations to deplore, but no false steps of passion to regret.

There is nothing in the history of Cæsar's life which even on a small scale can be compared with those poetico-sensual ebullitions, such as the murder of Kleitos or the burning of Persepolis, which the history of his great predecessor in the East records. He is, in fine, perhaps the only one of those mighty men who has preserved to the end of his career the statesman's tact of discriminating between the possible and the impossible, and has not broken down in the task which for nobly-gifted natures is the most difficult of all,—the task of recognizing, when on the pinnacle of success, its natural limits. What was possible he performed, and never left the possible good undone for the sake of the impossible better, never disdained at least to mitigate by palliatives evils that were incurable. But where he recognized that fate had spoken, he always obeyed. Alexander on the Hyphasis, Napoleon at Moscow, turned back because they were compelled to do so, and were indignant at destiny for bestowing even on its favorites merely limited successes; Cæsar turned back voluntarily on the Thames and on the Rhine, and at the Danube and the Euphrates thought not of unbounded plans of world-conquest, but merely of carrying into effect a well-considered regulation of the frontiers.

Such was this unique man, whom it seems so easy and

yet is so infinitely difficult to describe. His whole nature is transparent clearness; and tradition preserves more copious and more vivid information regarding him than regarding any of his peers in the ancient world. Of such a person our conceptions may well vary in point of shallowness or depth, but they cannot be, strictly speaking, different; to every not utterly perverted inquirer the grand figure has exhibited the same essential features, and yet no one has succeeded in reproducing it to the life. The secret lies in its perfection. In his character as a man, as well as in his place in history, Cæsar occupies a position where the great contrasts of existence meet and balance each other. Of the mightiest creative power, and yet at the same time of the most penetrating judgment; no longer a youth, and not yet an old man; of the highest energy of will and the highest capacity of execution; filled with republican ideals, and at the same time born to be a king; a Roman in the deepest essence of his nature, and yet called to reconcile and combine in himself as well as in the outer world the Roman and the Hellenic types of culture,—Cæsar was the entire and perfect man. Accordingly, we miss in him more than in any other historical personage what are called characteristic features, which are in reality nothing else than deviations from the natural course of human development. Cæsar was a perfect man just because he more than any other placed himself amidst the currents of his time, and because he more than any other possessed the essential peculiarity of the Roman nation—practical aptitude as a citizen—in perfection.

FROM "THE DEATH OF WALLENSTEIN."

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

[Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, after Goethe the greatest poet that Germany has produced, was born in 1759 at Marbach, in Würtemberg, and was educated in the military school of that city. At an early age his love of poetry and ardent imagination displayed themselves, and he was but eighteen when he began to write "The Robbers," a play which, notwithstanding its faults, manifested great original power. After 1783, in which year he became attached to the theatre in Mannheim, he continued to write with great ardor and industry, giving to dramatic literature the much admired plays of "Don Carlos," "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," "The Bride of Messina," and "William Tell." During the period of the successive appearance of these dramas he produced many lyric poems of surpassing power and beauty, and a prose work, "The History of the Thirty Years' War," which gives him a very high rank as an historian. He died in 1805, at the age of forty-six.]

As a tragic poet Schiller was far the greatest in Germany, and has few superiors in the whole range of literature. In character-drawing, and in the nobleness of soul with which he invests his heroes and heroines, he is unsurpassed, while the force of his sentiments, the fire of his language, and the glow of noble emotion which gleams through his pages, are sufficient to raise him to one of the loftiest niches in the temple of Fame. We select an illustrative scene from Coleridge's translation of "Wallenstein," with a brief but richly poetic passage from W. Peter's version of "Mary Stuart."]

[SCENE.—*A saloon, terminated by a gallery which extends far into the background.—Wallenstein sitting at a table. The Swedish captain standing before him.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Commend me to your lord. I sympathize
In his good fortune; and if you have seen me
Deficient in the expressions of that joy

Which such a victory might well demand,
 Attribute it to no lack of good will,
 For henceforth are our fortunes one. Farewell,
 And for your trouble take my thanks. To-morrow
 The citadel shall be surrendered to you,
 On your arrival.

[*The Swedish captain retires. Wallenstein sits lost in thought, his eyes fixed vacantly, and his head sustained by his hand. The Countess Tertsy enters, stands before him awhile, unobserved by him; at length he starts, sees her, and recollects himself.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

Comest thou from her? Is she restored? How is she?

COUNTRESS.

My sister tells me she was more collected
 After her conversation with the Swede.
 She has now retired to rest.

WALLENSTEIN.

The pang will soften.
 She will shed tears.

COUNTRESS.

I find thee altered too,
 My brother! After such a victory,
 I had expected to have found in thee
 A cheerful spirit. Oh, remain *thou* firm!
 Sustain, uphold us! For our light thou art,
 Our sun.

WALLENSTEIN.

Be quiet. I ail nothing. Where's
 Thy husband?

COUNTRESS.

At a banquet,—he and Illo.

WALLENSTEIN (*rises and strides across the saloon*).
The night's far spent. Betake thee to thy chamber.

COUNTESS.

Bid me not go. Oh, let me stay with thee!

WALLENSTEIN (*moves to the window*).

There is a busy motion in the heaven:
The wind doth chase the flag upon the tower;
Fast sweep the clouds; the sickle of the moon,
Struggling, darts snatches of uncertain light.
No form of star is visible! That one
White stain of light, that single glimmering yonder,
Is from Cassiopeia, and therein
Is Jupiter. [*A pause.*] But now
The blackness of the troubled element hides him!

[*He sinks into profound melancholy, and looks vacantly into the distance.*]

COUNTESS (*looks on him mournfully, then grasps his hand*).
What art thou brooding on?

WALLENSTEIN.

Metinks
If I but saw him 'twould be well with me.
He is the star of my nativity,
And often marvellously hath his aspect
Shot strength into my heart.

COUNTESS.

Thou'lt see him again.

WALLENSTEIN (*remains for a while with absent mind, then assumes a livelier manner, and turns suddenly to the Countess*).

See him again? Oh, never, never again!

COUNTESS.

How?

WALLENSTEIN.

He is gone,—is dust.

COUNTESS.

Whom meanest thou, then?

WALLENSTEIN.

He, the more fortunate! yea, he hath finished!
 For him there is no longer any future!
 His life is bright,—bright without spot it was,
 And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
 Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
 Far off is he, above desire and fear,
 No more submitted to the change and chance
 Of the unsteady planets. Oh, 'tis well
 With him! but who knows what the coming hour,
 Veiled in thick darkness, brings for us?

COUNTESS.

Thou speak'st
 Of Piccolomini. What was his death?
 The courier had just left thee as I came.

[*Wallenstein by a motion of his hand makes signs to her to be silent.*]

Turn not thine eyes upon the backward view;
 Let us look forward into sunny days.
 Welcome with joyous heart the victory;
 Forget what it has cost thee. Not to-day
 For the first time thy friend was to thee dead;
 To thee he died when first he parted from thee.

WALLENSTEIN.

This anguish will be wearied down, I know:
 What pang is permanent with man? From the highest,

As from the vilest thing of every day,
He learns to wean himself: for the strong hours
Conquer him. Yet I feel what I have lost
In him. The bloom is vanished from my life.
For, oh, he stood beside me, like my youth;
Transformed for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn!
Whatever fortunes wait my future toils,
The beautiful is vanished,—and returns not.

COUNTESS.

Oh, be not treacherous to thy own power!
Thy heart is rich enough to vivify
Itself. Thou lovest and prizest virtues in him
The which thyself didst plant, thyself unfold.

WALLENSTEIN (*stepping to the door*).

Who interrupts us now, at this late hour?
It is the governor. He brings the keys
Of the citadel. 'Tis midnight. Leave me, sister!

COUNTESS.

Oh, 'tis so hard to me this night to leave thee!
A boding fear possesses me!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fear? Wherefore?

COUNTESS.

Shouldst thou depart this night, and we at waking
Nevermore find thee!

WALLENSTEIN.

Fancies!

COUNTESS.

Oh, my soul
Has long been weighed down by these dark forebodings!
And if I combat and repel them waking,
They still rush down upon my heart in dreams.
I saw thee yesternight, with thy first wife,
Sit at a banquet gorgeously attired.

WALLENSTEIN.

This was a dream of favorable omen,
That marriage being the founder of my fortunes.

COUNTESS.

To-day I dreamt that I was seeking thee
In thy own chamber. As I entered, lo!
It was no more a chamber: the Chartreuse
At Gitschin 'twas, which thou thyself hadst founded,
And where it is thy will that thou shouldst be
Interred.

WALLENSTEIN.

Thy soul is busy with these thoughts.

COUNTESS.

What! dost thou not believe that oft in dreams
A voice of warning speaks prophetic to us?

WALLENSTEIN.

There is no doubt that there exist such voices.
Yet I would not call them
Voices of warning, that announce to us
Only the inevitable. As the sun,
Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

That which we read of the fourth Henry's death
Did ever vex and haunt me like a tale
Of my own future destiny. The king
Felt in his breast the phantom of the knife
Long ere Ravailiac armed himself therewith.
His quiet mind forsook him; the phantasma
Started him in his Louvre, chased him forth
Into the open air; like funeral knells
Sounded that coronation festival;
And still with boding sense he heard the tread
Of those feet that even then were seeking him
Throughout the streets of Paris.

COUNTESS.

And to *thee*
The voice within thy soul bodes nothing?

WALLENSTEIN.

Nothing.
Be wholly tranquil.

COUNTESS.

And another time
I hastened after thee, and thou rann'st from me
Through a long suite, through many a spacious hall;
There seemed no end of it: doors creaked and clapped;
I followed panting, but could not o'ertake thee;
When on a sudden did I feel myself
Grasped from behind,—the hand was cold that grasped
me,—
'Twas thou, and thou didst kiss me, and there seemed
A crimson covering to envelop us.

WALLENSTEIN.

That is the crimson tapestry of my chamber.

COUNTESS (*gazing on him*).

If it should come to that,—if I should see thee,
Who standest now before me in the fulness
Of life—

[*She falls on his breast and weeps.*]

WALLENSTEIN.

The emperor's proclamation weighs upon thee.
Alphabets wound not,—and he finds no hands.

COUNTESS.

If he *should* find them, my resolve is taken:
I bear about me my support and refuge.

[*Exit Countess.*]

FROM "MARY STUART."

[SCENE.—*The Park at Fotheringay. Trees in the foreground; a distant prospect behind. Mary advances from between the trees at a quick pace, Jean Kennedy slowly following her.*]

KENNEDY.

Stay, stay, dear lady! You are hurrying on
As though you'd wings;—I cannot follow you.

MARY.

Let me renew the dear days of my childhood!
Come, rejoice with me in Liberty's ray!
O'er the gay-pansied turf, through the sweet-scented wild-
wood,
Let's pursue, lightly bounding, our fetterless way!

Have I emerged from the dungeon's deep sadness?
Have I escaped from the grave's yawning night?
Oh, let me sweep on, in this flood-tide of gladness,
Drinking full, thirsty draughts of fresh freedom and
light!

KENNEDY.

Your prison only is enlarged a little.
Yon thicket of deep trees alone prevents you
From seeing the dark walls that stretch around us.

MARY.

Thanks to those trees which thus in dim seclusion
Conceal my prison, I may dream I'm free.
Why wouldst thou wake me from the dear illusion?
Why call me back to thought and misery?
Does not heaven hold me in its soft embrace?
Do not these eyes, once more unfettered, rove
Far through immeasurable realms of space,
To the great object of their earlier love?
There, northwards, are my kingdom's bounds appear-
ing,—
There, where yon hills their misty tops advance;
And these light clouds, with the mid-day careering,
Seek the far ocean of thine empire, France!

Hastening clouds, ships of the sky,
(Ah, could I sail in your ocean on high!)
Greet with a blessing my youth's cherished land!
An exile I weep, in fetters I languish,—
None nigh but you to bear note of my anguish.
Free is your course over billow and strand;
You are not subject to this queen's command.

KENNEDY.

Alas! dear lady, you're beside yourself!
This long-withholden freedom makes you dream.

MARY.

A bark! a bark is in the gale!
She scuds down yonder bay!



THE DEATH SENTENCE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

How swiftly might that slender sail
Transport us far away!
The owner starves:—what wealth he'd get
Were he to waft us o'er!
He'd have a catch within his net
No fisher had before.

KENNEDY.

Oh, forlorn wishes! See you not from far
The spies that dodge us? A dark prohibition
Has scared each pitying creature from our path.

MARY.

No, Jean! Believe me, it is not without
An object that my prison doors are opened.
This little favor is the harbinger
Of greater happiness. I do not err.
It is love's active hand I have to thank;
I recognize Lord Leicester's influence in it.
Yes, by degrees they will enlarge my prison,
Through little boons accustom me to greater,
Until at length I see the face of him
Who'll loosen with his hand these bonds forever.

KENNEDY.

I cannot reconcile these contradictions.
But yesterday condemned to death,—and now
To live, and in the enjoyment of such freedom!
Even so, I've heard, the chain is loosed from those
Whom an eternal freedom is awaiting.

MARY.

Heard'st thou the hunters? Through thicket and mead,
Hark, how their bugles ring out!
Ah, could I vault on my spirited steed!
Ah, could I join the gay rout!

Sounds of sweet, bitter-sweet recollection,
How glad were ye once to my ear,
When the rocks of my native Schehallion
Exultant sent back your loud cheer!

THE TORSO OF HERCULES.

JOHANN JOACHIM WINCKELMANN.

[Winckelmann, one of the most eminent of German art-critics, was born at Stendal, Prussia, in 1717. He was the son of a poor mechanic, but his ardent desire for knowledge gained him friends and an education and enabled him to pursue the natural bent of his genius. He wrote several works on art, the principal being his "History of Ancient Art," published in 1764. He died in 1768, having been assassinated for some gold coins which he had imprudently shown.

It has been said that what Niebuhr did for ancient history, Winckelmann did for ancient art. His great work formed an era in the literature of art, and, though in some points it has been superseded, it still remains a production of the highest merit and value. We subjoin Japp's translation of his description of the Hercules torso. For acuteness of observation and minuteness of detail it is unsurpassed in art-criticism; yet one cannot help thinking that the enthusiasm and ardent imagination of the critic have magnified the significance of the statue. It is the true German imagination, which can build a universe out of a pebble.]

LIKE the gaunt trunk of some great oak felled and shorn of its branches and boughs, the statue of the hero sits, mangled and broken,—the head, the legs, the arms, and the upper parts of the breast wholly gone. The first glance will perhaps reveal to you only a misshapen block of stone; but if you can penetrate into the mysteries of art, and will consent to contemplate with a quiet eye, you

will here behold one of its miracles. Then will Hercules appear to you moving in the midst of his labors, and the hero and the god will simultaneously become visible to you in the stone. . . . I see in the powerful outlines of this form the unvanquished might of the conqueror of the powerful giants who strove against the gods, and were defeated by him on the Phlegræan plains; at the same time, also, the soft flow of the outlines, which rendered the build of the body light and supple, suggests to me its rapid movements in the combat with Achelous, who, in spite of his many changes of shape, could not escape from his hands. Each portion of the body displays, as in a picture, the whole hero active in some particular cause. I cannot look at the portion of the left shoulder still visible without being reminded that on its outstretched strength, as though on two mountains, the burden of the very heavens has rested. . . .

Ask those who know all that is most beautiful in mortal forms, if they have ever seen a side worthy to be compared with the side of this torso. The action and reaction of the muscles are adjusted with the most perfect measure of alternating movement and swift strength; and the body, because of this, had to be of the most massive build, suitable for the work that he wished to do. As in the swell of the sea, the surface, for a moment smooth, rises with a vague unrest into rippling waves, one swallowing another, and again throwing it out and rolling it forward; so, with the same soft rise and swell, the one muscle passes into another, while a third, that rises between, and seems to give strength to their movement, is lost in the first, and our gaze is, so to speak, swallowed up at the same moment.

Fain would I stop at this point to give space for contemplation, to impress on the imagination an indestruc-

tible image of this side ; but the lofty beauties are held in an indissoluble union. What an idea we can derive from these thighs, whose solidity shows that the hero has never wavered and never been subdued ! At this moment, in spirit, I survey the remotest regions of the earth that Hercules passed through. I am borne to the very boundaries of his toils, even to the mountains and the pillars where his foot rested, by the aspect of those thighs, of such inexhaustible force and godlike length, which have borne the hero over a hundred lands, even to immortality itself. As I was beginning to reflect on these distant features, my spirit was recalled by a glance at his back. How charmed I was when I looked at this body from behind ! I was as a person who, after admiring the splendid portal of a temple, is led to the top, where the vaulted roof over which he cannot see anew throws him into amazement. I behold here the chief edifice of the bones of the body, the source of the muscles, the ground of their arrangement and motion ; and all of this looks like some landscape seen from the summit of a mountain,—a landscape over which Nature has spread the lavish wealth of her beauty. As its ærial heights with gentle slope lose themselves in hollow valleys, narrowing here and widening there ; so, manifold, magnificent, and beautiful, swell the hills of muscle, round which there wind, like the stream Meander, depths almost imperceptible, manifest to touch rather than sight.

If it should seem hard to conceive how power of thought can be shown in other parts besides the head, learn here how the skill of a creative master can even inform matter with spirit. To me it appears as though the back, which looks as if bent in lofty contemplation, supported a head which is busy with glad remembrances of wonderful deeds ; and while such a head, full of majesty and wisdom, rises

before my eyes, the other absent limbs begin to take form in my thought; an efflux from what is actually before me gradually grows, and produces, as it were, a sudden restoration.

The power of the shoulder suggests to me how strong must have been the arms that strangled the lion upon Mount Cithæron, and my eye essays to give form to those which bound and carried Cerberus away. The thighs and the remaining knee give me an idea of the legs which were never weary, which chased and caught the brazen-footed stag. By mysterious art, the spirit is borne through all the deeds of his strength to the perfection of his soul; and this torso is the monument thereof,—a monument such as no one of the poets, who celebrate the strength of his arm alone, has erected; the sculptor has surpassed them all. His image of the hero leaves no room for a thought of violence or of licentious love; in the repose and quiet of the body is represented the calm, collected spirit, the man who, from love of justice, has exposed himself to the greatest dangers, who has given security to countries and rest to their inhabitants.

The beautiful and noble form of a nature thus perfect is, so to speak, wrapped round with immortality, and the form is but as a vessel to contain it: a loftier spirit seems to have taken the place of the mortal parts, and to have expanded in their stead. It is no longer a body that has to contend with monsters and the destroyers of peace, but that which has been purified upon Mount Æta from the dross of humanity, now cleared away from the original source of littleness to the father of the gods. Neither the loved Hyllus nor the tender Iole ever saw Hercules so perfect. Thus lay he in Hebe's arms, in the arms of everlasting youth, and inhaled an undying spirit. His body is nourished by no mortal fare nor by any coarse particles;

he lives on ambrosial food, which he seems only to taste and not to eat, and altogether without being filled.

THE GERMAN PROFESSOR.

GUSTAV FREYTAG.

[One of the most original and highly esteemed of recent German novelists is Gustav Freytag, a native of Kreuzburg, Silesia, where he was born in 1816. He is the author of numerous dramas and novels: two of the latter, "Debit and Credit," and "The Lost Manuscript," have gained wide popularity, and have been translated into the principal modern languages. Of his plays, "The Journalists," produced in 1854, is regarded as the best modern German drama, and still holds possession of the stage. Freytag is one of the most realistic of German novelists, and pictures the various characters of actual German life with much skill and acuteness, though with that diffuseness of method which is among the worst faults of his literary countrymen.

From "The Lost Manuscript," which deals with the foibles and lack of every-day wisdom of German professors, we copy, in the translation of the *Misses Zimmern*, an amusing and characteristic scene. The annoyances which the professor's wife experiences from her absent-minded husband and friends make up the best part of the novel.]

ONCE in the twilight Professor Raschke called and expressed his willingness to stay the evening. Felix sent the servant to the professor's wife, to prevent any anxiety about her husband. As Raschke was Ilse's favorite among the learned men, she gave an order in the kitchen which was to give him pleasure. This order sentenced to death some chickens which had shortly before been brought home alive. The gentlemen were already seated in Ilse's room, when a cry of distress was heard in the kitchen, and the cook showed a pale face at the door and called

out her mistress. She found that the girl's feelings had prevented her from accomplishing the work of death. As Gabriel usually performed the necessary murders in some out-of-the-way place, she did not know what to do to-day: a frightened attempt had been unsuccessful, and Ilse was forced to perform the unavoidable task herself. When she came back, Felix unfortunately asked the reason of the excitement, and Ilse told in a few words what had occurred.

The fowls appeared at table; they did the cook no dishonor. Ilse carved and served them. But her husband pushed away his plate, and Raschke, out of politeness, worked away a little at his slice of the breast, but could hardly swallow a morsel. Ilse looked with surprise at both men.

"Why do you not eat anything, Professor Raschke?" she asked at length, forcing herself to be calm.

"It is only a sentimental weakness," replied Raschke; "and you are quite right: it is folly. I am still distressed by the cries of this poor roasted creature."

"You too, Felix?" asked Ilse, eagerly.

"Yes," replied he. "Is it not possible to make the killing unperceived?"

"Not always," answered Ilse, somewhat hurt, "when space is small and the kitchen so near." She rang, and had the unfortunate dish carried out. "Since people in the town have such an objection to killing, they ought to eat no meat!"

"You are quite right," repeated Raschke, in a conciliating manner; "and our susceptibility can hardly be justified. We object to the mode of preparation, and generally thoroughly enjoy what is prepared. But those who are accustomed to regard animal life with sympathy are always distressed by the destruction of an organism for

egoistic purposes, when it is accomplished in a manner to which they do not happen to be used. For there is something mysterious to us in the whole life of animals. The same vitality that we observe in ourselves is also active in them, but confined by an organization otherwise more limited than ours, and, on the whole, more imperfect."

"How can you compare their souls with those of human beings?" exclaimed Ilse,—“the unreasoning with the reasoning, the transitory with the eternal?”

[This leads to a conversation as to the powers and possibility of education in animals, which we omit, as of no special interest.]

Raschke pushed his chair under the table.

"Then I will go for to-day; for our discussion has disturbed me, and I should be a bad companion. It is the first time, dear madam, that I leave your house amid unpleasant sensations; and not the least painful remembrance is that my ill-timed defence of chickens' souls has roused your wrath also."

Ilse looked sorrowfully at the worthy man's excited countenance; and as a means of calming his troubled thoughts, and exhorting him to retain their friendship, she entreated,—

"But I cannot let you off the poor fowl. You really must eat it; and I will see that your wife gives it you for breakfast to-morrow morning."

Raschke was wandering about in the anteroom. Here, too, was confusion. Gabriel had not yet returned from his distant errand; the cook had left the remains of the meal standing on a side-table till his return; and Raschke had to find his great-coat by himself. He rummaged among the clothes and seized hold of a coat and a hat. As he was not as absent as usual to-day, a glance at the despised supper reminded him just in time that he was to eat a

fowl ; so he seized hold of the newspaper which Gabriel had laid ready for his master, hastily took one of the chickens out of the dish, wrapped it in the journal, and thrust it in his pocket, agreeably surprised at the depth and capaciousness it revealed. Then he rushed past the astonished cook, and out of the house. When he opened the door of the *étage* he stumbled against something that was crouching on the threshold. He heard a horrible growling behind him, and stormed down the stairs and out of doors.

The words of the friend whom he had left now came into his mind. Werner's whole bearing was very characteristic ; and there was something fine about it. It was strange that, in a moment of anger, Werner's face had acquired a sudden resemblance to a bull-dog's. Here the direct chain of the philosopher's contemplations was crossed by the remembrance of the conversation on animals' souls.

"It is really a pity that it is still so difficult to determine an animal's expression of soul. If we could succeed in that, science would gain. For if we could compare in all their minutiae the expression and gestures of human beings and higher animals, we might make most interesting deductions from their common peculiarities and their particular differences. In this way the natural origin of their dramatic movements, and perhaps some new laws, would be discovered."

While the philosopher was pondering thus, he felt a continued pulling at his coat-tails. As his wife was in the habit of giving him a gentle pull when he was walking next her absorbed in thought and they met some acquaintance, he took no further notice of it, but took off his hat, and, bowing politely towards the railing of the bridge, said, "Good-evening."

"These common and original elements in the mimic

expression of human beings and higher animals might, if rightly understood, even open out new vistas into the great mystery of life." Another pull. Raschke mechanically took off his hat. Another pull. "Thank you, dear Aurelia, I did bow." As he spoke, the thought crossed his mind that his wife would not pull at his coat so low down. It was not she, but his little daughter Bertha who was pulling; for she often walked gravely next him, and, like her mother, pulled at the bell for bows. "That will do, my dear," said he, as Bertha continued to snatch and pull at his coat-tails. "Come here, you little rogue!" and he absently put his hand behind him to seize the little tease. He seized hold of something round and shaggy; he felt sharp teeth on his fingers, and turned with a start. There he saw in the lamplight a reddish monster with a big head, shaggy hair, and a little tassel that fell back into its hind-legs in lieu of a tail. His wife and daughter were horribly transformed; and he gazed in surprise on this indistinct creature which seated itself before him and glared at him in silence.

"A strange adventure!" exclaimed Raschke. "What are you, unknown creature? Presumably a dog. Away with you!" The animal retreated a few steps. Raschke continued his meditations. "If we trace back the expression and gestures of the affections to their original forms in this manner, one of the most active laws would certainly prove to be the endeavor to attract or repel the extraneous. It would be instructive to distinguish, by means of these involuntary movements of men and animals, what is essential and what conventional. Away, dog! Do me a favor and go home. What does he want with me? Evidently he belongs to Werner's domain. The poor creature will assuredly lose itself in the town under the dominion of an *idée fixe*."

Meantime, Speihahn's attacks were becoming more violent; and now he was marching, in a quite unnatural and purely conventional manner, on his hind-legs, while his fore-paws were leaning against the professor's back and his teeth were actually biting into the coat.

A belated shoemaker's boy stood still and beat his leathern apron. "Is not the master ashamed to let his poor apprentice push him along like that?" In truth, the dog behind the man looked like a dwarf pushing a giant along the ice.

Raschke's interest in the dog's thoughts increased. He stood still near a lantern, examined and felt his coat. This coat had developed a velvet collar and very long sleeves, advantages that the philosopher had never yet remarked in his great-coat. Now the matter became clear to him: absorbed in thought, he had chosen a wrong coat, and the worthy dog insisted on saving his master's garment and making the thief aware that there was something wrong. Raschke was so pleased with this sagacity that he turned round, addressed some kind words to Speihahn, and made an attempt to stroke his shaggy hair. The dog again snapped at his hand. "You are quite right to be angry with me," replied Raschke: "I will prove to you that I acknowledge my fault." He took off the coat and hung it over his arm. "Yes, it is much heavier than my own." He walked on cheerfully in his thin coat, and observed with satisfaction that the dog abandoned the attacks on his back. But, instead, Speihahn sprang up on his side, and again bit at the coat and the hand, and growled unpleasantly.

The professor got angry with the dog, and when he came to a bench on the promenade he laid down the coat, intending to face the dog seriously and drive him home. In this manner he got rid of the dog, but also of the coat.

For Speihahn sprang upon the bench with a mighty bound, placed himself astride the coat, and met the professor, who tried to drive him away, with hideous growling and snarling.

"It is Werner's coat," said the professor, "and it is Werner's dog: it would be wrong to beat the poor creature because it is becoming violent in its fidelity, and it would be wrong to leave the dog and the coat." So he remained standing before the dog and speaking kindly to him; but Speihahn no longer took any notice of the professor; he turned against the coat itself, which he scratched, rummaged, and bit. Raschke saw that the coat could not long endure such rage. "He is frantic or mad," said he, suspiciously. "I shall have to use force against you, after all, poor creature;" and he considered whether he should also jump upon the seat and push the mad creature by a violent kick into the water, or whether it would be better to open the inevitable attack from below. He resolved on the latter course, and looked round to see whether he could anywhere discover a stone or stick to throw at the raging beast. As he looked, he observed the trees and the dark sky above him, and the place seemed quite unfamiliar. "Has magic been at work here?" he exclaimed, with amusement. He turned politely to a solitary wanderer who was passing that way: "Would you kindly tell me in what part of the town we are? And could you perhaps lend me your stick for a moment?"

"Indeed," angrily replied the person addressed, "those are very suspicious questions. I want my stick myself at night. Who are you, sir?" The stranger approached the professor menacingly.

"I am peaceable," replied Raschke, "and by no means inclined to violent attacks. A quarrel has arisen between me and the animal on this seat for the possession of a coat, and I should be much obliged to you if you would drive

the dog away from the coat. But I beg you not to hurt the animal any more than is absolutely necessary."

"Is that your coat there?" asked the man.

"Unfortunately, I cannot give you an affirmative answer," replied Raschke, conscientiously.

"There must be something wrong here," exclaimed the stranger, again eying the professor suspiciously.

"There is indeed," replied Raschke. "The dog is out of his mind; the coat is exchanged, and I do not know where we are."

"Close to the valley gate, Professor Raschke," answered the voice of Gabriel, who hastily joined the group. "Excuse me, but what brings you here?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Raschke, joyously. "Pray take charge of this coat and this dog."

Gabriel gazed in amazement at Speihahn, who was now lying on the coat and bending his head before his friend. Gabriel threw down the dog and seized the coat. "Why, that is our great-coat!" exclaimed he.

"Yes, Gabriel," said the professor, "that was my mistake, and the dog has shown marvellous fidelity to the coat."

"Fidelity!" exclaimed Gabriel, indignantly, as he drew a parcel out of the coat-pocket. "It was greedy selfishness, sir: there must be some food in this pocket."

"Yes, true," exclaimed Raschke: "it is all the chicken's fault. Give me the parcel, Gabriel; I must eat the fowl myself; and we might bid each other good-night now with mutual satisfaction, if you would just show me my way a little among these trees."

"But you must not go home in the night-air without an overcoat," said Gabriel, considerably. "We are not far from our house: the best way would really be for you to come back with me, sir."

Raschke considered, and laughed.

"You are right, Gabriel; my departure was awkward; and to-day an animal's soul has restored a man's soul to order."

"If you mean this dog," said Gabriel, "it would be the first time he did anything good. I see, he must have followed you from our door; for I put little bones there for him of an evening."

"Just now he seemed not to be quite in his right mind," said the professor.

"He is cunning enough when he pleases," continued Gabriel, mysteriously; "but if I were to speak of my experiences with this dog——"

"Do speak, Gabriel!" eagerly exclaimed the philosopher. "There is nothing so valuable concerning animals as a truthful statement from those who have carefully observed them."

"I may say that I have done so," confirmed Gabriel, with satisfaction; "and if you want to know exactly what he is, I can assure you that he is enchanted, he is dishonest, he is poisoned, and he is possessed by hatred of mankind."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the professor, somewhat disconcerted. "I see it is much more difficult to look into a dog's heart than into a professor's."

Speibahn crept along silent and suppressed, and listened to the praises that fell to his lot, while Professor Raschke, conducted by Gabriel, returned to the house by the park. Gabriel opened the sitting-room door, and announced,—

"Professor Raschke."

Ilse extended both her hands to him: "Welcome, welcome, dear Professor Raschke!" and led him to her husband's study.

"Here I am again," said Raschke, cheerfully, "after wandering as in a fairy-tale. What has brought me back were two animals, who showed me the right way,—a roast fowl and a poisoned dog."

Felix sprang up; the men greeted one another warmly, shaking hands, and, after all misadventures, spent a happy evening.

When Raschke had gone home late, Gabriel said sadly to his mistress,—

"This was the new coat: the fowl and the dog have put it in a horrible plight."

EXTRACT FROM "OBERON."

CHRISTOPH MARTIN WIELAND.

[Wieland, one of the most illustrious writers of the recent era of German literature, was born in 1733, at Oberholzheim, in Würtemberg. Very early in life he manifested poetical powers, composing verses in Latin and in German in his twelfth year. His early writings were of a mystical tendency, but later in life he assumed a voluptuous, almost licentious, style. Of his many poems, the romantic epic of "Oberon," published in 1780, is that by which he is now principally known.

To quote from Menzel, "German poetry, although in the time of the Minnesingers moving with a cheerful and easy grace, had been disguised by the Mastersingers in starched and buckram drapery, and, after the Thirty Years' War, in full-bottomed wigs and hoop petticoats, and then was utterly at a loss what to do with her hands, and played the simpleton with her fan. . . . Wieland first restored to German poetry the unrestrained spirit, the free look of the child of the world, the natural grace, the love and desire of cheerful pleasantries, and the power of supplying it." Germany has produced no more pleasant, witty, and cheerful genius, and none more versatile in

his powers. He translated much of Shakespeare and Horace, and was the author of a successful opera, of humorous satires, and of several novels, of which "Agathon" is pronounced by Lessing "one of the most remarkable books of our age." From Sotheby's translation of the magical romance of "Oberon" we select a passage describing the effects of the hero's magic horn upon the sultan and his court.]

Now through the outward court swift speeds the knight;
Within the second from his steed descends;
Along the third his pace majestic bends:
Where'er he enters, dazzled by his sight,
The guards make way,—his gait, his dress, his air,
A nuptial guest of highest rank declare.
Now he advances towards an ebon gate,
Where with drawn swords twelve Moors gigantic wait,
And piecemeal hack the wretch who steps unbidden there.

But the bold gesture and imperial mien
Of Huon, as he opes the lofty door,
Drive back the swords that crossed his path before,
And at his entrance flamed with lightning sheen.
At once, with rushing noise, the valves unfold:
High throbs the bosom of our hero bold,
When, locked behind him, harsh the portals bray:
Through gardens decked with columns leads the way,
Where towered a gate incased with plates of massy
gold. . . .

Already cymbals, drums, and fifes resound;
With song and string the festive palace clangs;
The sultan's head already heaving hangs,
While vinous vapors float his brain around:
Already mirth in freer current flows,
And the gay bridegroom, wild with rapture, glows.

Then, as the bride, in horror turned away,
Casts on the ground her looks that never stray,
Huon along the hall with noble freedom goes.

Now to the table he advances nigh,
And with uplifted brow, in wild amaze,
The admiring guests upon the stranger gaze:
Fair Rezia, tranced, with fascinated eye
Still views her dream, and ever downward bends:
The sultan, busy with the bowl, suspends
All other thoughts: Prince Babekan alone,
Warned by no vision, towards the guest unknown,
All fearless of his fate, his length of neck extends.

Soon as Sir Huon's scornful eyes retrace
The man of yesterday, that he, the same,
Who lately dared the Christian God defame,
Sits at the left, high plumed in bridal grace,
And bows the neck as conscious of his guilt,
Swift as the light he grasps the sabre's hilt;
Off at the instant flies the heathen's head,
And, o'er the caliph and the banquet shed,
Up spirts his boiling blood, by dreadful vengeance spilt!

As the dread visage of Medusa fell,
Swift flashing on the sight, with instant view
Deprives of life the wild-revolted crew,
While reeks the tower with blood, while tumults swell,
And murderous frenzy, fierce and fiercer grown,
Glares in each eye, and maddens every tone,—
At once, when Perseus shakes the viper hair,
Each dagger stiffens as it hangs in air,
And every murderer stands transformed to living stone;

Thus, at the view of this audacious feat,
The jocund blood that warmed each merry guest
Suspends its frozen course in every breast :
Like ghosts, in heaps, all-shivering from their seat
They start, and grasp their swords, and mark their prey ;
But, shrunk by fear, their vigor dies away :
Each in its sheath their swords remain at rest :
With powerless fury in his look expressed,
Mute sunk the caliph back, and stared in wild dismay.

The uproar which confounds the nuptial hall
Forces the dreamer from her golden trance :
Round her she gazes with astonished glance,
While yells of frantic rage her soul appall :
But, as she turns her face towards Huon's side,
How throbs his bosom, when he sees his bride !—
“ 'Tis she,—'tis she herself !” he wildly calls :
Down drops the bloody steel ; the turban falls ;
And Rezia knows her knight, as float his ringlets wide.

“ 'Tis he !” she wild exclaims : yet virgin shame
Stops in her rosy mouth the imperfect sound :
How throbs her heart, what thrillings strange confound,
When, with impatient speed, the stranger came,
And, love-emboldened, with presumptuous arms
Clasped, in the sight of all, her angel charms !
And, oh, how fiery red, how deadly pale,
Her cheek, as love and maiden fear assail,
The while he kissed her lip that glowed with sweet
alarms !

Twice had his lip already kissed the maid :
“ Where shall the bridal ring, oh, where be found ?”
Lo ! by good fortune, as he gazes round,
The elfin ring shines suddenly displayed,

Won from the giant of the iron tower :
Now, all-unconscious of its magic power,
This ring, so seeming base, the impatient knight
Slips on her finger, pledge of nuptial rite :
"With this, O bride beloved, I wed thee from this
hour!"

Then, for the third time, at these words, again
The bridegroom kissed the soft reluctant fair :
The sultan storms and stamps in wild despair :
"Thou sufferest, then,—inexpiable stain!—
This Christian dog to shame thy nuptial day?—
Seize, seize him, slaves!—ye die, the least delay !
Haste! drop by drop, from every throbbing vein,
By lengthened agonies his life-blood drain :
Thus shall the pangs of hell his monstrous guilt repay!"

At once, in flames, before Sir Huon's eyes,
A thousand weapons glitter at the word ;
And, ere our hero snatches up his sword,
On every side the death-storms fiercely rise :
On every side he turns his brandished blade :
By love and anguish wild, at once the maid
Around him wreathes her arm, his shield her breast,
Seizes his sword, by her alone repressed :
"Back! daring slaves!" she cries ; "I, I the hero aid !

"Back! to that breast, here, here the passage lies!—
No other way than through the midst of mine!"
And she, who lately seemed Love's bride divine,
Now flames a Gorgon with Medusa's eyes!
And ever, as the emirs near inclose,
She dares with fearless breast their swords oppose :

"Spare him, my father! spare him! and, O thou,
Destined by fate to claim my nuptial vow,
Spare him!—in both your lives the blood of Rezia
flows!"

The sultan's frenzy rages uncontrolled:

Fierce on Sir Huon storm the murderous train;
Yet still his glittering falchion flames in vain,
While Rezia's gentle hand retains its hold:
Her agonizing shrieks his bosom rend.
And what remains the princess to defend?
What but the horn can rescue her from death?—
Soft through the ivory flows his gentle breath,
And from its spiry folds sweet fairy tones ascend.

Soon as its magic sounds, the powerless steel

Falls without struggle from the lifted hand:

In rash vertigo turned, the emir band

Wind arm in arm, and spin the giddy reel:

Throughout the hall tumultuous echoes ring;

All, old and young, each heel has Hermes' wing:

No choice is left them by the fairy tone:

Pleased and astonished, Rezia stands alone

By Huon's side unmoved, while all around them spring.

The whole divan, one swimming circle, glides

Swift without stop: the old bashaws click time:

As if on polished ice, in trance sublime,

The iman hoar with some spruce courtier slides:

No rank nor age from capering refrain:

Nor can the king his royal foot restrain;

He, too, must reel amid the frolic row,

Grasp the grand vizier by his beard of snow,

And teach the aged man once more to bound amain.

The dancing melodies, ne'er heard before,
From every crowded antechamber round,
First draw the eunuchs forth with airy bound,
The women next, and slaves that guard the door.
Alike the merry madness seizes all.
The harem's captives, at the magic call,
Trip gayly to the tune, and whirl the dance:
In parti-colored shirts the gardeners prance,
Rush 'mid the youthful nymphs, and mingle in the ball.

Entranced, with fearful joy, while doubt alarms,
Fair Rezia stands almost deprived of breath:
"What wonder! at the time when instant death
Hangs o'er us, that a dance the god disarms!
A dance thus rescues from extreme distress!"
"Some friendly genius deigns our union bless,"
Sir Huon says. Meanwhile amid the throng
With eager step darts Sherasmin along,
And towards them Fatma hastes unnoticed through the
press.

"Haste!" Sherasmin exclaims; "not now the hour
To pry with curious leisure on the dance.
All is prepared,—the steeds impatient prance.
While raves the castle, while unbarred the tower,
And every gate wide open, why delay?
By luck I met Dame Fatma on the way,
Close-packed, like beast of burden, for the flight."
"Peace! 'tis not yet the time," replies the knight;
"A dreadful task impends: for that must Huon stay."

Pale Rezia shudders at the dreadful sound,
And looks with longing eye, that seems to say,
"Why, on the brink of ruin, why delay?
Oh, hasten! let our footsteps fly the ground,

Ere bursts the transient charm that binds their brain,
And rage and vengeance repossess the train!"
Huon, who reads the language of her eyes,
With looks of answering love alone replies,
Clasps to his heart her hand, nor dares the deed explain.

And now the fairy tones to soft repose
Melt in the air: each head swims giddy round,
And every limb o'ertired forgets to bound;
Wet every thread, and every pore o'erflows.
The breath half stopped scarce heaves with struggling
pain;
The drowsy blood slow creeps through every vein;
Involuntary joy, like torture, thrills:
The king, as from a bath, in streams distils,
And pants upon his couch, amid the exhausted train.

Stiff, without motion, scarce with sense endued,
Down, one by one, the o'erwearied dancers fall,
Where swelling bolsters heave around the wall:
Emirs and lowly slaves, in contrast rude,
Mix with the harem goddesses, as chance
Tangles the mazes of the frantic dance:
At once together by a whirlwind blown,
On the same bed, in ill-paired union thrown,
The groom and favorite lie confused in breathless
trance.

Sir Huon, mindful of the favoring hour,
While rests in peaceful silence all around,
Pursues his task, by plighted promise bound,—
Leaves his fair angel in the old man's power,
Gives him the ivory horn, and cautions well
By timely use the danger to repel,

Then boldly hastens forward to the place
Where gasps the sultan wearied with the race,
And, heaving with his breath, the billowy pillows swell.

[The task prescribed is to extract four teeth from the sultan's mouth and cut a lock of hair from his beard. Oberon achieves this strange task by the aid of the magic horn, and escapes with his rescued bride.]

SCENE ON THE VISTULA.

JOHANNA SCHOPENHAUER.

[From the "*Jugendleben und Wanderbilder*" ("Youthful Life and Pictures of Travel") of Johanna Schopenhauer we select the following picturesque description. The authoress, born at Dantzic in 1770, was a popular novelist, her principal works being "*Gabriele*," "*The Aunt*," and "*Sidonia*." She died in 1849. Arthur Schopenhauer, the celebrated pessimistic philosopher of Germany, was her son. The English version here given is that of Mrs. Austin.]

SIXTY or seventy years ago, Dantzic might be regarded as the terminal stone of the civilized world; since then the march of civilization has trodden all such boundaries into the dust; but my paternal city, independently of its singular style of building, has still enough of its earlier originality remaining to interest the intelligent stranger. One of the most striking features is the arrival of the vessels laden with corn, which still present a strange spectacle, though not so much so as formerly.

In our northern clime, Spring starts up and at one bound throws off the white shroud and breaks the crystal covering under which she lay concealed. Then the waters in the interior of Poland swell, and towards the end of May

the Vistula, which is often too shallow even for the flat Polish craft which navigate it, becomes deep enough to bear on its bosom the golden gifts of Ceres to my native city, which in former times was justly called the granary of Europe.

The small sea-craft lying at anchor by the Long Bridge over the Mottlau, like the return-carriages in Frankfort, with the place of their destination written on a black-board,—“God willing, to Königsberg,” (“Will’s Gott, nach Königsberg,”) “God willing, to Petersburg,” “God willing, to Memel,” and so forth,—are forced to crowd more closely together to make room for the strange fleet which now covers the Mottlau.

Boats or barges these ill-built craft can hardly be called; their appearance is so shapeless and rickety that one wonders how they can have made their long voyage in safety; at the end of it they are broken up and sold as timber, and the crews find their way home on foot, over moor and heath and through primeval forests. They are most like a small raft, only that they taper to each end like a boat, and have a sort of low deck, at the end of which is a hut, serving as the cabin of the master; they have no masts or sails, but are steered by a clumsy sort of rudder, and rowed down-stream by more than a hundred sturdy arms of Schinkys, seated on benches and keeping time with their oars. The whole of the remaining space is filled with wheat or rye. The enormous heap, piled up as high as possible, lies open, without the smallest shelter from wind or weather.

Before the first partition of Poland, when the corn-trade was almost a monopoly of Dantzic, in years when the crops were abundant and the waters high, the whole surface of the broad stream was often covered with these vessels, steering their difficult course as through a crowded

street. If a stranger could suddenly have been placed on the Long Bridge, he must have thought himself on one of the South Sea islands, which had just then been discovered, in the midst of the canoes of savages,—so thoroughly un-European was the appearance of the Schimkys and the whole flotilla. That such a scene should still exist in a civilized country so near to Germany, seems incredible; a *galérien* of Toulon, compared with a Schimky, is a dandy.

Spite of their wild aspect, there is, however, nothing disgusting or hideous in these large-boned, bronzed, and meagre forms; a fat, thriving Schimky is an idea beyond the region of possibility. With the exception of the national mustachio, bleached to a sort of yellow by sun and rain, the whole head is close-shorn, and covered with a large straw hat of home manufacture, or a flat fur cap; the back of the neck and breast are bare. The dress consists of trousers girt round the waist, and a slop (*kittel*) of the very coarsest unbleached linen. Wooden soles, thickly studded with strong iron nails, and bound under the naked foot, are the general substitute for shoes.

The horrible clatter made by this *chaussure* when a party of Schimkys came down the street always drove us children into the house; and even when almost grown up I never came near them without a beating heart. I was frightened at their wild looks, but without cause; they harmed nobody, nor did I ever hear of a Schimky being accused of theft or any other crime.

They were serfs, and are mostly so still, except in the part of Poland subject to Prussia. Their life is hardly rated so high as that of a dog or a horse. The nobleman who from recklessness or anger killed one paid a fine of ten dollars, without any legal proceedings, and so the matter was concluded and forgotten. And yet there existed not a more contented, I might say joyous, people

than these serfs in their deepest depth of poverty; they missed not what they never had,—what they hardly knew by name.

How they get through the winter I know not; in summer their life is nearly that of a savage. Day and night, under the open sky, they lie on the shore of the river near the enormous heaps of wheat, which they watch and constantly turn over to keep it from damage till it is housed in the granaries.

A thick porridge of peas or buckwheat, which they cook in a huge pot hung on a stake laid over two crotched sticks, is their daily food: if a party has been so fortunate as to get possession of two or three tallow candles to flavor the unsavory mess, they think their meal delicious. At mid-day they may be seen sitting in picturesque groups around the smoking pot, dipping in their large wooden spoons (which are also a favorite article of manufacture and commerce with them) and swallowing down vast quantities, accompanied with an incessant chatter.

A draught of brandy is a still greater treat to them than a tallow candle; but even when the intellects of these poor half-human children are a little clouded, they retain their good nature, and never is such a thing heard of as violence or murder.

DINING AS A FINE ART.

LUDWIG TIECK.

[From the celebrated "Phantasm" of Tieck we make our present amusingly serious Half-Hour selection. The author, one of the most eminent and original of German poets and prose-writers, was born at Berlin in 1773. He, in connection with Novalis and the Schlegels, established the Romantic school of German literature, redeeming Ger-

many from the preceding influence of French authorship and the eighteenth-century taste. To this his fertile and brilliant imagination and his rich productive powers greatly contributed. Of his many works the "Phantásus" is looked upon as the masterpiece. It resembles the "Decameron" in plan. A party of friends, assembled in a country-house, amuse themselves by telling stories. The fancy, wit, and tenderness of these, and the originality and rich inventiveness manifested in their plots, render them superior in their way to anything else in German literature. As these stories are too long for the space at our command, we select instead, from Mrs. Austin's translation, a fragment from the suggestive conversations of the "Phantásus."]

THE party passed through the large folding doors into the dining-room, which looked immediately on the garden. Before them lay the opposite hills, with their thickets of varied green and beautiful clumps of wood; in the foreground was the lawn, belted and perfumed round with beds of the loveliest flowers, while, like the crystal coronet of the green plain, a fountain gushed and sparkled in the middle and invited equally to silence or to conversation by its sweet and silvery tones.

All seated themselves at table. Flowers of all hues arranged in beautiful vases, and fresh, ruddy cherries in pretty baskets, sparkled over the snowy linen. "Why is it," said Emilia, after a pause of some minutes, "that every dinner-party begins in silence? People are thoughtful, and look down; nobody even expects an animated conversation; for it seems that the soup brings with it a certain serious and tranquil tone of feeling, which usually contrasts strongly with the conclusion of the dinner and the dessert."

"The hunger which is generally excited by the proximity of eatables will explain a good deal," said Wilibald, "especially when dinner is served at a later hour than was fixed."

* * * * *

"To return to the soup, which we have now de-

spatched," said Lothair; "I do not think the taciturnity which accompanies it depends so much on our material wants. It seems to me that every meal or feast is a drama,—when at its best, a Shakespearian comedy,—and has its rules and necessities, by which it is in most cases unconsciously governed."

"How can any reasonable man think otherwise?" said Wilibald, laughing. "How often is the comic poet unconsciously the richest subject for comedy!"

"Let him speak," said Manfred: "*you* may afterwards compare a dinner to a battle, or the history of the world, if you will. At table there ought to be the most unqualified freedom of thought and eating."

"That the changing courses and dishes may most aptly be compared to acts and scenes," continued Lothair, "must strike everybody; nor is it less obvious to the reflecting and refined eater (I ignore those lower natures who doubt of everything they cannot understand, and in their gross and material stupidity adhere to the belief that eating is nothing more than an expedient for allaying hunger) that a certain pervading sentiment should be expressed, with which nothing in the whole composition of the table should be incongruous or discordant,—whether it be the dishes, the wines, or the conversation. For out of all these parts should arise a romantic composition, which should at once amuse, satisfy, and delight, free from all vehement excitement of the curiosity or the sympathy, from all illusion, and from all bitter recollections. Epigrammatic dishes, for instance, which have frequently been employed to cheat and delude, are to be condemned as repugnant to all good taste."

"In the north of Germany," said Ernest, "I once saw a sweetmeat representing a heap of turf, which appeared to give extreme delight to the guests."

"I have read in Vasari of most romantic feasts," said Clara, "given by the Florentine painters to one another. They would have only terrified me, for they pushed these strange distortions of fancy to the very utmost. Not only did they construct and demolish palaces and temples of various meats, but even hell, with all its awful shades, was pressed into the service of their poetical extravagance. Toads and serpents enclosed the choicest dainties, and the dessert consisted of ghosts and skeletons in confectionery."

"I should have liked much to be present at these wild, fantastic entertainments," said Manfred. "I never could read the description of them without the greatest pleasure. Why should not fear, horror, surprise, be brought into action in our most immediate, every-day life? All, even the strangest and the wildest, has its time."

"But, dear Lothair," said Theodore, "go on with your comparison of a dinner with a drama."

"To satisfy your curiosity," replied Lothair, "I must begin by pointing out how weighty a part of a play is the introduction. This may be conceived in three different and principal ways: either that the situation of affairs be made known in the simplest and most natural manner, by means of a calm narration, as in the 'Comedy of Errors;' or that the poet plunge us into tumult and confusion, out of which light and distinctness are gradually evolved, as in 'Romeo and Juliet,' which begins with broils; or thirdly, that he lead us at once into the midst of the action, but with calmness and deliberation, as in 'Twelfth Night.' It is unquestionable that the last method is to be preferred for a dinner; and that therefore all civilized nations, and people who do not strive to live and to eat after a strange and fantastic manner, open their repast with a strong, but mild, calmly-digested soup. As all men

have an innate propensity to the drama, and the perception that all is drama sleeps darkly within them, they take care, with reason, not to be too witty, too clever, or too talkative, as long as the soup is before them."

Emilia laughed and nodded assent, and Lothair continued: "As, in the last-mentioned comedy, after the almost elegiac introduction, those pleasant personages, Sir Toby, Maria, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, enter as a gay and stimulating episode; so the solid viands are preceded by anchovies, caviare, or something highly flavored, which does not immediately allay hunger. And thus, not to be too diffuse, satisfaction and excitement succeed each other in agreeable alternations up to the time of the dessert, which must be entirely humorous, poetical, and unrestrained; as the comedy in question closes with that most delightfully childish but significant song of the most delightful of all fools, or as 'Much Ado About Nothing' and 'As You Like it' end with a dance, or 'The Winter's Tale' with the living statue."

"I see clearly," said Clara, "that we ought to learn eating at school, just as much as any other science."

"Certainly," said Lothair; "nothing is so unbecoming an accomplished man as to eat in an injudicious, unscientific, and tasteless manner; for, as food is a want of our nature, either the utmost simplicity should reign at our meals, or elegance and mirth should enter into them, and diffuse ease and cheerfulness."

"In truth," said Ernest, "nothing troubles one's enjoyment so much as a vacillating mixture of frugality and unpleasurable profusion; as sometimes one is inundated with excellent wine to wash down meagre and ill-cooked viands, or condemned to gulp down wretched wine with excessively dainty, high-flavored dishes, served on splendid china. These are the true tragi-comedies, such as every

well-regulated, accurate mind, which aims at harmony and consistency, will utterly condemn and eschew."

"Under the same class," said Antony, "may be ranged immoderate drinking from ambition; or when some host, with all the animation of semi-drunkenness, forcibly obliges you to drink, assuring you, with ever-increasing loudness and vehemence, that the wine deserves to be drunk,—that this cost so much a bottle, and this so much, but that he does not grudge it to good friends, and that he can stand it if they should drink twice as much. Such a man, in his pride of purse, does not only reckon the cost of the feast and the consumption of each guest, but he has no rest till you know the price of every table and chair in his house. If he happen to possess any works of art, or curiosities, he is wholly intolerable. His highest enjoyment is, in all friendliness, to make his guests feel that compared to him they are poor and bankrupt."

"It must also be observed," continued Lothair, "that as there ought to be a certain keeping and harmony between the viands and the vessels in which they are served, so the former must not be neglected or injured by an over-proportion of conversation. The introductory soup should, as has already been said, be accompanied by quiet union and attention; after this, a little gentle politics, or short anecdotes, or light philosophical remarks, are allowable; if a company is not very sure of its wit and facetiousness, let it not expend them too early, for at the entrance of the sweets and fruits and fine wines all seriousness must utterly vanish; that which a quarter of an hour sooner was unseemly and irregular is now perfectly admissible; even ladies take courage to laugh out; love reveals itself more undisguisedly; jealousy betrays itself by more open sallies; everybody throws himself off his guard, and does not shrink from exposing himself to the hitting jokes of

his friend; even some pungent and rather severe stories may now circulate. Great lords formerly had their fools and jesters enter with the sweetmeats, that at the close of their meal they might feel themselves men,—gay, merry, and unconstrained.”

“Now,” said Theodore, “that is the time selected for bringing in all the little children,—if indeed they have not been seated, rank and file, at table.”

“Yes,” said Manfred, “and the conversation rises to the affecting, on the high ideal virtues of the sweet little creatures, and their unutterable love for their parents, and that of their parents for them.”

“And when it takes a very lofty flight,” said Theodore, “tears are shed, as the last and most precious liquor which is to be produced; and thus the dinner closes amidst the deepest commotion of heart.”

“It is not enough,” resumed Lothair, “that we avoid such absurdity and ill-breeding: every dinner-conversation should be a work of art, a suitable accompaniment to the meal, adapted to it according to the rules of thoroughbass. I do not make any mention of those frightfully large parties which are now, alas! become almost a universal fashion in our country, where acquaintances and strangers, friends and foes, men of talent and fools, girls and old dowagers, are seated at random at a long table; those dinners for which the hostess has thought and bustled, and of which she has dreamt, for a week; where she has arranged everything with great splendor, and still greater bad taste, only that she may at length be quit of an entertainment long expected of her, in return for the dozen or more similar feasts which she has undergone. In addition to these legal claimants, she invites everybody to whom she thinks she owes any civility, and eagerly catches about a dozen travellers in her net, that she may

remain discharged of all after-claims to hospitality from them. No! I do not allude to those tables at which no one speaks, or all talk at once; at which chaos reigns, and only in few and rare moments some solitary, private pleasantry can struggle into being; where every conversation comes into the world still-born, or must expire in a moment, like a fish on dry land; those feasts at which the host must set himself on the rack in order to play the host well, to watch every part of the table, to drink wine with everybody, and to whisper frosty jests into the ears of silly, simpering ladies: let us pass over in silence these barbarisms of our times, this death of all social pleasure and of all hospitality, which, like so many other barbarous customs, has been imported and found a place amongst us."

"The sickly caricatures of these great entertainments," added Wilibald, "are the still larger tea-parties and cold suppers, in which the pleasure is heightened by the universal bustle and uproar; where, in the general confusion of tongues, servants, called and uncalled, balancing trays of all possible refreshments, dance in between the talkers; each sweeps with his load through every room, to seek he knows not what; and a lover of order is fain to take up a position by the stove or the window, to escape being run down in the universal flight, or carried along in the stream of some migratory horde."

"This," said Manfred, "is the true high style of our social life; Michael Angelo's Last Judgment to the miniature picture of old hospitality and intimate friendship; the final decree of art, the end of the imagination, the fulfilment of time, of which all the prophets have spoken."

LOVE-POEMS.

VARIOUS.

[Of the German contributions to this ever old yet ever young theme we can offer here but a few examples, chosen in a desultory manner from the stores of Teutonic love-poetry. And first we present Longfellow's translation of the "Annie of Tharaw" of old Simon Dach, who was born in 1605 and passed his life as Professor of Poetry at Königsberg. The poem, tenderly as it is written, was in fact intended for a satire, the author's lady-love having proved untrue to him. He afterwards bitterly regretted this poetical revenge, and on his death-bed a sharp spasm of pain wrung from him the exclamation, "Ah! that was for 'Anke von Tharaw'!"]

ANNIE OF THARAW.

Annie of Tharaw, my true love of old,
She is my life, and my goods, and my gold.

Annie of Tharaw her heart once again
To me has surrendered in joy and in pain.

Annie of Tharaw, my riches, my good,
Thou, O my soul, my flesh and my blood!

Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow,
We will stand by each other, however it blow.

Oppression, and sickness, and sorrow, and pain,
Shall be to our true love as links to the chain.

As the palm-tree standeth so straight and so tall,
The more the hail beats, and the more the rains fall,

So love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong,
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.

Shouldst thou be torn from me to wander alone
In a desolate land where the sun is scarce known,

Through forests I'll follow, and where the sea flows,
Through ice, and through iron, through armies of foes.

Annie of Tharaw, my light and my sun,
The threads of our two lives are woven in one.

Whate'er I have bidden thee thou hast obeyed,
Whatever forbidden thou hast not gainsaid.

How in the turmoil of life can love stand,
Where there is not one heart, and one mouth, and one
hand?

Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife;
Like a dog and a cat live such man and wife.

Annie of Tharaw, such is not our love,
Thou art my lambkin, my chick, and my dove.

Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen;
I am king of the household,—thou art its queen.

It is this, O my Annie, my heart's sweetest rest,
That makes of us twain but one soul in one breast.

This turns to a heaven the hut where we dwell;
While wrangling soon changes a home to a hell.

[Gottfried August Bürger, born in 1748, and a ballad-writer of the highest genius, his "*Leonore*," for instance, being one of the noblest ballads in any language, was the author of the pleasing love-song we next give, in the English version of C. T. Brooks.]

SWEET SUSY.

Long time had I sweet Susy known,—
A lovely child was she ;
Each grace and beauty was her own,—
That could I clearly see.
I came and went, and went and came,
Like ocean's ebb and flow :
Glad was I always when I came,
Yet never sad to go.

But by and by it came to pass
Quite other thoughts I had ;
That when I went I sighed, " Alas !"
And when I came, was glad.
She was my only pastime now,
My only business too ;
Whole was I soul and body, now,
She filled me through and through.

I was as deaf as any stone,
As dumb as dumb could be ;
Naught saw I, heard I, she alone
Was bird and bud to me.
No star in heaven, no star, no moon,
Naught but my darling, shined ;
On her, as on a sun at noon,
I looked my eyes quite blind.

But changing time, with silent pace,
My feelings changed again ;
Yet every virtue, charm, and grace
Did still with her remain.

I came and went, and went and came,
Like ocean's ebb and flow :
'Twas very pleasant when I came,
Nor painful now to go.

Ye wise ones, who investigate,
With learned labor, this,
How, where, and when all creatures mate,
And why they love and kiss,—
Ye deep-read sages, ponder now
The wondrous things I tell,
And say why, wherefore, when, and how
Such changes me befell.

I, night and day and day and night,
Have racked my musing brain
To bring the hidden cause to light,
But I have toiled in vain.
Love's like the wind at sea that blows ;
You hear the sound full well,
Yet whence it rose, and whither it goes,
No mortal man can tell.

[The following poem, in which is breathed, in not very mournful strains, the sad uncertainty of love, is from the pen of Friedrich Rückert, one of the most pleasing of the recent lyrical poets of Germany. The author was born at Schweinfurt in 1789, and long held the chair of the Oriental languages in the University of Erlangen. His poetry manifests an ardent and intense love of country, with much lyrical fervor. The English version of the poem we give is that of J. C. Mangan.]

AND THEN NO MORE.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more ;
'Twas Eden's light on earth awhile, and then no more.

Amid the throng she passed along the meadow floor :
Spring seemed to smile on earth awhile, and then no
more ;
But whence she came, which way she went, what garb
she wore,
I noted not : I gazed awhile, and then no more.

I saw her once, one little while, and then no more :
'Twas Paradise on earth awhile, and then no more :
Ah ! what avail my vigils pale, my magic lore ?
She shone before mine eyes awhile, and then no more.
The shallop of my peace is wrecked on Beauty's shore ;
Near Hope's fair isle it rode awhile, and then no more !

I saw her once one little while, and then no more :
Earth looked like heaven a little while, and then no more.
Her presence thrilled and lighted to its inner core
My desert breast a little while, and then no more.
So may, perchance, a meteor glance at midnight o'er
Some ruined pile a little while, and then no more !

I saw her once one little while, and then no more ;
The earth was Peri-land awhile, and then no more.
Oh, might I see but once again, as once before,
Through chance or wile, that shape awhile, and then no
more !
Death soon would heal my griefs ! This heart, now sad
and sore,
Would beat anew a little while, and then no more !

[Among the most original and popular of recent German lyric poets is Emanuel Geibel, born at Lubeck in 1815, and a writer of rich fancy and melodious versification, whose powers have brought him into great celebrity. The fragment of love-fancy given is in T. F. Clarke's translation.]

BRIDGES AND WINGS.

Each song I send thee is a bridge
Built by thy happy lover,—
A golden bridge, by which my love
To thee, sweet child, comes over.

And all my dreams have angel wings,
Made up of smiles and sighing,
Lighter than air, on which my love,
To thee, dear heart, comes flying.

[The love-plaint of an anonymous bard, of ancient date, but to whom love seems to have shown one of its least desirable yet most common aspects, may fitly follow.]

THE HEMLOCK-TREE.

O hemlock-tree! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are thy
branches!

Green not alone in summer-time,
But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock-tree! O hemlock-tree! how faithful are thy
branches!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy
bosom!

To love me in prosperity,
And leave me in adversity!

O maiden fair! O maiden fair! how faithless is thy
bosom!

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine
example!

So long as summer laughs she sings,
But in the autumn spreads her wings.

The nightingale, the nightingale, thou tak'st for thine
example!

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy
falsehood!

It flows so long as falls the rain,

In drought its springs soon dry again.

The meadow brook, the meadow brook, is mirror of thy
falsehood!

[Another of the anonymous "folk-songs" of Germany is the following, so neatly transferred into English verse by Longfellow.]

BEWARE.

I know a maiden fair to see,

Take care!

She can both false and friendly be,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,

Take care!

She gives a side-glance, and looks down,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,

Take care!

And what she says it is not true,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,

Take care!

She knows how much it is best to show,

Beware! Beware!

Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!

[We may conclude this series of songs of the affections with a pretty bit of Anacreontic sentiment by Hoffmann von Fallersleben, translated by Baskerville.]

LOVE IN A ROSE-BUSH SLEEPING LAY.

Love in a rose-bush sleeping lay,
Spring came and sang a merry lay;
Love hears her voice, no more he sleeps,
Then smiling from the rose-bush peeps,
But thinks too soon it were to rise,
And gently closed again his eyes.
But Spring relaxed not, spite of thorn
She waked him with a kiss each morn,
Caressed him till the close of day,
Till to his heart she found the way,
Till her soft longings were allayed,
And every sunbeam's smile repaid.

WHAT THE OLD MAN DOES IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[Hans Christian Andersen, one of the most gifted of Danish authors, was born at Odense, in the island of Fünen, in 1805. His parents were poor, and the boy obtained an education only through the favor of an influential friend, who was sagacious enough to perceive his uncommon powers of intellect. He was afterwards enabled, by the aid of the King of Denmark, to travel through Germany,

France, and Italy, and on his return produced a successful romance, "The Improvisatore." A journey to the Levant yielded "The Poet's Bazaar." He wrote other stories, but his genius showed itself best in his fairy-tales, which are marked by "quaint humor, rich imagination, and sometimes by deep pathos." He died in 1875. From his fairy-tales we select some examples, the first being his version of the German folk-story of "Hans in Luck." An old peasant had decided to sell his horse. So his wife got him ready, and he rode off to the fair.]

THE sun shone hotly down: not a cloud was to be seen in the sky. The road was very dusty, for many people who were all bound for the fair were driving, or riding, or walking upon it. There was no shelter anywhere from the sunbeams.

Among the rest was a man trudging along, and driving a cow to the fair. The cow was as beautiful a creature as any cow can be.

"She gives good milk, I'm sure," said the peasant. "That would be a very good exchange,—the cow for the horse."

"Halloo, you there with the cow!" he said; "I'll tell you what, I fancy a horse costs more than a cow, but don't care for that; a cow would be more useful to me. If you like, we'll exchange."

"To be sure I will," said the man; and they exchanged accordingly.

So that was settled, and the peasant might have turned back, for he had done the business he came to do; but as he had once made up his mind to go to the fair, he determined to proceed, merely to have a look at it: so he went on to the town with his cow.

Leading the animal, he strode sturdily on; and after a time he overtook a man who was driving a sheep. It was a good fat sheep, with a fine fleece on its back.

"I should like to have that fellow," said our peasant to himself. "He would find plenty of grass by our palings,

and in the winter we could keep him in the room with us. Perhaps it would be more practical to have a sheep instead of a cow. Shall we exchange?"

The man with the sheep was quite ready, and the bargain was struck. So the peasant went on in the high-road with his sheep.

Soon he overtook another man, who came into the road from a field, carrying a great goose under his arm.

"That's a heavy thing you have there. It has plenty of feathers and plenty of fat, and would look well tied to a string and paddling in the water at our place. That would be something for my old woman: she could make all kinds of profit out of it. How often she has said, 'If we only had a goose!' Now, perhaps, she can have one; and, if possible, it shall be hers. Shall we exchange? I'll give you my sheep for your goose, and thank you into the bargain."

The other man had not the least objection; and accordingly they exchanged, and our peasant became proprietor of the goose.

By this time he was very near the town. The crowd on the high-road became greater and greater; there was quite a crush of men and cattle. They walked in the road, and close by the palings; and at the barrier they even walked into the toll-man's potato-field, where his one fowl was strutting about, with a string to its leg, lest it should take fright at the crowd and stray away and so be lost. This fowl had short tail-feathers, and winked with both its eyes, and looked very cunning. "Cluck, cluck!" said the fowl. What it thought when it said this I cannot tell you; but directly our good man saw it, he thought, "That's the finest fowl I've ever seen in my life! Why, it's finer than our parson's brood hen. On my word, I should like to have that fowl. A fowl can always find a

grain or two, and can almost keep itself. I think it would be a good exchange if I could get that for my goose."

"Shall we exchange?" he asked the toll-taker.

"Exchange!" repeated the man: "well, that would not be a bad thing."

And so they exchanged: the toll-taker at the barrier kept the goose, and the peasant carried away the fowl.

Now, he had done a good deal of business on his way to the fair, and he was hot and tired. He wanted something to eat, and a glass of brandy to drink; and soon he was in front of the inn. He was just about to step in, when the hostler came out, so they met at the door. The hostler was carrying a sack.

"What have you in that sack?" asked the peasant.

"Rotten apples," answered the hostler,—“a whole sackful of them,—enough to feed the pigs with.”

"Why, that's terrible waste! I should like to take them to my old woman at home. Last year the old tree by the turf-hole only bore a single apple, and we kept it on the cupboard till it was quite rotten and spoilt. 'It was always property,' my old woman said; but here she could see a quantity of property,—a whole sackful. Yes, I shall be glad to show them to her."

"What will you give me for the sackful?" asked the hostler.

"What will I give? I will give my fowl in exchange."

And he gave the fowl accordingly, and received the apples, which he carried into the guest-room. He leaned the sack carefully by the stove, and then went to the table. But the stove was hot: he had not thought of that. Many guests were present,—horse-dealers, ox-herds, and two Englishmen,—and the two Englishmen were so rich that their pockets bulged out with gold coins, and almost burst; and they could bet, too, as you shall hear.

Hiss-s-s! hiss-s-s! What was that by the stove? The apples were beginning to roast!

"What is that?"

"Why, do you know——" said our peasant.

And he told the whole story of the horse that he had changed for a cow, and all the rest of it, down to the apples.

"Well, your old woman will give it you well when you get home!" said one of the two Englishmen. "There will be a disturbance."

"What?—give me what?" said the peasant. "She will kiss me, and say, 'What the old man does is always right.'"

"Shall we wager?" said the Englishman. "We'll wager coined gold by the ton,—a hundred pounds to the hundred-weight!"

"A bushel will be enough," replied the peasant. "I can only set the bushel of apples against it; and I'll throw myself and my old woman into the bargain; and I fancy that's piling up the measure."

"Done! taken!"

And the bet was made. The host's carriage came up, and the Englishmen got in, and the peasant got in; away they went, and soon they stopped before the peasant's hut.

"Good-evening, old woman."

"Good-evening, old man."

"I've made the exchange."

"Yes, you understand what you're about," said the woman.

And she embraced him, and paid no attention to the stranger guests, nor did she notice the sack.

"I got a cow in exchange for the horse," said he.

"Heaven be thanked!" said she. "What glorious milk

we shall have, and butter and cheese on the table! That was a capital exchange!"

"Yes, but I changed the cow for a sheep."

"Ah, that's better still!" cried the wife. "You always think of everything: we have just pasture enough for a sheep. Ewe's-milk and cheese, and woollen jackets and stockings! The cow cannot give those, and her hairs will only come off. How you think of everything!"

"But I changed away the sheep for a goose."

"Then this year we shall really have roast goose to eat, my dear old man. You are always thinking of something to give me pleasure. How charming that is! We can let the goose walk about with a string to her leg, and she'll grow fatter still before we roast her."

"But I gave away the goose for a fowl," said the man.

"A fowl? That was a good exchange!" replied the woman. "The fowl will lay eggs and hatch them, and we shall have chickens: we shall have a whole poultry-yard! Oh, that's just what I was wishing for!"

"Yes, but I exchanged the fowl for a sack of shrivelled apples."

"What!—I must positively kiss you for that," exclaimed the wife. "My dear, good husband! Now I'll tell you something. Do you know, you had hardly left me this morning, before I began thinking how I could give you something very nice this evening. I thought it should be pancakes with savory herbs. I had eggs, and bacon too; but I wanted herbs. So I went over to the schoolmaster's: they have herbs there, I know, but the schoolmistress is a mean woman, though she looks so sweet. I begged her to lend me a handful of herbs. 'Lend!' she answered me: 'nothing at all grows in our garden, not even a shrivelled apple. I could not even lend you a shrivelled apple, my dear woman.' But now I can lend *her* ten, or a whole

sackful. That I'm very glad of; that makes me laugh!" And with that she gave him a sounding kiss.

"I like that!" exclaimed both the Englishmen together. "Always going down-hill, and always merry; that's worth the money." So they paid a hundred-weight of gold to the peasant who was not scolded, but kissed.

Yes, it always pays, when the wife sees and always asserts that her husband knows best, and that whatever he does is right.

You see, that is my story. I heard it when I was a child; and now you have heard it too, and know that "What the old man does is always right."

THE GOBLIN AND THE HUCKSTER.

There was once a regular student; he lived in a garret, and nothing at all belonged to him. But there was also once a regular huckster: he lived on the ground-floor, and the whole house was his; and the goblin kept with him, for on the huckster's table on Christmas Eve there was always a dish of plum-porridge, with a great piece of butter floating in the middle. The huckster could accomplish that; and consequently the goblin stuck to the huckster's shop, and that was very interesting.

One evening the student came through the back door to buy candles and cheese for himself. He had no one to send, and that's why he came himself. He procured what he wanted and paid for it, and the huckster and his wife both nodded a "good-evening" to him; and the woman was one who could do more than merely nod; she had an immense power of tongue! And the student nodded too, and then suddenly stood still, reading the sheet of paper in which the cheese had been wrapped. It was a leaf torn out of an old book, a book that ought not to have been torn up, a book that was full of poetry.

"Yonder lies some more of the same sort," said the huckster: "I gave an old woman a little coffee for the books: give me two groschen, and you shall have the remainder."

"Yes," said the student, "give me the book instead of the cheese: I can eat my bread and butter without cheese. It would be a sin to tear the book up entirely. You are a capital man, a practical man, but you understand no more about poetry than does that cask yonder."

Now, that was an insulting speech, especially towards the cask; but the huckster laughed and the student laughed, for it was only said in fun. But the goblin was angry that any one should dare to say such things to a huckster who lived in his own house and sold the best butter.

When it was night, and the shop was closed and all were in bed, the goblin came forth, went into the bedroom, and took away the good lady's tongue; for she did not want that while she was asleep; and whenever he put this tongue upon any object in the room, the said object acquired speech and language, and could express its thoughts and feelings as well as the lady herself could have done; but only one object could use it at a time, and that was a good thing, otherwise they would have interrupted each other.

And the goblin laid the tongue upon the cask in which the old newspapers were lying.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you don't know what poetry means?"

"Of course I know it," replied the cask: "poetry is something that always stands at the foot of a column in the newspapers, and is sometimes cut out. I dare swear I have more of it in me than the student, and I'm only a poor tub compared to the huckster."

Then the goblin put the tongue upon the coffee-mill, and, mercy! how it began to go! And he put it upon the butter-cask, and on the cash-box: they were all of the waste-paper cask's opinion, and the opinion of the majority must be respected.

"Now I shall tell it to the student." And with these words the goblin went quietly up the back stairs to the garret where the student lived. The student had still a candle burning, and the goblin peeped through the key-hole, and saw that he was reading in the torn book that he had carried up out of the shop down-stairs.

But how light it was in his room! Out of the book shot a clear beam, expanding into a thick stem, and into a mighty tree, which grew upward and spread its branches far over the student. Each leaf was fresh, and every blossom was a beautiful female head, some with dark sparkling eyes, others with wonderfully clear blue orbs; every fruit was a gleaming star, and there was a glorious sound of song in the student's room.

Never had the little goblin imagined such splendor, far less had he ever seen or heard anything like it. He stood still on tiptoe, and peeped in till the light went out in the student's garret. Probably the student blew it out, and went to bed; but the little goblin remained standing there nevertheless, for the music still sounded on, soft and beautiful,—a splendid cradle-song for the student, who had lain down to rest.

"This is an incomparable place," said the goblin: "I never expected such a thing! I should like to stay here with the student." And then the little man thought it over,—and he was a sensible little man too,—but he sighed, "The student has no porridge!" And then he went down again to the huckster's shop; and it was a very good thing that he got down there again at last, for the cask had

almost worn out the good woman's tongue, for it had spoken out at one side everything that was contained in it, and was just about turning itself over, to give it out from the other side also, when the goblin came in, and restored the tongue to its owner. But from that time forth the whole shop, from the cash-box down to the fire-wood, took its tone from the cask, and paid him such respect, and thought so much of him, that when the huckster afterwards read the critical articles on theatricals and art in the newspaper, they were all persuaded the information came from the cask itself.

But the goblin could no longer sit quietly and contentedly listening to all the wisdom down there: so soon as the light glimmered from the garret in the evening he felt as if the rays were strong cables drawing him up, and he was obliged to go and peep through the key-hole; and there a feeling of greatness rolled around him, such as we feel beside the ever-heaving sea when the storm rushes over it, and he burst into tears. He did not know himself why he was weeping, but a peculiar feeling of pleasure mingled with his tears. How wonderfully glorious it must be to sit with the student under the same tree! But that might not be: he was obliged to be content with the view through the key-hole, and to be glad of that. There he stood on the cold landing-place, with the autumn wind blowing down from the loft-hole; it was cold, very cold; but the little mannikin only felt that when the light in the room was extinguished and the tones in the tree died away. Ha! then he shivered, and crept down again to his warm corner, where it was homely and comfortable.

And when Christmas came, and brought with it the porridge and the great lump of butter, why, then he thought the huckster the better man.

But in the middle of the night the goblin was awaked by

a terrible tumult and beating against the window-shutters. People rapped noisily without, and the watchman blew his horn, for a great fire had broken out: the whole street was full of smoke and flame. Was it in the house itself, or at a neighbor's? Where was it? Terror seized on all. The huckster's wife was so bewildered that she took her gold ear-rings out of her ears and put them in her pocket, that at any rate she might save something: the huckster ran for his share-papers; and the maid for her black silk mantilla, for she had found means to purchase one. Each one wanted to save the best thing they had. The goblin wanted to do the same thing, and in a few leaps he was up the stairs, and into the room of the student, who stood quite quietly at the open window, looking at the conflagration that was raging in the house of the neighbor opposite. The goblin seized upon the wonderful book which lay upon the table, popped it into his red cap, and held the cap tight with both hands. The great treasure of the house was saved; and now he ran up and away, quite on to the roof of the house, on to the chimney. There he sat, illuminated by the flames of the burning house opposite, both hands pressed tightly over his cap, in which the treasure lay; and now he knew the real feelings of his heart, and knew to whom it really belonged. But when the fire was extinguished, and the goblin could think calmly again, why, then . . .

"I must divide myself between the two," he said: "I can't quite give up the huckster, because of the porridge."

Now, that was spoken quite like a human creature. We all of us visit the huckster, for the sake of the porridge.

MAN'S RELATIONS TO NATURE.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.

[German philosophy, as a rule, is not very entertaining literature, and, in fact, is seldom literature at all in any rhetorical sense. Yet it is so essential a portion of German thought that no compilation of the literature of Germany can neglect the writings of the great philosophers,—such massive thinkers as Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and the other well-known names. Fortunately, these writers dwell not always amid the stars, but occasionally descend to the level of ordinary comprehension and deal with subjects that one can appreciate without an education in metaphysics. The author of our present selection, Johann Gottlieb Fichte, the great moral philosopher of Germany, was born in Lusatia in 1762. His system of metaphysics, to which he gave the name of “*Wissenschaftlehre*” (“Principles of Science”) was developed while he held the chair of philosophy in the University of Jena. He lost this position on a charge of entertaining atheistical opinions, and he seems indeed to have held that God was a Supreme Law, or system of laws, rather than a conscious personality. Professor Hedge, from whose translation our selection is taken, speaks of him as incomparably the most interesting character and the ablest and most impressive writer of the recent German philosophers. The extract we give is from “The Destination of Man.” The argument in the selection given is incomplete, and is continued at great length in the original, but it may not prove without interest to our readers as a partial exposition of the philosophic doctrine of Necessity.]

Now then, at length, I believe myself acquainted with a good part of the world which surrounds me. And indeed I have bestowed sufficient care and pains in becoming so. I have credited only the consenting testimony of my senses and uniform experience. What I saw I have touched, what I touched I have analyzed. I have repeated my observations, and repeated them again. I have

compared different appearances with each other; and not till I had comprehended their precise connection—not till I could explain and derive the one from the other, could calculate beforehand the result that was to follow, and the observation of the result corresponded to my calculation—have I allowed myself to be satisfied. Wherefore I am now as sure of the correctness of this portion of my knowledge, as of my own existence. I tread with firm step the familiar sphere of my world, and am ready at any moment to stake my being and well-being on the infallibility of my convictions.

But—what am I myself, and what is my destination?

Superfluous question! It is long ago since my instruction on this point was brought to a close. It would require time to repeat to myself all that I have heard in detail and learned and believed concerning it.

And in what way did I arrive at this knowledge which I dimly remember to possess? Did I, impelled by a burning thirst for knowledge, work my way through uncertainty, through doubt and contradiction? Did I, when anything credible offered itself, suspend my judgment, prove what was probable, and prove it again, illustrate and compare, until an inward voice, unmistakable and irresistible, called to me, It is so, and only so! as sure as thou livest and hast thy being? No! I remember no such state. Instruction on these subjects was offered me before I desired it. I was answered before I had put the question. I listened because I could not avoid it. There remained fixed in my memory so much as it pleased Chance to preserve. Without examination and without interest I let everything be as it was given.

How, then, can I persuade myself that I possess, in fact, any knowledge on this subject? If I can know and be convinced of that alone which I myself have discovered.—

if I am actually acquainted with that only which I myself have experienced,—then I cannot say, in truth, that I possess the least knowledge respecting my own destination. I know only what others profess to know concerning it; and all that I can really affirm is this, that I have heard such and such things in relation to it.

So, then, while I have investigated for myself with accurate care the less important, I have hitherto relied on the care and fidelity of strangers in regard to the most important. I have imputed to others an interest in the higher concerns of Humanity, an earnestness, a precision, which I had by no means discovered in myself. I have estimated them unspeakably higher than myself.

Whatever truth they know, from whence can they know it except from their own reflection? And why may I not discover the same truth by the same reflection, since I avail as much as they? How have I hitherto undervalued and despised myself!

I will that it be so no longer. With this moment I will enter upon my rights and take possession of the dignity which belongs to me. Renounced be everything foreign! I will investigate for myself. Be it that secret wishes as to how the investigation may terminate, be it that a fore-loving inclination to certain tenets stirs within me. I forget and deny it. I will allow it no influence on the direction of my thoughts. With severe accuracy I will go to work. With candor I will confess to myself the whole. Whatever I find to be truth, however it may sound, shall be welcome to me. I will know. With the same certainty with which I reckon that this ground will bear me when I tread upon it, that this fire will burn me when I come in contact with it, I will be able to compute what I am and what I shall be. And if this shall be found impossible, I will at least know that it is impossible. And

even to this issue of my investigation I will submit myself, if it shall discover itself to me as the Truth.—I hasten to solve the problem which I have proposed to myself.

I seize on-speeding Nature in her flight, arrest her for an instant, fix firmly in my eye the present moment, and reflect upon it,—upon this Nature by which my power of thought has hitherto been unfolded, and formed for those conclusions which are valid in her domain.

I am surrounded by objects which I am constrained to regard as wholes, existing for themselves and mutually distinguished from each other. I see plants, trees, animals. I ascribe to each individual qualities and characteristics by which I distinguish them from each other; to this plant such a form, to another a different one; to this tree leaves of such a figure, to another tree leaves of a different figure. Every object has its determinate number of qualities, none over and none under. . . . It is colored or it is not colored, has this hue or has it not, is pleasant to the taste or unpleasant, is palpable or impalpable, and so on, indefinitely. . . .

But Nature hurries on with her constant changes; and while I speak of the moment on which I have seized, it is flown, and everything has changed. And before I had seized it, it was likewise altogether different. As it was when I seized it, it had not always been. It became such.

Why, now, and from what cause did it become precisely such as it became? Why, among the infinitely various determinations which Nature is capable of assuming, did she assume, in this moment, precisely these which she did assume, and no other?

For this reason: Because they were preceded by precisely those which did precede them, and could not have been preceded by any other; and because they followed precisely those, and could not possibly have followed any

other. If, in the preceding moment, anything had been, in the least degree, other than it was, then, in the present also, something would have been other than it is. . . .

Nature travels through the infinite series of her possible determinations without pause; and the changes in these determinations are not lawless, but strictly lawful. Whatever exists in Nature is necessarily what it is, and it is absolutely impossible that it should be otherwise. . . . In every moment of her duration, Nature is a connected whole. In every moment *each individual part* of her must be what it is, because *all the other parts* are as they are; and you could not move a grain of sand from its place without producing a change, invisible perhaps to your eyes, through all parts of the immeasurable whole. Every moment of this duration is determined by all the past moments and determines all the coming moments; and you cannot, in the moment that now is, suppose the position of a grain of sand to be different, without being obliged to suppose the whole past, indefinitely ascending, and the whole future, indefinitely descending, to be different. Make the experiment, if you will, with this grain of sea-sand which you behold. Imagine it lying some paces farther towards the interior. Then the storm-wind which drove it hither from the sea must have been stronger than it actually was. But then, too, the preceding weather by which this storm-wind and the degree of its strength were determined must have been other than it was; and the weather by which that, in like manner, was preceded and determined. And so you have, in an unlimited and infinitely ascending series, an entirely different temperature of the air than that which actually existed, and an entirely different character of the bodies which influence that temperature and are influenced by it. This temperature has undoubtedly a very decided influence on the fruit-

fulness or unfruitfulness of countries, and by means of these, and even immediately, on the duration of human life. How can you know,—for, since it is not permitted us to penetrate into the interior of Nature, it is sufficient here to indicate possibilities,—how can you know but that, with such a quality of weather as would have been required to cast this grain of sand farther inward, one of your forefathers might have perished with hunger, or cold, or heat, before he begat the son from whom you have descended, accordingly, that you could not be, and that all which you think to effect, in the present and for the future, could not be, because a grain of sand lies in a different place? . . .

I did not originate of myself. It would be the greatest contradiction to suppose that I was before I was, in order to bring myself into being. I became actual by means of another power, exterior to myself. And by what other power but the universal power of Nature, since I am a part of Nature? The time of my origin, and the qualities with which I originated, were determined by this universal power of Nature; and all the forms under which these inborn ground-qualities have since manifested themselves, and will manifest themselves, so long as I shall continue to be, are determined by the same power of Nature. It was impossible that another than me should have originated in my place. It is impossible that the being which has so originated can, at any moment of his existence, be other than he is and shall be.

* * * * *

Give a tree consciousness, and let it grow unobstructed, spread forth its boughs and produce leaves, buds, blossoms, fruits, according to its kind. It certainly will not feel itself restrained because it happens to be a tree, and one of this particular species, and this particular individual of that species. It will feel itself free, because, in

all those manifestations, it does nothing but what its nature requires. It will not choose to do anything else, because it can only choose what that nature requires. But let its growth be restrained by unfavorable weather, by want of nourishment, or other causes; it will feel itself limited and thwarted, because an impulse which actually resides in its nature is not satisfied. Bind its freely-on-all-sides-striving limbs to a trellis, force strange shoots upon it by grafting, and it will feel itself coerced in its action. Its limbs indeed continue to grow, but not in that direction which its forces would have taken if left to themselves. It produces fruits, indeed, but not those which its original nature required. In my *immediate consciousness* I appear to myself free. When I reflect on the whole of Nature, I find that freedom is absolutely impossible. The former must be subordinated to the latter, for only by means of the latter can it be explained.

THE LADY OF CASTLE WINDECK.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSE.

[Adelbert von Chamisso, born in Champagne, France, in 1781, but whose life was spent in Germany and whose writings are all in the German language, was the author of the well-known and singular story of "Peter Schlemihl," or the man who had lost his shadow, and of numerous poems, of which we give two examples. As a poet he was highly esteemed, and is spoken of by Laube in the following words of praise: "I know of no more delightful poet than Chamisso, except Rückert. There is a healthiness in him which fills me with the greatest pleasure, and I believe he will remain in the memory of the Germans as a hale, hearty, and sinewy poet." The first example given is in the translation of our own poet, William Cullen Bryant.]

REIN in thy snorting charger!
That stag but cheats thy sight:
He is luring thee on to Windeck
With his seeming fear and flight.

Now, where the mouldering turrets
Of the outer gate arise,
The knight gazed over the ruins
Where the stag was lost to his eyes.

The sun shone hot above him;
The castle was still as death;
He wiped the sweat from his forehead
With a deep and weary breath.

“Who now will bring me a beaker
Of the rich old wine that here,
In the choked-up walls of Windeck,
Has lain for many a year?”

The careless word had scarcely
Time from his lips to fall,
When the Lady of Castle Windeck
Came round the ivy-wall.

He saw the glorious maiden
In her snow-white drapery stand,
The bunch of keys in her girdle,
The beaker high in her hand.

He quaffed that rich old vintage,
With an eager lip he quaffed;
But he took into his bosom
A fire with the grateful draught.

Her eyes' unfathomed brightness!
The flowing gold of her hair!
He folded his hands in homage,
And murmured a lover's prayer.

She gave him a look of pity,
A gentle look of pain,
And, quickly as he had seen her,
She passed from his sight again.

And ever from that moment
He haunted the ruins there,
A sleepless, wretched wanderer,
A watcher with despair.

Ghost-like and pale he wandered,
With a dreamy, haggard eye:
He seemed not one of the living,
And yet he could not die.

'Tis said that the lady met him
When many years had passed,
And, kissing his lips, released him
From the burden of life at last.

CASTLE BONCOURT.

A dream wafts me back to childhood,
And I shake my hoary head:
How ye crowd on my soul, ye visions
I thought were forever fled!

There glistens o'er dusky foliage
A lordly pile elate:
I know those towers and turrets,
The bridges, the massive gate.

Welcoming, kindly faces
The armorial lions show :
I greet each old acquaintance
As in through the arch I go.

There lies the sphinx at the fountain ;
There darkly the fig-tree gleams ;
'Twas yonder, behind those windows,
I was rapt in my early dreams.

I enter the chapel, and look for
My ancestor's hallowed grave :
'Tis here, and on yonder pillar
Is hanging his antique glaive.

I try to decipher the legend ;
But a mist is upon my eyes,
Though the light from the painted window
Full on the marble lies.

Home of my fathers, how plainly
Thou standest before me now !
Yet thou from the earth art vanished,
And over thee goes the plough.

Fruitful, dear earth, be thou ever !
My fondest blessings on thee !
And a double blessing go with him
That ploughs thee, whoe'er he be !

For me, to my destiny yielding,
I will go with my harp in my hand,
And wander the wide world over,
Singing from land to land.

THE ARMY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

LEOPOLD RANKE.

[Leopold Ranke, one of the most eminent of German historians, was born at Wiehe, in Thuringia, in 1795. For over sixty years he has devoted himself to historical writing, and he is still at work, being in his almost centenarian age engaged upon a "Universal History." The list of his works is too voluminous to give here: it includes histories of important epochs of Prussia, Germany, France, England, and Italy, many of which are highly esteemed. From his "History of Prussia," as translated by Sir Alexander and Lady Duff Gordon, we select the description of Frederick the Great's army, and of the methods by which on the drill-ground that great military genius insured his success in the field.]

SURROUNDED by powerful and dangerous foes, and without a single ally in whom he could confide, the King of Prussia had to trust entirely to himself and to the courage and discipline of his army. He accordingly looked upon the care of his army as one of his most important duties. As Frederick William took the rank of field-marshal, so, in like manner, Frederick called himself *connétable*. We should learn little of his character if we left this side of his policy unnoticed.

Frederick acted upon the maxim of Vegetius, that peace was the time for the study and war for the practice of the art. A discipline like that of the Romans prevailed in the Prussian army alone: upon this depended his country's fame and the stability of the state. To keep up this discipline he declared to be the duty of the generals and his own. . . .

He declared it to be of the utmost importance to keep a strict watch over the first enrolling of the men. It was



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

only by neglect of this precaution that Holland, which had once served as an example to Prussia, had sunk so low, since the management of her military affairs had fallen into the hands of a few merchants.

A prince *connétable* ought, in Frederick's opinion, to have the recruits brought before him for personal inspection, in order to see that in all cases the ranks were filled up with men of equal height and strength. The principal reason for maintaining the standard of height was that, as a general rule, the best-grown men were also the strongest. . . .

The captains were held responsible that none but proper and serviceable men should be admitted into the ranks of the army. The king required from the young officers not only irreproachable conduct and considerable acquirements, but likewise ability; the captains were expected to put their whole souls into the service; the commanders were not only to keep the strictest discipline, but to be capable of acting for themselves on any sudden emergency. He could name colonels on whose conduct the issue of a battle and the safety of a kingdom had depended.

Generals and colonels were held responsible to the prince for the conduct of their regiments: to insure this, they were to enforce implicit obedience. Any soldier who refused obedience to his corporal, any officer who drew his sword upon his superior, must be punished without mercy: to pardon under such circumstances would be most dangerous. . . .

The French ambassador remarked that at first the cavalry went through their exercise with a certain feeling of disgust and humiliation; the fear of the lash was their only incentive; but that now every one saw the utility of this arm, and the men bore their lot with a resignation based

upon reflection. His admiration was especially roused when, on a given signal, the cavalry halted suddenly in the midst of a charge, keeping admirable order, or when he saw the first rank continue the charge at full gallop, while the second slackened its pace and followed at a trot.

Valori's military tastes were equally gratified by the manner in which the infantry went through their drill. "It is amazing," he writes, after being present at a review of some troops in May, 1747, "to see regiments which have suffered so much, already in such admirable condition. The old regiments have even gained in discipline and military precision. We saw a line of nineteen thousand men advance at the rate of eighty steps a minute in as straight a line as though they had been measured with a cord. I have known the rapidity of their firing for the last eight years, both in the field and on parade, and yet it amazes me every time I see it."

Valori's admiration of the Prussian troops was not, however, unconditional. He was of opinion that, as a general rule, their fire was too low, and not well aimed; he said that the soldier was like a machine, which, once set going, fired without thinking where. But when Valori accused the king of being the author of this manner of firing, he did him great injustice.

"What," said Frederick, "is meant by gaining a battle? It means forcing the enemy to quit the field. I accustom the troops to advance as rapidly as possible; they are not to fire, but to make use of their bayonets, or to rush forward with their muskets over their shoulders; they thus throw the enemy into confusion. It is not musketry that wins a battle, but the good bearing of the troops. I also expect the cavalry to make compact and brilliant charges. As the ranks of the enemy's squadrons are less close, it is

almost impossible for them to resist a charge of this sort; it seldom happens that troops actually cross swords. The infantry ought to drive the enemy, so to speak, out of the field; the cavalry to crown the work by the number of prisoners they bring back to the camp."

The whole system of drill was, accordingly, directed to the sole object of gaining the victory in the field of battle. The troops were taught to form with the utmost rapidity in manifold ways, in line or in column, now from one wing and now from the other, at the first word of command; the two rearmost lines were expected to be as perfect in their evolutions as the front ranks. Frederick first introduced the custom of exercising large bodies of men, in order, as he said, to accustom them to manœuvres on a great scale.

These exercises were calculated to meet every possible contingency of warfare. The troops were taught how to march through a forest without breaking the line, to make sudden evolutions so as to fall upon the enemy's flank, to accomplish a retreat without falling into disorder, to defend themselves against hussars on a foraging expedition: these were their principal exercises. . . .

Discipline, which had become a second nature in the Prussian army, effected thus much,—that, when exposed to the most imminent danger, the utmost confusion of the Prussians was accompanied by more self-possession than ever appeared in the ordinary condition of the enemy. Obedience caused the Prussian soldiers never to call into question or to discuss the possibility of performing any enterprise they were ordered to undertake, and thus none were led to despair. Their courage rested upon this: the officer had only his sword to look to for promotion, and ambition made him bold; the common soldier had confidence in himself, and thought it a point of honor never to

give way. Want of pluck made him contemptible among his comrades: soldiers had frequently been seen to fight, spite of their wounds.

The king's chief endeavor was, during peace, to keep alive this spirit, which had arisen in time of war, and to render the condition of his army more and more perfect. . . . The independence of Prussia, threatened on every side, could only be maintained by those iron defences.

Every one of Frederick's measures had its origin in his determination to be a free agent, and not to suffer the provinces united under one sceptre, more especially Northern Germany, to become the battle-field on which foreign powers might void their quarrels. This it was that rendered his army necessary; and the army called forth the financial organization: each entailed, supported, and maintained the other; without the one the other was impossible.

THE AXE.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

[Berthold Auerbach, the popular German novelist from whom we make our present selection, was born in 1812, of Jewish parents, at Nordstetten, in Würtemberg, and died in 1882. Of his works, most of which have been translated into English, may be named "On the Heights," "Little Barefoot," "The Country-House on the Rhine," "Spinoza," and "Village Tales of the Black Forest." The "Village Tales" are considered by good critics the most original, artistic, and meritorious of his productions. They depict every-day life in the Black Forest, with no effort to form a finished plot, and with no stirring adventures, but with much humor, pathos, and naturalness, confining themselves to the simple story of life as it exists among the peasants of a woodland hamlet. These peasants are men of the most

conservative ideas, and their habit of self-government gives them a spirit of independence which vigorously resists interference with their customs. The selection we give turns upon the effort of a crown functionary to do away with an established custom. The sheriff had posted a proclamation forbidding the carrying of axes. What follows is in the translation of Helen and Alice Zimmern.]

AFTER afternoon service many peasants stood before the court-house. Mathes, who now also belonged to the married men, read the proclamation aloud. All shook their heads, and muttered curses and imprecations; only the old bailiff said aloud, "That would not have happened formerly: those are our rights."

Then the Buchmaier was seen coming down from the upper village with his axe on his arm. He was a strong, burly man, in his best years, not tall, but broad-shouldered and stout; his shirt was puffed up a little about his hips, round his short leathern breeches. Between his open red waistcoat could be seen the broad cross-band of the braces fastened by strings, which, being of some colored material, looked from a distance like a pistol-belt. His three-cornered hat was perched on a head rather too small in proportion, whose mild features had an expression of almost womanly softness, especially about the mouth and chin; the large sparkling blue eyes, with the raised dark eyebrows, indicated clearness and manly confidence.

Mathes sprang to meet the Buchmaier, told him of the notice, and said,—

"Cousin, you are none of you true councilmen if you put up with that."

The Buchmaier continued his measured steps, without hurrying himself in the least; he went straight towards the board. All stepped aside so that he might read more easily. He pushed his hat back a little; expectant silence reigned around. When the Buchmaier had finished read-

ing it in an undertone, he struck the top of his hat with the palm of his hand, pressing it more firmly on to his head: that promised something adventurous. Thereupon he calmly took his axe from his left arm, and with the exclamation, "There!" he threw it at the black board right into the middle of the notice. Then he turned to the bystanders, and said,—

"We are free men and members of the common council: without an official meeting, without the consent of all the council, no such proclamation can be issued. I should like to know whether the clerks are to be everything and we nothing any more; and I say, even if the matter should have to go to the king, we must not put up with it. Whoever agrees with me, let him take my axe there and hit it once more into the board." Mathes was the first to seize it; but the Buchmaier held back his arm, and said, "Let the older people come first."

This word had the desired effect upon the timid and wavering, who were taken aback by the Buchmaier's deed and did not know what they should do. The old bailiff was the first to direct his blow, with trembling hand; then all boldly seized the axe in their turn; of all the by-standers not one refused; and the sheriff's name was cut about in all directions. Gradually the whole village assembled; all were encouraged to commit the same symbolical act, and, amid laughter and shouts, every one struck his blow.

The bailiff, being acquainted with what had taken place, wanted to send to Horb for the mounted patrol; but his wise minister advised against the summons, since it could be of no use. Besides, the cunning Soges thought to himself,—

"Well, let them all trespass; that will yield a whole harvest of summonses, and for each summons one batzen.

Go on hitting as hard as you can: you are hitting into your own flesh, and that means my gain."

Over a glass of beer at the Eagle, Soges, with a cheerful air, calculated the profits that would come to him from the village disturbance.

And so at last, with the exception of Soges and the bailiff, there remained no one in the village who had not shared in the offence.

On the Tuesday, at the suggestion of the old bailiff, the councilmen themselves went before the magistrates and made announcement of what they had done. The sheriff stormed and raged in the room: he wished to have the offenders imprisoned at once; but the Buchmaier stepped boldly forward, and said,—

"Is that all you can do? Lock us up? We will see about that. We have come to oppose you. We freely confess what we have done, and there can be no talk of imprisonment, for the present, at any rate. I am no vagabond. You know where I live. I am the Buchmaier; that man there is the baker, that other is Hans the smith; and there is Michel's Basche. We are all to be found on our own land. We cannot be imprisoned without a sentence; and even then there is still an appeal open to us, if necessary, to Reutlingen and Stuttgart."

The sheriff returned to the charge, and summoned the men to be examined next morning at nine o'clock.

This was, at all events, a good thing, as Soges was done out of his carefully-counted money. Thus both great and little men often deceive themselves in their calculations.

There was something quite martial next morning in the appearance of more than a hundred peasants marching through the village with their hand-axes on their arms. They often stopped at a house to call out to some one who was late, who would then, in his hurry, pull on his coat in

the street. Many of their jokes and witty speeches were stopped by the sight of the Buchmaier, who was frowning gravely. Not a drop was drunk before going to the magistracy. "Business first, pleasure afterwards," was the peasants' motto.

The sheriff, in his dressing-gown, with the long pipe in his mouth, was looking out of the window. When he saw this armed troop coming along he quickly shut the window and ran to the bell; but, as he always wore spurs on his boots, he entangled himself in the curtain, and fell full-length on the floor, his long pipe lying like a weapon beside him. However, he quickly sprang up, rang for the beadle, sent him to the commandant of the station and to the sergeant of the mounted patrol, and ordered them all to come with loaded guns. Unfortunately, there were only four of them now in the village; he commanded them to remain below in the waiting-room and hold themselves in readiness at any moment. He then gave orders in the hall that the peasants should only come in one at a time, and the door be immediately closed after each. But when the Buchmaier was called in first, he said, holding the door in his hand, "Good-morning, Mr. Sheriff;" and, immediately turning round, he said to those standing outside, "Come in, you other fellows: we have a common cause; I shall not speak for myself alone." Before the sheriff knew what was happening, the whole room was filled by the peasants, wearing their axes on their left arm. The Buchmaier stepped towards the clerk, and, stretching out his hand, said, "Write down word for word what I say: the officials of the district are to know it too." He then twice tugged his collar, pressed his fist on to the green table, and began:

"All due respect to you, Mr. Sheriff; the king has sent you, and we must obey you as the law desires. The king

is a good, honorable man; he certainly does not wish the peasants to be tormented like cattle, or to be managed like children with the rod. The little officials, from the higher to the lower ones, find a pleasure in playing at commanding: at last I suppose they will write down the notes for the cackle of a hen when she lays an egg. Now I mean for once to take the lid off the pot; I mean to tell you the truth. I know well enough it is of no use now, but said it must be; I must out with it; it has been choking me for a long time. The council is of no account any more; everything is to be settled in the magistrate's office. Well, then, you had better plough and sow and reap too in the magistrate's office. One of those miserable little clerks can worry a whole town-hall full of peasants; and, before one knows what is happening, one clerk after another is made bailiff of the village; then everything is settled by a regular system of clerks. Truth is truth, order there must be; but first we must see whether we cannot get on better without the clerks. And then we are not quite idiots; and even if we cannot use official language, yet we can do something. We must have learned men to keep supervision over everything; but first of all the burghers must bring their affairs into order themselves."

"Come to the point,—to the point!" insisted the sheriff.

"This is just the point of the matter. With all your clerkship you have at last nothing more to command, and so you begin with avoiding, precaution, and prevention,—yes, prevention. I had almost said, at last you would set a policeman in front of every tree, so that it might not come to blows with the wind, or drink too much when it rains. If you go on like this with these little commands we had better ride off on the cow.* Everything, everything

* A proverb, meaning to make use of the last means of flight.

you want to take from us. Now, here is one thing that we will not have taken from us," lifting up his axe, and then continuing as he gnashed his teeth, "and if I must with this axe break open all the doors till I reach the king, I will not give it out of my hand. It is our right since ancient times to bear these axes, and if they are to be taken from us the whole Assembly or the Diet must do it; and then we have a word to say in the matter too. But why do you want to take them from us? So that we may commit no trespass in the woods. There are wood-rangers and penalties and laws to provide for that, and they are the same for nobleman and beggar. How many teeth does a poor peasant need to eat potatoes with? Pull out the rest, so that we may not fall into the temptation of stealing meat. And why do you let the dogs run about with their fangs? When a boy is eight or nine years old he has his knife in his pocket, and if he cuts his finger with it it is his own fault; if he hurts any one else he gets a slap on the finger. Now, who tells you that we are worse than little children, and you our teachers and guardians? You gentlemen do just as if it were your doing that I do not at this moment jump out of the window. In the chief affairs of life every man and every community must take care of itself; and it is not you who can do it, masters. What do I say? Masters! It is our servants that you are, and we are the masters! You always fancy we are there on your account, so that you can command something. We pay you to keep peace in the country, and not to let ourselves be worried. Servants of the state,—that is what you are; and we, the burghers, are the state. If we do not get justice we will go no longer to the pump; we will go to the fountain-head. I would sooner lay my head on the block, and let it be cut off with this axe by the executioner, than allow the axe

to be taken from me against my will by any official. That's all. I have done."

Respectful silence reigned around; every one looked at his neighbor and winked, as much as to say, "He has got his deserts; now he may put that in his pipe and smoke it." But Basche whispered quite low to the baker, "There the proverb speaks truth; he has hit the nail on the head." "Yes," answered the baker, "he has not put his tongue in his pocket."

The sheriff did not let the impression of this speech last long. Twisting a little piece of paper between his fingers, he began, in a quiet voice, to set forth the weight of the crime committed. Many a sharp side-hit was aimed at the Buchmaier, who only shook his head gently, as if he were warding off flies. At last the sheriff spoke of litigious persons and rebels, of conceited gentlemen peasants, who had once drunk a pint of beer with a lawyer, who had heard the bells ringing, but did not know where. From this general digression he then returned to the matter in hand. He named a few of those present; praised them as quiet, sensible burghers, who would be incapable of such an action; expressed his deep conviction that they had let themselves be led astray by the Buchmaier. He implored them, by their conscience, by their obedience to the king and the law, by their love for wife and children, not to take upon themselves such heavy guilt, but rather openly and freely to confess that they had been led astray, and their punishment should be mild.

Once more there was silence. A few of the men looked at one another, and then looked down, perplexed, to the ground; but the Buchmaier lifted his head up boldly and looked straight into all their faces. His breast was swelling full of expectation; he held his breath. Mathes had already opened his lips to speak, when John the smith

closed his mouth; for just at that moment the old bailiff, who alone of those present had been seated on a chair, rose, and with heavy footsteps, hardly lifting up his feet, went to the green table. At first he panted and took breath frequently, but presently he continued fluently:

"Many thanks, Mr. Sheriff, for the fine epilogue which you have held to me and the others; but as for what the Buchmaier has said, I will subscribe to every word of it. If another proof had been needed that the masters look upon us as little children not come to years of discretion, you would have provided it, Mr. Sheriff. No; I am seventy-six years old, and have been bailiff for twenty years. We are no children, to be led astray to do that sort of thing, like a childish prank. The axe shall remain with me until they cut me six boards with it. Whoever stands here as a child must say so. I am a man who knows what he is doing: if it comes to punishment, I am ready for it."

"We too!" exclaimed all the peasants, with one voice. Mathes's voice sounded above all.

The Buchmaier's face seemed covered with light. He once more seized his axe with his right hand, and pressed it to his heart.

When the customary formalities were ended, the minutes signed, and the Buchmaier had begged a copy, the peasants quietly left the sheriff's house.

Several other communities protested against the new order. The matter came before the district government. Those who had themselves protested so improperly with their axes were fined a considerable sum. However, some time after, Sheriff Rellings was deprived of his office, but the order was not renewed.

Now, as formerly, the men wear their axes on the left arm.

SONGS IN MANY KEYS.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

[Goethe, who made himself supereminent in almost every branch of imaginative literature, let fall profusely upon his path of life roses of lyric song of undying beauty and fragrance. The admirable metre and language of these can scarcely be reproduced in any foreign tongue, though many efforts have been made to translate them into poetic English. We select a few examples from the lyric treasures of this master of song.]

THE LOVED ONE EVER NEAR.

I think of thee when the bright sunlight shimmers
 Across the sea ;
When the clear fountain in the moonbeam glimmers,
 I think of thee.

I see thee, if far up the pathway yonder
 The dust be stirred ;
If faint steps o'er the little bridge to wander
 At night be heard.

I hear thee, when the tossing waves' low rumbling
 Creeps up the hill ;
I go to the lone wood and listen, trembling,
 When all is still.

I am with thee, wherever thou art roaming,—
 And thou art near !
The sun goes down, and soon the stars are coming :
 Would thou wert here !

WANDERER'S SONG.

I.

Thou that from the heavens art,
Every pain and sorrow stillest,
And the doubly wretched heart
Doubly with refreshment fillest,
I am weary with contending !
Why this rapture and unrest ?
Peace, descending,
Come, ah, come into my breast !

II.

O'er the hill-tops
Is quiet now ;
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath.
The birds are asleep on the trees ;
Wait : soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

VANITAS.

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see ;
Hurrah !
And so the world goes well with me.
Hurrah !
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth ;
Hurrah !
And bartered away my peace and health ;
But, ah !

The slippery change went about like air;
And when I clutched me a handful here,
 Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next;
 Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;
 But, ah!
The false one looked for a daintier lot,
The constant one wearied me out and out,
 The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand,
 Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old fatherland;
 But, ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should,
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,
 My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;
 Hurrah!
And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
 And, ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry:
 Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war.
 Hurrah!
We gained some battles with éclat.
 Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame,—
And some of our friends fared quite the same.
 I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see ;

Hurrah !

And the whole wide world belongs to me.

Hurrah !

The feast begins to run low, no doubt ;

But at the old cask we'll have one good bout :

Come, drink the lees all out !

MAHOMET'S SONG.

See the rocky spring,

Clear as joy,

Like a sweet star gleaming !

O'er the clouds, he

In his youth was cradled

By good spirits,

'Neath the bushes in the cliffs.

Fresh with youth,

From the cloud he dances

Down upon the rocky pavement,

Thence, exulting,

Leaps to heaven.

For a while he dallies

Round the summit,

Through its little channels chasing

Motley pebbles round and round,

Quick then, like determined leader,

Hurries all his brother streamlets

Off with him.

There, all round him in the vale,

Flowers spring up beneath his footstep,

And the meadow

Wakes to feel his breath.

But him holds no shady vale,

No cool blossoms,
Which around his knees are clinging,
And with loving eyes entreating
Passing notice:—on he speeds,
Winding snake-like.

Social brooklets
Add their waters. Now he rolls
O'er the plain in silvery splendor,
And the plain his splendor borrows;
And the rivulets from the plain
And the brooklets from the hill-sides
All are shouting to him, "Brother,
Brother, take thy brothers too,
Take us to thy ancient father,
To the everlasting ocean,
Who e'en now, with outstretched arms,
Waits for us,—
Arms outstretched, alas! in vain,
To embrace his longing ones;
For the greedy sand devours us,
Or the burning sun above us
Sucks our life-blood, or some hillock
Hems us into ponds. Ah, brother,
Take thy brothers from the plain,
Take thy brothers from the hill-sides
With thee, to our Sire with thee!"—
"Come ye all, then!"—
Now, more proudly,
On he swells; a countless race, they
Bear their glorious prince aloft!
On he rolls triumphantly,
Giving names to countries. Cities
Spring to being 'neath his foot.

Onward, with incessant roaring,
See! he passes proudly by
Flaming turrets, marble mansions,—
Creatures of his fulness all.

Cedar houses bears this Atlas
On his giant shoulders. Rustling,
Flapping in the playful breezes,
Thousand flags about his head are
Telling of his majesty.

And so bears he all his brothers,
And his treasures, and his children,
To their Sire, all joyous roaring,
Pressing to his mighty heart.

[To the above we add, from among the numerous translations of the much-admired song of Mignon, from "*Wilhelm Meister*," that of Professor Hedge. Mignon, it will be remembered, was of Italian birth, but had been taken while young to Germany, where she cherished a deep yearning for the land and scenes of her youth.]

Know'st thou the land that bears the citron's bloom?
The golden orange glows 'mid verdant gloom,
A gentle wind from heaven's deep azure blows,
The myrtle low, and high the laurel grows.
Know'st thou the land?

Oh, there! oh, there
Would I with thee, my best-beloved, repair!

Know'st thou the house, the columns' stately line?
The hall is splendid, and the chambers shine,

And marble statues stand and gaze on thee :
Alas ! poor child, what have they done to thee ?
Know'st thou the house ?

Oh, there ! oh, there
Would I with thee, my guardian, repair !

Know'st thou the mountain, with its cloudy slopes ?
The mule his way through mist and darkness gropes ;
In caverns dwells the dragon's ancient brood,
Tumbles the rock, and over it the flood.—
Know'st thou the mountain ?

There ! oh, there
Our pathway lies ! oh, father, let us fare !

[In conclusion we give a group of aphorismic poems which are full of the wine of human wisdom.]

Wouldst make thy life go fair and square ?
Thou must not for the past feel care ;
Whatever thy loss, thou must not mourn ;
Must ever act as if new-born.
What each day wants of thee, that ask ;
What each day tells thee, that make thy task ;
With pride thine own performance viewing,
With heart to admire another's doing ;
Above all, hate no human being,
And all the future leave to the All-Seeing.

DWIGHT.

Like as a star,
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Be each one fulfilling
His God-given hest.

CARLYLE.

A rampart breach is every day,
Which many mortals are storming:
Fall in the gap who may,
Of the slain no heap is forming.

CARLYLE.

What shapest thou here at the world? 'Tis shapen long
ago ;

The Maker shaped it, and thought it were best even so.
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest ;
Thy journey's begun, thou must move and not rest ;
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case,
And running, not raging, will win thee the race.

CARLYLE.

What I don't see
Don't trouble me ;
And what I see
Might trouble me,
Did I not know
That it must be so.

DWIGHT.

O'er the rocks we climb,
Erring, stumbling all the time,
Till we come out on the plain.
But there it feels too wide and broad,
And soon we seek the narrow road
And the mountain-path again.

DWIGHT.

Let the God inspire thee through it ;
Word of mine would limit thee.
What thou canst do, thou wilt do it,
Only thou must not ask me.

DWIGHT.

To think a good thought were surely good,
Were not in the world such different blood :
Thy good thought in another's veins
Only disputes thee for thy pains.

DWIGHT.

Why will you contradict me, sir?
To *speak*, is to begin to err.

DWIGHT.

If thou art anything, keep still ;
In silence, all will work out well :
For one may place him where he will,
The real man will always tell.

DWIGHT.

Were not the eye itself a sun,
No sun for it could ever shine :
By nothing God-like could the heart be won
Were not the heart itself divine.

DWIGHT.

Goods gone—something gone !
Must bend to the oar,
And earn thee some more.
Honor gone—much gone !
Must go and gain glory :
Then the idle gossips will alter their story.
Courage gone—all's gone !
Better never have been born !

DWIGHT.

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye gloomy powers.

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,
To guilt ye let us heedless go,
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us :
A moment's guilt, an age of woe !

CARLYLE.

A NORWEGIAN LOVE-IDYL.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

[Björnson, the most popular of Norwegian novelists, was born in 1832, and has written, besides his novels, several dramas, and an epic poem entitled "The Bankrupt." He is also distinguished as an orator and political leader. But it is to his charming tales of Norwegian country life, "Arne," "A Happy Boy," "The Fisher Maiden," "The Bridal March," etc., that his reputation is chiefly due. The story of "Arne," from which our selection is made, is one of the best and most popular of the author's productions, and has attained a wide circulation. We give the concluding portion of the pleasant love-story which it embraces.]

THEY walked onwards over the fields. The hay was lying in heaps; and Margit took up a handful, smelled it, and thought it was very good. She asked about the cattle at the parsonage, and this led her to ask also about the live-stock at Böen, and then she told how much they had at Kampen. "The farm has improved very much these last few years, and it can still be made twice as large. He keeps twelve milch-cows now, and he could keep several more, but he reads so many books and manages according to them, and so he will have the cows fed in such a first-rate way."

Eli, as might be expected, said nothing to all this; and Margit then asked her age. She was above twenty.

"Have you helped in the house-work? Not much, I dare say,—you look so spruce."

Yes, she had helped a good deal, especially of late.

"Well, it's best to use one's self to do a little of everything; when one gets a large house of one's own, there's a great deal to be done. But, of course, when one finds

good help already in the house before her, why, it doesn't matter so much."

Now Eli thought she must go back; for they had gone a long way beyond the grounds of the parsonage.

"It still wants some hours to sunset; it would be kind if you would chat a little longer with me." And Eli went on.

Then Margit began to talk about Arne. "I don't know if you know much of him. He could teach you something about everything, he could: dear me, what a deal he has read!"

Eli owned she knew he had read a great deal.

"Yes; and that's only the least thing that can be said of him; but the way he has behaved to his mother all his days, that's something more, that is. If the old saying is true, that he who's good to his mother is good to his wife, the one Arne chooses won't have much to complain of."

Eli asked why they had painted the house before them with gray paint.

"Ah, I suppose they had no other; I only wish Arne may sometime be rewarded for all his kindness to his mother. When he has a wife, she ought to be kind-hearted as well as a good scholar. What are you looking for, child?"

"I only dropped a little twig I had."

"Dear me! I think of many things, you may be sure, while I sit alone in yonder wood. If ever he takes home a wife who brings blessings to house and man, then I know many a poor soul will be glad that day."

They were both silent, and walked on without looking at each other; but soon Eli stopped.

"What's the matter?"

"One of my shoe-strings has come down."

Margit waited a long while till at last the string was tied.

"He has such queer ways," she began again; "he got cowed while he was a child, and so he has got into the way of thinking over everything by himself, and those sort of folks haven't courage to come forward."

Now Eli must indeed go back; but Margit said that Kampen was only half a mile off,—indeed, not so far,—and that Eli must see it, as she was so near. But Eli thought it would be too late that day.

"There'll be sure to be somebody to bring you home."

"No, no," Eli answered, quickly, and would go back.

"Arne's not at home, it's true," said Margit; "but there's sure to be somebody else about;" and Eli had now less objection to it.

"If only I shall not be too late," she said.

"Yes, if we stand here much longer talking about it, it may be too late, I dare say." And they went on. "Being brought up at the clergyman's, you've read a great deal, I dare say?"

Yes, she had.

"It'll be of good use when you have a husband who knows less."

No; that, Eli thought, she would never have.

"Well, no; p'r'aps, after all, it isn't the best thing; but still folks about here haven't much learning."

Eli asked if it was Kampen she could see straight before her.

"No; that's Gransetren, the next place to the wood; when we come farther up you'll see Kampen. It's a pleasant place to live at, is Kampen, you may be sure; it seems a little out of the way, it's true; but that doesn't matter much, after all."

Eli asked what made the smoke that rose from the wood.

"It comes from a houseman's cottage belonging to Kampen: a man named Opplands Knut lives there. He went about lonely till Arne gave him that piece of land to clear. Poor Arne! he knows what it is to be lonely."

Soon they came far enough to see Kampen.

"Is that Kampen?" asked Eli, standing still and pointing.

"Yes, it is," said the mother; and she, too, stood still. The sun shone full in their faces, and they shaded their eyes as they looked down over the plain. In the middle of it stood the red-painted house, with its white window-frames; rich green cornfields lay between the pale new-mown meadows, where some of the hay was already set in stacks; near the cow-house all was life and stir; the cows, sheep, and goats were coming home; their bells tinkled, the dogs barked, and the milkmaids called; while high above all rose the grand tune of the water-fall from the ravine. The farther Eli went, the more this filled her ears, till at last it seemed quite awful to her; it whizzed and roared through her head, her heart throbbed violently, and she became bewildered and dizzy, and then felt so subdued that she unconsciously began to walk with such small timid steps that Margit begged her to come on a little faster. She started. "I never heard anything like that fall," she said: "I'm quite frightened."

"You will soon get used to it; and at last you'll even miss it."

"Do you think so?"

"Well, you'll see." And Margit smiled.

"Come, now, we'll first look at the cattle," she said, turning downwards from the road into the path. "Those trees on each side, Nils planted; he wanted to have everything nice, did Nils; and so does Arne; look, there's the garden he has laid out."

"Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Eli, going quickly towards the garden fence.

"We'll look at that by and by," said Margit; "now we must go over to look at the creatures before they're locked in." But Eli did not hear, for all her mind was turned to the garden. She stood looking at it till Margit called her once more; as she came along she gave a furtive glance through the windows; but she could see no one inside.

They both went up on the barn steps and looked down at the cows as they passed lowing into the cattle-house. Margit named them one by one to Eli, and told her how much milk each gave, and which would calve in the summer, and which would not. The sheep were counted and penned in; they were of a large foreign breed, raised from two lambs which Arne had got from the South. "He aims at all such things," said Margit, "though one wouldn't think it of him." Then they went into the barn, and looked at some hay which had been brought in, and Eli had to smell it; "for such hay isn't to be found everywhere," Margit said. She pointed from the barn-hatch to the fields, and told what kind of seed was sown on them, and how much of each kind. "No less than three fields are new-cleared, and now, this first year, they're set with potatoes, just for the sake of the ground; over there, too, the land's new-cleared, but I suppose that soil's different, for there he has sown barley; but then he has strewed burnt turf over it for manure, for he attends to all such things. Well, she that comes here will find things in good order, I'm sure." Now they went out towards the dwelling-house; and Eli, who had answered nothing to all that Margit had told her about other things, when they passed the garden asked if she might go into it; and when she got leave to go, she begged to pick a flower or two. Away in one corner was a little

garden-seat ; she went over and sat down upon it,—perhaps only to try it, for she rose directly.

“Now we must make haste, else we shall be too late,” said Margit, as she stood at the house-door. Then they went in. Margit asked if Eli would not take some refreshment, as this was the first time she had been at Kampen ; but Eli turned red and quickly refused. Then they looked round the room, which was the one Arne and the mother generally used in the daytime ; it was not very large, but cosy and pleasant, with windows looking out on the road. There were a clock and a stove ; and on the wall hung Nils’s fiddle, old and dark, but with new strings ; beside it hung some guns belonging to Arne, English fishing-tackle, and other rare things, which the mother took down and showed to Eli, who looked at them and touched them. The room was without painting, for this Arne did not like ; neither was there any in the large pretty room which looked towards the ravine, with the green mountains on the other side, and the blue peaks in the background. But the two smaller rooms in the wing were both painted ; for in them the mother would live when she became old and Arne brought a wife into the house : Margit was very fond of painting, and so in these rooms the ceilings were painted with roses, and her name was painted on the cupboards, the bedsteads, and on all reasonable and unreasonable places ; for it was Arne himself who had done it. They went into the kitchen, the store-room, and the bake-house ; and now they had only to go into the up-stairs rooms : “all the best things were there,” the mother said.

These were comfortable rooms, corresponding with those below, but they were new and not yet taken into use, save one which looked towards the ravine. In them hung and stood all sorts of household things not in every-day

use. Here hung a lot of fur coverlets and other bed-clothes; and the mother took hold of them and lifted them; so did Eli, who looked at all of them with pleasure, examined some of them twice, and asked questions about them, growing all the while more interested.

"Now we'll find the key of Arne's room," said the mother, taking it from under a chest where it was hidden. They went into the room; it looked towards the ravine; and once more the awful booming of the water-fall met their ears, for the window was open. They could see the spray rising between the cliffs, but not the fall itself, save in one place farther up, where a huge fragment of rock had fallen into it just where the torrent came in full force to take its last leap into the depths below. The upper side of this fragment was covered with fresh sod, and a few pine-cones had dug themselves into it, and had grown up to trees, rooted into the crevices. The wind had shaken and twisted them; and the fall had dashed against them, so that they had not a sprig lower than eight feet from their roots: they were gnarled and bent; yet they stood, rising high between the rocky walls. When Eli looked out from the window, these trees first caught her eye; next she saw the snowy peaks rising far beyond behind the green mountains. Then her eyes passed over the quiet fertile fields back to the room; and the first thing she saw there was a large book-shelf. There were so many books on it that she scarcely believed the clergyman had more. Beneath it was a cupboard, where Arne kept his money. The mother said money had been left to them twice already, and if everything went right they would have some more. "But, after all, money's not the best thing in the world; he may get what's better still," she added.

There were many little things in the cupboard which

were amusing to see, and Eli looked at them all, happy as a child. Then the mother showed her a large chest where Arne's clothes lay, and they, too, were taken out and looked at. Margit patted Eli on the shoulder. "I've never seen you till to-day, and yet I'm already so fond of you, my child," she said, looking affectionately into her eyes. Eli had scarcely time to feel a little bashful, before Margit pulled her by the hand and said, in a low voice, "Look at that little red chest: there's something very choice in that, you may be sure."

Eli glanced towards the chest: it was a little square one, which she thought she would very much like to have.

"He doesn't want me to know what's in that chest," the mother whispered; "and he always hides the key." She went to some clothes that hung on the wall, took down a velvet waistcoat, looked in the pocket, and there found the key.

"Now come and look," she whispered; and they went gently, and knelt down before the chest. As soon as the mother opened it, so sweet an odor met them that Eli clapped her hands even before she had seen anything. On the top was spread a handkerchief, which the mother took away. "Here, look," she whispered, taking out a fine black silk neckerchief such as men do not wear. "It looks just as if it was meant for a girl," the mother said. Eli spread it upon her lap and looked at it, but did not say a word. "Here's one more," the mother said. Eli could not help taking it up; and then the mother insisted upon trying it on her, though Eli drew back and held her head down. She did not know what she would not have given for such a neckerchief; but she thought of something more than that. They folded them up again, but slowly.

"Now, look here," the mother said, taking out some

handsome ribbons. "Everything seems as if it was for a girl." Eli blushed crimson, but she said nothing. "There's some more things yet," said the mother, taking out some fine black cloth for a dress; "it's fine, I dare say," she added, holding it up to the light. Eli's hands trembled, her chest heaved, she felt the blood rushing to her head, and she would fain have turned away, but that she could not well do.

"He has bought something every time he has been to town," continued the mother. Eli could scarcely bear it any longer; she looked from one thing to another in the chest, and then again at the cloth, and her face burned. The next thing the mother took out was wrapped in paper; they unwrapped it, and found a small pair of shoes. Anything like them they had never seen, and the mother wondered how they could be made. Eli said nothing; but when she touched the shoes her fingers left warm marks on them. "I'm hot, I think," she whispered. The mother put all the things carefully together.

"Doesn't it seem just as if he had bought them all, one after another, for somebody he was afraid to give them to?" she said, looking at Eli. "He has kept them here in this chest,—so long." She laid them all in the chest again, just as they were before. "Now we'll see what's here in the compartment," she said, opening the lid carefully, as if she were now going to show Eli something specially beautiful.

When Eli looked she saw first a broad buckle for a waist-band, next two gold rings tied together, and a hymn-book bound in velvet and with silver clasps; but then she saw nothing more, for on the silver of the book she had seen, graven in small letters, "Eli Baardsdatter Böen."

The mother wished her to look at something else; she got no answer, but saw tear after tear dropping down

upon the silk neckerchief and spreading over it. She put down the *sylgje** which she had in her hand, shut the lid, turned round, and drew Eli to her. Then the daughter wept upon her breast, and the mother wept over her, without either of them saying any more.

A little while after, Eli walked by herself in the garden, while the mother was in the kitchen preparing something nice for supper; for now Arne would soon be at home. Then she came out in the garden to Eli, who sat tracing names on the sand with a stick. When she saw Margit, she smoothed the sand down over them, looked up, and smiled; but she had been weeping.

"There's nothing to cry about, my child," said Margit, caressing her; "supper's ready now; and here comes Arne," she added, as a black figure appeared on the road between the shrubs.

Eli stole in, and the mother followed her. The supper-table was nicely spread with dried meat, cakes, and cream porridge; Eli did not look at it, however, but went away to a corner near the clock and sat down on a chair close to the wall, trembling at every sound. The mother stood by the table. Firm steps were heard on the flag-stones, and a short, light step in the passage, the door was gently opened, and Arne came in.

The first thing he saw was Eli in the corner; he left hold on the door and stood still. This made Eli feel yet more confused; she rose, but then felt sorry she had done so, and turned aside towards the wall.

"Are you here?" said Arne, blushing crimson.

She held her hand before her face, as one does when the sun shines into the eyes.

* *Sylgje*, a peculiar kind of brooch worn in Norway.—TRANSLATORS.

"How did you come here?" he asked, advancing a few steps.

She put her hand down again, and turned a little towards him, but then bent her head and burst into tears.

"Why do you weep, Eli?" he asked, coming to her. She did not answer, but wept still more.

"God bless you, Eli!" he said, laying his arm round her. She leaned her head upon his breast, and he whispered something down to her; she did not answer, but clasped her hands round his neck.

They stood thus for a long while; and not a sound was heard, save that of the fall, which still gave its eternal warning, though distant and subdued. Then some one over against the table was heard weeping. Arne looked up: it was the mother; but he had not noticed her till then. "Now I'm sure you won't go away from me, Arne," she said, coming across the floor to him; and she wept much, but it did her good, she said.

THE HARTZ.

HEINRICH HEINE.

[Heine is universally known as the author of some of the most beautiful lyrical poems of Germany. But his prose style is equally admired by his countrymen. We give as illustration some brief extracts from his "Reisebilder." The translation is that of Mrs. Austin.]

THE mountains here were steeper, the pine forests waved beneath like a deep-green sea, and white clouds floated across the blue heavens. The wildness of the scene was, as it were, tamed by its unity and simplicity. Nature, like a good poet, loves no abrupt transitions.

The clouds, however fantastic be their forms, have a pure and tender coloring which harmonizes with the blue sky and the green earth, so that all the hues of a region melt into each other like soft music, and Nature, under each of her aspects, has a tranquillizing and soothing influence.

Like a great poet, too, Nature can produce the greatest effects with the fewest means. There are only a sun, trees, flowers, water,—and love. It is true, if this is wanting in the heart of the spectator the whole may present but a poor, uninteresting spectacle; and the sun is then only so many miles in diameter, and the trees are good for firewood, and the flowers are classified according to the number of their stamens, and the water is wet. . . .

A little boy, who was gathering brushwood in the forest for his sick uncle, pointed out to me the village of Leerbach. He seemed to be on a footing of the greatest intimacy with the trees; he greeted them as old acquaintances, and they rustled their greetings in reply. He whistled like a linnet, and the other birds all around answered him; and before I was well aware, he had disappeared in the thicket with his naked feet and his bundle of brushwood.

Children, thought I, are younger than we, and can still remember the time when they were trees or birds, and can therefore understand and speak their language; but we are grown old, and have too many cares, and too much jurisprudence and bad poetry in our heads.

[He goes on to describe home-life in the mining-region of the Hartz.]

Quiet and monotonous as the life of these people appears, it is nevertheless a true living life. The aged, palsied woman who sat by the stove, over against the large cupboard, may have sat there a quarter of a century, and her

thoughts and feelings have doubtless grown into every corner of this stove and into every rude carving of this cupboard. And the stove and the cupboard live, for a human being has infused into them a portion of its own soul.

It was this life of contemplation—of immediate perceptions—that gave birth to the German *Märchen*,* the peculiarity of which consists in this,—that not only animals and plants, but also objects apparently destitute of all life, speak and act. To the thoughtful and simple people, in the quiet, contented privacy of their lowly cottages on mountain or in forest, the inward life of such objects revealed itself; they acquired an indelible and consistent character, a charming mixture of fantastic humor and thoroughly human dispositions. And so we see them in the *Märchen*, in which the wildest wonders are told in the easy matter-of-course style of daily occurrences: needles and pins come out of the tailor's shed and lose themselves in the dark; straws and bits of charcoal try to cross the brook and are cast away; the shovel and the broom stand upon the step and quarrel and fight; the questioned looking-glass shows the face of the prettiest girl, and drops of blood begin to speak mysterious fearful words of anxious pity.

From the same cause is our life in childhood so infinitely significant: at that age everything is of importance to us; we hear everything, see everything, and all our impressions are vivid; whereas at a later age we do everything with design, and we lose in depth what we gain in extension of impressions. Now, we are grown-up gentlemen and ladies; we frequently change our dwelling; the housemaid daily clears everything away, and alters at her will

* Popular tales.

the position of the furniture, which has little interest for us, as it is either new, or it belongs to-day to John, to-morrow to Peter; our very clothes are strangers; we hardly know how many buttons there are on the coat upon our back; we change our clothes as often as possible, so that not one of them remains connected with our inward or outward history; scarcely can we recollect the appearance of that brown waistcoat which once brought so much ridicule upon us, and upon whose broad stripes the dear hand of our beloved rested so kindly.

The old woman by the stove, over against the great cupboard, wore a flowered petticoat of faded stuff, the wedding garment of her mother. Her great-grandson, a fair-haired, bright-eyed boy, dressed as a miner, sat at her feet and counted the flowers on her petticoat; and she has most likely told him many a grave and pretty story about this petticoat, which the boy will not soon forget, which will float before his fancy when, as a full-grown man, he is at his dark and solitary work under ground, and which he will perhaps tell when the dear old grandmother has been long dead, and he, a silver-haired, feeble old man, sits in the midst of his grandchildren, near the stove, over against the great cupboard.

HUMOROUS POEMS.

VARIOUS.

[Though the genius of German literature is serious rather than humorous, there are not wanting examples of jest and frolic in prose and verse scattered through the ages. We offer here some specimens of humorous verse, culled at random from the treasury of German

song. The first selection given is the production of Abraham a Sancta Clara, a seventeenth-century preacher, who is widely noted for the grotesque eccentricity of his sermons. Nothing like them exists elsewhere in the literature of the pulpit. The poem we give is full of his odd humor.]

ST. ANTHONY'S SERMON TO THE FISHES.

Saint Anthony at church
Was left in the lurch,
So he went to the ditches
And preached to the fishes.
 They wriggled their tails,
 In the sun glanced their scales.

The carps, with their spawn,
Are all thither drawn,—
Have opened their jaws,
Eager for each clause.
 No sermon beside
 Had the carps so edified.

Sharp-snouted pikes,
Who keep fighting like tikes,
Now swam up harmonious
To hear Saint Antonius.
 No sermon beside
 Had the pikes so edified.

And that very odd fish,
Who loves fast-days, the codfish,—
The stockfish, I mean,—
At the sermon was seen.
 No sermon beside
 Had the cods so edified.

Good eels and sturgeon,
Which aldermen gorge on,
Went out of their way
To hear preaching that day.
 No sermon beside
 Had the eels so edified.

Crabs and turtles also,
Who always move slow,
Made haste from the bottom,
As if the devil had got 'em.
 No sermon beside
 Had the crabs so edified.

Fish great and fish small,
Lords, lackeys, and all,
Each looked at the preacher
Like a reasonable creature.
 At God's word,
 They Anthony heard.

The sermon now ended,
Each turned and descended;
The pikes went on stealing,
The eels went on eeling.
 Much delighted were they,
 But preferred the old way.

The crabs are backsliders,
The stockfish thick-siders,
The carps are sharp-set,
All the sermon forget.
 Much delighted were they,
 But preferred the old way.

[The more ancient writers of Germany were not without their sense of fun, as an evidence of which we present the following bit of grotesquerie, which comes to us from the anonymous era of ballad-writing.]

SONG OF THE THREE TAILORS.

Once on a time three tailors there were,
 Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!
Once on a time three tailors there were,
And a snail, in their fright, they mistook for a bear.
 Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!

And of him they had such a terrible sense,
They hid themselves close behind a fence.

"Do you go first," the first one he said;
The next one he spake, "I'm too much afraid."

The third he fain would speak also,
And said, "He'll eat us all up, I know."

And when now together they all came out,
They seized their weapons all about.

And as now they marched to the strife so sad,
They all began to feel rather bad.

But when on the foe they rushed outright,
Then each one grew choke-full of fight.

"Come out here, come out, you devil's brute!
If you want to have a good stitch in your suit."

The snail he stuck out his ears from within;
The tailors they trembled,—"'Tis a dreadful thing!"

And as the snail his shell did move,
The tailors threw down their weapons forsooth.

And when the snail crept out of his shell.
The tailors they all ran away pell-mell.

[Matthias Claudius, an agreeable song- and ballad-writer, born in 1743, is the author of the following sharp fling at the reviewers.]

THE HEN.

Was once a hen of wit not small
 (In fact, 'twas most amazing),
And apt at laying eggs withal.
Who, when she'd done, would scream and bawl.
 As if the house were blazing.
A turkey-cock, of age mature,
 Felt thereat indignation ;
'Twas quite improper, he was sure,
He would no more the thing endure ;
 So, after cogitation,
He to the lady straight repaired,
And thus his business he declared :
 " Madam, pray what's the matter,
That always, when you've laid an egg,
 You make so great a clatter ?
I wish you'd do the thing in quiet ;
Do be advised by me, and try it !"
" Advised by you ?" the lady cried,
And tossed her head with proper pride ;
" And what do you know, now I pray,
Of the fashions of the present day.
You creature ignorant and low ?
However, if you want to know,
This is the reason why I do it :
I lay my egg, and then review it !"

[C. T. Brooks offers us a neat translation of an amusing ode to winter by the same poet.]

WINTER.

A SONG TO BE SUNG BEHIND THE STOVE.

Old Winter is the man for me,—
Stout-hearted, sound, and steady ;
Steel nerves and bones of brass hath he ;
Come snow, come blow, he's ready.

If ever man was well, 'tis he ;
He keeps no fire in his chamber,
And yet from cold and cough is free
In bitterest December.

He dresses him out-doors at morn,
Nor needs he first to warm him ;
Toothache and rheumatis' he'll scorn,
And colic don't alarm him.

In summer, when the woodland rings,
He asks, "What mean these noises?"
Warm sounds he hates, and all warm things
Most heartily despises.

But when the fox's bark is loud ;
When the bright hearth is snapping,
When children round the chimney crowd,
All shivering and clapping,

When stone and bone with frost do break,
And pond and lake are cracking,—
Then you may see his old sides shake,
Such glee his frame is racking.

Near the north pole, upon the strand,
He has an icy tower ;
Likewise in lovely Switzerland
He keeps a summer bower.

So up and down,—now here,—now there,—
His regiments manœuvre ;
When he goes by, we stand and stare,
And cannot choose but shiver.

[Jacob Cats, a Dutch poet of much reputation in his day (born in Zealand in 1577), was the author of the satirical rather than humorous song we next present.]

THE STATUE OF MEMNON.

We read in books of ancient lore,
An image stood in days of yore,
Which, when the sun with splendor dight
Cast on its lips his golden light,
Those lips gave back a silver sound,
Which filled for hours the waste around ;
But when again the living blaze
Withdrew its music-waking rays,
Or passing clouds its splendor veiled,
Or evening shades its face concealed,
This image stood all silent there,
Nor lent one whisper to the air.
This was of old.—And even now,
The man who lives in fortune's glow
Bears off the palm of sense and knowledge,
In town and country, court and college,
And all assert, *nem. con.*, whatever
Comes from his mouth is vastly clever :
But when the glowing sun retires,
His reign is o'er, and dimmed his fires,
And all his praise like vapor flies,—
For who e'er calls a poor man wise ?

[One further instance of humorous poetry, more extended in scope, will serve to complete our list of selections. It is the production of

Friedrich Hagedorn, born at Hamburg in 1708, and a poet of considerable ability.]

THE WIDOW.

Dorinda's youthful spouse,
Whom as herself she loved, and better, too,—
“Better?”—methinks I hear some caviller say,
With scornful smile; but let him smile away!
A true thing is not therefore the less true,
Let laughing cavillers do what they may.
Suffice it, death snatched from Dorinda's arms—
Too early snatched, in all his glowing charms—
The best of husbands and the best of men;
And I can find no words,—in vain my pen,
Though dipped in briny tears, would fain portray,
In lively colors, all the young wife felt,
As o'er his couch in agony she knelt,
And clasped the hand, and kissed the cheek, of clay.
The priest, whose business 'twas to soothe her, came;
All friendship came,—in vain;
The more they soothed, the more Dorinda cried.
They had to drag her from the dead one's side.
A ceaseless wringing of the hands
Was all she did; one piteous “Alas!”
The only sound that from her lips did pass:
Full four-and-twenty hours thus she lay.
Meanwhile, a neighbor o'er the way
Had happened in, well skilled in carving wood.
He saw Dorinda's melancholy mood,
And, partly at her own request,
Partly to show his reverence for the blest,
And save his memory from untimely end,
Resolved to carve in wood an image of his friend.
Success the artist's cunning hand attended;
With most amazing speed the work was ended;

And there stood Stephen, large as life.
A masterpiece soon makes its way to light;
The folk ran up and screamed, so soon as Stephen met
their sight,

"Ah, heavens! Ah, there he is! Yes, yes, 'tis he!

Oh, happy artist! happy wife!

Look at the laughing features! Only see
The open mouth, that seems as if 'twould speak!

I never saw before, in all my life,
Such nature,—no, I vow, there could not be
A truer likeness; so he looked to me
When he stood godfather last week."

They brought the wooden spouse,
That now alone the widow's heart could cheer,

Up to the second story of the house,
Where he and she had slept one blessed year.
There in her chamber, having turned the key,
She shut herself with him, and sought relief
And comfort in the midst of bitter grief,
And held herself as bound, if she would be
Forever worthy of his memory,
To weep away the remnant of her life.
What more could one desire of a wife?

So sat Dorinda many weeks, heart-broken,
And had not, my informant said,

In all that time, to living creature spoken,
Except her house-dog and her serving-maid.

And this, after so many weeks of woe,
Was the first day that she had dared to glance
Out of her window; and to-day, by chance,
Just as she looked, a stranger stood below.

Up in a twinkling came the house-maid running,
And said, with look of sweetest, half-hid cunning,
"Madam, a gentleman would speak with you,

A lovely gentleman as one would wish to view,
Almost as lovely as your blessed one;
He has some business with you must be done,—
Business, he said, he could not trust with me.”
“Must just make up some story, then,” said she;
“I cannot leave, one moment, my dear man;
In short, go down and do the best you can;
Tell him I’m sick with sorrow; for, ah me!
It were no wonder——”

“Madam, ’twill not do;
He has already had a glimpse of you,
Up at your window, as he stood below;
You *must* come down; now do, I pray.
The stranger will not thus be sent away.
He’s something weighty to impart, I know.
I *should* think, madam, you *might* go.”
A moment the young widow stands perplexed,
Fluttering ’twixt memory and hope; the next,
Embracing, with a sudden glow,
The image that so long had soothed her woe,
She lets the stranger in. Who can it be?
A suitor? Ask the maid; already she
Is listening at the key-hole; but her ear
Only Dorinda’s plaintive tone can hear.
The afternoon slips by. What can it mean?
The stranger goes not yet, has not been seen
To leave the house. Perhaps he makes request—
Unheard-of boldness!—to remain a guest?
Dorinda comes at length, and, sooth to say, alone.—
Where is the image, her dear, sad delight?—
“Maid,” she begins, “say, what shall now be done?
The gentleman *will* be my guest to-night.
Go, instantly, and boil the pot of fish.”
“Yes, madam, yes, with pleasure,—as you wish.”

Dorinda goes back to her room again.

The maid ransacks the house to find a stick
Of wood to make a fire beneath the pot,—in vain.

She cannot find a single one; then quick
She call Dorinda out, in agony.

“Ah, madam, hear the solemn truth,” says she:

“There’s not a stick of fire-wood in the house.

Suppose I take that image down and split it? That

Is good, hard wood, and to our purpose pat.”

“The image? No, indeed!—But—well—yes, do!

What need you have been making all this touse?”

“But, ma’am, the image is too much for me;

I cannot lift it all alone, you see;—

’Twould go out of the window easily.”

“A lucky thought! and that will split it for you, too.

The gentleman in future lives with me;

I may no longer nurse this misery.”

Up went the sash, and out the blessed Stephen flew.

THE JOYS OF HOME.

HEINRICH FRIEDRICH JACOBI.

[Jacobi was born at Düsseldorf in 1743, and in early life displayed the strongly religious feeling which shows itself in his works, and an unusual depth of thought and facility in expression. In literature he devoted himself to philosophical and religious speculation, and to the writing of novels in which his philosophical bent of mind is strongly manifested. As a writer of fiction his word-painting is admirable, while his liveliness and boldness of expression and warmth of feeling give high merit to his works. As a polemical writer he had unusual force and ability. We select here, as an illustration of his lighter style and emotional fervor, Mrs. Austin’s translation of one of his letters.]

BUT what I most wish to tell you of, my dear Heinse, and can least find words to describe, is the infinite felicity I felt at being once again in my own Pempelfort. When I drove into the court-yard, it was as if the gates of Paradise opened to me. In a moment I saw Betty, and behind her Frank, Max, and Clara, flying towards me. The two eldest, whom I brought home with me, threw open the carriage doors on each side and sprang out to meet their mother. There was such a rush and confusion of kisses and embraces as if we were all blind. In the midst of it, however, I could hear my children exclaiming to each other between their kisses, "Do you know me? Do you? and you?" "Yes, you are such-a-one, and you such-a-one." "My name is Clara,"—"I am Max." Meanwhile, my brother and sister had joined us; and now the whole troop proceeded to greet the old grandfather, who was deeply moved and knew not how to support the joy.

My delight increased every hour. For eleven weeks I had had neither peace nor rest; I had been—pardon my impudent comparison—like Orpheus torn in pieces by the Bacchanals. I had longed for freedom and quiet with the most intense, passionate longing. Here I find both,—find them, surrounded with every charm. My distracted, exhausted mind is already, as if by a miracle, collected, refreshed, strengthened. Yes, my dearest friend, it was just as if I stood on the spot whither all the departed powers of my life had fled, and they thronged around me in a celestial dance. My cheerful dwelling, which admits every ray of sunshine,—my favorite garden, crowded by the care of the sturdy Louis with all the late-blooming plants of the four quarters of the globe,—all, all enchants me, and the longer I am here the more I am delighted. I have been incessantly reviewing my possessions, and I could not measure them. The whole world was mine. Even

the sun and moon in the high heavens shine with so peculiar a lustre on my own dear home that it always seems to me as if they belonged to it,—as if they were mine,—like the ground,—like the trees I planted,—and as if the rest of mankind borrowed light of me. Dear friend, and thus has it been with me every day since my return; and thus is it again to-day. Even when my flowers are withered and my trees stripped of their leaves,—when a gloomy mist clouds air and earth and robs me of half the already shortened day,—even then I am joyous and cheerful: I see in all these only the quick-revolving year, and the approaching spring which returns to me every time in increased beauty,—yes, in increased beauty, dear Heinse; you shall see it, if you will but come, and you shall find my heart warmer, more frank, more open, stronger, better. Oh, what a shout of joy, if I could but once more press you to it, once more have you and hold you!

THE PRESERVATION OF ANCIENT GREEK RECORDS.

BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR.

[When, in 1811–12, Niebuhr's lectures on Roman history were published to the world, the deepest interest was awakened, and it was widely felt that the entire fabric not only of Roman but of all ancient history needed a thorough rebuilding. Much that had been accepted as truth he showed to be traditional fable, and the whole early history of Rome became under his unsparing hand little more than a dream of the poets. He extended the same principle to ancient history in general, laboring to deduce the probable truth out of a mass of tradition, legend, and conjecture, much of which had been unquestioningly accepted as fact. His writings, however, are of less interest to the general reader than to the historian, from their deficiencies of style,

and they present few attractive passages for selection. We give below an extract from Dr. Schmitz's translation of the "*Lectures on Ancient History*," on account both of its historical interest and of the evidence it gives of the critical acumen of the author. Niebuhr was born at Copenhagen in 1776, and was the son of Carstens Niebuhr, a distinguished German traveller of the last century. He died in 1831.]

IN considering the question as to the antiquity of Greek history, it is not of so much consequence to determine how old the written historical literature is, as to know how old the genuine historical records are; and this question cannot be decided without inquiring into the beginning of the art of writing. . . . Since the attention of Europe has been directed to the very ancient monuments of the eighteenth dynasty in Egypt,—since in them we undeniably recognize a kind of writing which is far older than the time assigned to Homer, and is at least contemporaneous with the period fixed by the Greeks as that of the Trojan war, though probably still older,—since we see that writing on stones, and find documents extending as far back as that period,—since these things have become known, I say, there can be no question that the art of writing was then as widely diffused among the Egyptians as in later times. We may suppose with certainty that the same was the case among the Babylonians and Phœnicians, although we have no such ancient monuments of either, and of the latter scarcely any remnants at all. I have already spoken of the connection between the writing of the Phœnicians and Egyptians. As Cadmus unquestionably introduced writing into Greece, I cannot possibly doubt that the art of writing was known to the Greeks at the time we call that of the Trojan war. But it is another question as to whether it was as extensively diffused in Greece as in Egypt, or as it was in later times. It was unquestionably not so widely spread, if for no other reason than on account of the greater costliness

of the writing-material. It was, indeed, far more difficult at that time to obtain the papyrus; but it is not right to deny that Greece, in very remote times, received it from Egypt, because before Psammetichus the Greeks had no intercourse with that country. . . . The Greeks had opportunities of obtaining papyrus through the Phœnicians [who were probably not excluded from Egypt]; and the Egyptian restrictions on commerce do not prove that papyrus was not used by the Greeks at a very early period, and continued to be used by them. And, in addition to this, there were other materials to write on, such as skins. The Romans wrote their ancient annals on whitened tables, and set them up in public, and the Greeks may have done similar things. . . . Polybius compares the annalistic records of the Romans with other records of annals, etc., which were painted on the walls of Greek temples. These walls, therefore, were perhaps whitened, or they resembled those of the Egyptian temples, where inscriptions, in a red color, are painted on the walls, and are still seen after the lapse of more than two thousand years. Every nation that lives under a developed and regular civil constitution—and the Greeks undeniably lived so from time immemorial—must feel the necessity of recording changes and preserving the facts of the past. Hence there can be no doubt that it was in Greece as at Rome, and such records assuredly existed from time immemorial. But in the course of time these records lost their interest, and the walls which were covered with them were, no doubt, painted over, to make room for a new series of records. That there were no historical records is as natural in Greece as it was in the early periods of the Middle Ages: people lived onward, without looking backwards; or when they did look backwards they did so only through the medium of traditional

and poetical tales. They delighted in going back to times when a poetical order of things was believed to have existed,—when the gods frequented the earth and lived in close intimacy with mortals,—when the latter were conceived to have led a delightful life, which was far more worth enjoying than that of the actual world; but to investigate a kind of life such as they themselves led had no interest for them. “Contemporary history is never written in the poetic age of a nation; at a time when each one is acting and creating, and is contemplating only in the regions of fantasy and imagination, every-day occurrences are quite indifferent to him. Great exploits of heroism are alone celebrated in song. When there is a literature, it is the work of a few individuals who are more contemplative, or, if I may venture to say, more idle. Thus the Italian cities in the tenth and eleventh centuries, when all of them were thriving and flourishing, made no records whatever; and it was not till they began to stand still that chronicles were commenced.”

At the time when reflection and thought become prominent there are found two sources from which the sentiments of preceding generations may be discovered,—viz., chronological records and traditions.

We may form a tolerably correct notion of the nature of the chronological records in Greece from the annals which we possess of the later periods of the Merovingian kings and the first of the Carolingian dynasty. We there find nearly two centuries during which history was kept in remembrance precisely in the same manner as in ancient times. . . . But if we had nothing beyond the annals of Prüm, St. Bertin, and the like, we should know little, or nothing at all; for they merely contain the information that in such a year this or that thing happened. . . .

The second source of history consists of legends or

poetical traditions. They developed themselves in Greece principally in the form of epic poetry, and were preserved in it. Epic poetry chiefly embraced the periods which lie beyond history and belong to the mythical ages; in it there was a constant process of change; some things were added, others were taken away, and this incessant development, and this creative and ever-active life of epic poetry, lasted till about the fiftieth Olympiad. . . . "When epic poetry had disappeared, the traditions were handed down in a different manner, by the *λόγιοι*, who are often mentioned by Aristotle. Such story-tellers are still common in the East; they relate their stories, and always name the person who has handed them down,—the filiation of tradition. This kind of history cannot possibly remain faithful, for, even in spite of the wish to tell the truth, the story must undergo a change in the mouth of each different narrator."

HAKON JARL'S SACRIFICE.

ADAM GOTTLÖB OEHLenschLÄGER.

[Among the poets of Denmark one name stands so superior to all others that we may confine our extracts to him alone. This eminent author, Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger, was born in a suburb of Copenhagen, in 1779, of German parentage. He showed no fondness for study, and his boyhood was spent in poring over romances, and in writing and acting plays, while when older he applied himself successively to the theatrical profession and to the law. He soon, however, manifested his brilliant poetical powers, his first important work being the Oriental drama of "Aladdin," whose success was such that he at once renounced the law for the pursuit of poetry. He now travelled and studied, and soon after produced three tragedies on Danish historical subjects, "Hakon Jarl," "Palnatoke," and "Axel and Wal-

burg." These are works of great power and originality, in which the rugged spirit of the early North is excellently reproduced. A journey to Italy had its outcome in his celebrated drama "*Correggio*," which gave the cue to the painter dramas and painter novels that abundantly followed. He wrote several other dramas, with a number of novels and lyric poems of a lower order of merit. "Few men," says Marmier, "have been endowed with a genius as fertile and as facile as that of Oehlenschläger. The verses fall from his pen like water from a fountain. Hence his style is charming in its grace, flexibility, and *abandon*, but it is frequently very negligent." He died in 1850, his funeral being solemnized with great magnificence by his countrymen, who regard him as their great national poet. From Gillies's translation of "*Hakon Jarl*" we select one of its most effective scenes, the sacrifice by Hakon of his son to the heathen gods.]

HAKON AND HIS SON ERLING IN THE SACRED GROVE.

[*Hakon enters, leading his son Erling by the hand.*]

ERLING.

'Tis cold, my father!

HAKON.

'Tis yet early morning.

Art thou so very chill?

ERLING.

Nay,—'tis no matter.

I shall behold the rising sun,—how grand!

A sight that I have never known before.

HAKON.

Seest thou yon ruddy streaks along the east?

ERLING.

What roses! how they bloom and spread on high!

Yet, father, tell me, whence come all these pearls

Wherewith the valley here is richly strewn?

How brightly they reflect the rosy light!

HAKON.

They are not pearls: it is the morning dew;
And that which thou deem'st roses is the sun.
Seest thou? He rises now! Look at him, boy!

ERLING.

Oh, what a beauteous whirling globe he seems!
How fiery red! Dear father, can we never
Visit the sun in yonder distant land?

HAKON.

My child, our whole life thitherward is tending:
That flaming ball of light is Odin's eye;
His other is the moon, of milder light,
That he just now has left in Mimer's well,
There by the charming waves to be refreshed.

ERLING.

And where is Mimer's well?

HAKON.

The sacred ocean,—
Down there, that, foaming, beats upon the rocks,—
That is old Mimer's deep and potent well,
That strengthens Odin's eyes. From the cool waves,
At morning, duly comes the sun refreshed,—
The moon again by night.

ERLING.

But now it hurts me:
It mounts too high.

HAKON.

Upon his golden throne
The Almighty Father mounts, soon to survey
The whole wide earth. The central diamond

In his meridian crown our earthly sight
May not contemplate.—What man dares to meet
The unveiled aspect of the king of day?

ERLING (*terrified*).

Hu! hu! my father!—In the forest yonder!—
What are those bearded, frightful men?

HAKON.

Fear not:

These are the statues of the gods, by men
Thus hewn in marble. *They* blind not with sun-gleams!
Before them we can pray with confidence
And look upon them with untroubled firmness.
Come, child!—let us go nearer!

ERLING.

No, my father!

I am afraid!—Seest thou that old man there?—
Him with a beard? I am afraid of him!

HAKON.

Child, it is Odin!—Wouldst thou fly from Odin?

ERLING.

No, no;—I fear not the great king in heaven;
He is so good and beautiful, and calls
The flowers from the earth's bosom, and himself
Shines like a flower on high.—But that pale sorcerer,
He grins like an assassin!

HAKON.

Ha!

ERLING.

Father, at least,
Let me first bring my crown of flowers: I left it
There on the hedge, when first thou brought'st me hither

To see the sun rise. Then let us go home :
Believe me, that old man means thee no good !

HAKON.

Go, bring thy wreath, and quickly come again.

[*Exit Erling.*]

A lamb for sacrifice is ever crowned.
Immortal Powers, behold from heaven the faith
Of Hakon in this deed !

ERLING.

Here am I, father,

And here's the crown.

HAKON.

Yet, ere thou goest, my child,
Kneel down before great Odin. Stretch thy hands
Both up to heaven, and say, "Almighty Father,
Hear little Erling ! As thy child, receive him
To thy paternal bosom !"

ERLING.

(*He kneels, stretching his arms out towards the sun, and says,
with childish innocence and tranquillity,—*)

"O great Odin,

Hear little Erling ! As thy child, receive him
To thy paternal bosom !"

[*Hakon, who stands behind, draws his dagger, and intends to
stab him, but it drops out of his hand. Erling turns about
quietly, takes it up, and says, as he rises,*

Here it is,—

Your dagger, father ! 'Tis so bright and sharp !
When I grow taller, I will have one too,
Thee to defend against thine enemies !

HAKON.

Ha ! what enchanter with such words assists thee
To move thy father's heart ?

ERLING.

How's this, my father?
You are not angry, sure?—What have I done?

HAKON.

Come, Erling, follow me behind that statue.

ERLING.

Behind that frightful man? Oh, no!

HAKON (*resolutely*).

Yet listen!—

There are fine roses blooming there,—not white,
But red and purple roses. 'Tis a pleasure
To see them shooting forth.—Come, then, my child!

ERLING.

Dear father, stay: I am so much afraid!—
I do not love red roses.

HAKON.

Come, I say!

Hear'st thou not Heimdel's cock? He crows and crows.
Now it is time!

[*Exeunt behind the statues.*]

[From "Correggio" we select the following beautiful soliloquy.]

ANTONIO IN THE GALLERY OF COUNT OCTAVIAN.

ANTONIO.

Here am I, then, arrived at last! Oh, heaven!
What weariness oppresses me! the way
Has been so long,—the sun so hot and scorching.
Here all is fresh and airy. Thus the great
Enjoy all luxuries; in cool palaces,
As if in rocky caverns, they defy
The summer's heat. On high the vaulted roof

Ascends, and pillars cast their shade below ;
While in the vestibule clear fountains play
With cool, refreshing murmur. Happy they
Who thus can live ! Well, that ere long shall be
My portion too. How pleasantly one mounts
On the broad marble steps ! How reverently
These ancient statues greet our entrance here !

[Looking into the hall and coming forward.]

This hall indeed is noble !—How is this ?
What do I see ? Ha ! paintings ! 'Tis, indeed,
The picture-gallery. Holy saints ! I stood
Unconsciously within the sacred temple !
Here then, Italia's artists, hang on high
Your wondrous works, like scutcheons on the tombs
Of heroes to commemorate their deeds !—
What shall I first contemplate ? Woodland scenes,—
Wild beasts of prey,—stern warriors,—or Madonnas ?
Mine eye here wanders round, even like a bee
Amid a thousand flowers ! I see too much !
My senses all are overpowered ! I feel
The influence of imperial power around me,
And in the temple of mine ancestors
Could kneel and weep !—Ha ! there is a fine picture !

[Going nearer.]

Nay, I have been deceived ; for all, indeed,
Are not of equal worth. But what is there ?
Ay, that, indeed, is pretty ! Till this hour,
I have not seen its equal. An old woman
Scouring a kettle ; in the corner there
A cat asleep ; with his tobacco-pipe,
The white-haired boy meanwhile is blowing soap-bells.
I had not thought such things could e'er be painted.
It is indeed a pleasure to behold
How bright and clean her kitchen looks ; and, lo !

How nobly falls the sunlight through the leaves
On the clear copper kettle! Is not here
The painter's name upon the frame? (*Reads.*) "Un-
known,

But of the Flemish school." Flemish? Where lies
That country? 'Tis unknown to me.—Ha! there
Are hung large pictures of still life, flowers, fruit,
Glasses of wine, and game. Here, too, are dogs,
And many-colored birds. Ay, that indeed
Is rarely finished. But no more of them.—

Ha, ha! There's life again! Three reverend men,
With anxious looks, are counting gold. And here,
If I mistake not, is our Saviour's birth;
And painted by Mantegna;—ay, 'tis so.

How nobly winds that mountain-path along!
And then how finely those three kings are grouped
Before the Virgin and the Child! Another,
As if to meet in contrast, here is placed;
Intended well, but yet how strange! That ox
Is resting with his snout upon the Virgin!
And the Moor grins so laughably, yet kindly!
The Child, meanwhile, is stretching out his arm
For toys drawn from that casket. Ha, ha, ha!
'Tis one of Albert Dürer's, an old German!

Thus, even beyond the mountains, there are men
Who are not ignorant of Art. Ah, heaven!

How beautiful that lady! how divine!

Young, blooming, sensitive! How beams that eye!

How smile those ruby lips! And how that cap
Of crimson velvet, and the sleeves, become her!

(*Reads.*) "By Lionard da Vinci." Then, in truth,
It is no wonder. He could paint indeed!—How's this?
A king almost in the same style,—but yet
It must have been a work of early youth.

No, this (*reading*), we find, is "Holbein." Him I know
not;

Yet to Leonardo he bears much resemblance,

But not so noble nor so masterly.—

Yonder I recognize you well, good friends,

Our earliest masters. Honest Perugino,

How far'st thou, with thy sameness of green tone,

Thy repetitions, and thy symmetry?

Thy St. Sebastian too? Thou hast, indeed,

Thy share of greatness; yet a little more

Of boldness and invention had been well.—

There throne the Powers! *There*, large as life, appears

A reverend man, the holy Job! Ha! this

Has nobly been conceived, nobly fulfilled!

'Tis *Rafaele*, surely. (*Reads.*) "*Fra Bartholomeo.*"

Ah! the good monk! Not every priest, in truth,

Will equal thee!—But how shall I find time

To view them all? Here, in the background, hangs

A long green curtain. It perchance conceals

The choicest picture. This I must behold

Ere Count Octavian comes.

[*Withdraws the curtain from Rafaele's picture of St. Cecilia.*

What do I see?

'Tis the divine Cecilia! There she stands,

Her hand upon the organ. At her feet

Lie meaner instruments, confused and broken;

But silently, even on the organ too,

Her fingers rest, as on her ear from heaven

The music of the angelic choir descends!

Her fervent looks are fixed on high! Ha! this

No more is painting,—this is POETRY!

Here is not only the great artist shown,

But the great HIGH-SOULED MAN! The sanctities

Of poetry by painting are expressed.

Such, too, were *my* designs! In my best hours
For this I labored!

[*Octavian enters, and Correggio, without salutation or ceremony, runs up to him, and says,—*

Now, I pray you, tell me
This painter's name. [*Pointing to the picture.*

OCTAVIAN (*coldly*).

'Tis *Rafaele*.

ANTONIO.

I AM, THEN,

A PAINTER, TOO!

SCENES FROM "UNDINE."

BARON DE LAMOTTE FOUQUÉ.

[*"Undine,"* one of the most beautifully imagined and delicately executed of all existing stories of that fanciful world of elves and spirits which has given so many gems to literature, was the production of Baron Heinrich de Lamotte Fouqué, a German poet and romance-writer of rare genius, born at Brandenburg in 1777. He served in several of the great battles of the war against Napoleon, but finally was forced by ill health to retire from the army, and spent the remainder of his life in literary pursuits. Pre-eminent among his many beautiful poems and works of fiction stands the exquisite story of *"Undine,"* the water-spirit, which has become one of the world's classics. Baron Fouqué died in 1843.

We may premise, as an introduction to our selections from *"Undine,"* that the knight Huldbrand had fallen in love with and married a girl of rare beauty, undeterred by the magical events that accompanied his wooing. Not till after the wedding did he learn that his wife was a spirit of the waters, who, charming as she was, was soulless by birth, but had gained a soul in gaining his love. After a period of life in the city, he took his beautiful wife to his castle, accompanied by a handsome girl named Bertalda, who secretly loved the knight. This excited the anger of Kühleborn, a water-spirit, the uncle

of Undine, who made his way into the castle through a fountain in its court, and threatened Bertalda. Undine, to prevent this, had the fountain closed and sealed by a charm which the mischievous Kühleborn could not break. But soon afterwards Bertalda, angry at some offence, fled from the castle, followed by the knight, which gave Kühleborn an opportunity to repeat his annoyances. We append this incident.]

THE black valley lies deep within the mountains. What it is now called we do not know. At that time the people of the country gave it this appellation on account of the deep obscurity in which the low land lay, owing to the shadows of the lofty trees, and especially firs, that grew there. Even the brook which bubbled between the rocks wore the same dark hue, and dashed along with none of that gladness with which streams are wont to flow that have the blue sky immediately above them. Now, in the growing twilight of evening, it looked wild and gloomy between the heights. The knight trotted anxiously along the edge of the brook, fearful at one moment that by delay he might allow the fugitive to advance too far, and at the next that by too great rapidity he might overlook her in case she were concealing herself from him. Meanwhile, he had already penetrated tolerably far into the valley, and might soon hope to overtake the maiden, if he were on the right track. The fear that this might not be the case made his heart beat with anxiety. Where would the tender Bertalda tarry through the stormy night, which was so fearful in the valley, should he fail to find her? At length he saw something white gleaming through the branches on the slope of the mountain. He thought he recognized Bertalda's dress, and he turned his course in that direction. But his horse refused to go forward; it reared impatiently; and its master, unwilling to lose a moment, and seeing, moreover, that the copse was impassable on horseback, dismounted, and, fastening his

snorting steed to an elm-tree, he worked his way cautiously through the bushes. The branches sprinkled his forehead and cheeks with the cold drops of the evening dew; a distant roll of thunder was heard murmuring from the other side of the mountains; everything looked so strange that he began to feel a dread of the white figure, which now lay only a short distance from him on the ground. Still, he could plainly see that it was a female, either asleep or in a swoon, and that she was attired in long white garments, such as Bertalda had worn on that day. He stepped close up to her, made a rustling with the branches, and let his sword clatter, but she moved not. "Bertalda!" he exclaimed, at first in a low voice, and then louder and louder: still she heard not. At last, when he uttered the dear name with a more powerful effort, a hollow echo from the mountain-caverns of the valley indistinctly reverberated "Bertalda!" but still the sleeper woke not. He bent down over her: the gloom of the valley and the obscurity of approaching night would not allow him to distinguish her features. Just as he was stooping closer over her, with a feeling of painful doubt, a flash of lightning shot across the valley, and he saw before him a frightfully distorted countenance, and a hollow voice exclaimed, "Give me a kiss, you enamoured swain!" Huldbrand sprang up with a cry of horror, and the hideous figure rose with him. "Go home!" it murmured; "wizards are on the watch. Go home! or I will have you!" and it stretched out its long white arms toward him. "Malicious Kühleborn!" cried the knight, recovering himself, "what do you concern me, you goblin? There, take your kiss!" And he furiously hurled his sword at the figure. But it vanished like vapor, and a gush of water which wetted him through left the knight no doubt as to the foe with whom he had been engaged.

"He wishes to frighten me back from Bertalda," said he aloud to himself; "he thinks to terrify me with his foolish tricks, and to make me give up the poor distressed girl to him, so that he can wreak his vengeance on her. But he shall not do that, weak spirit of the elements as he is. No powerless phantom can understand what a human heart can do when its best energies are aroused." He felt the truth of his words, and that the very expression of them had inspired his heart with fresh courage. It seemed, too, as if fortune were on his side, for he had not reached his fastened horse when he distinctly heard Bertalda's plaintive voice not far distant, and could catch her weeping accents through the ever-increasing tumult of the thunder and tempest. He hurried swiftly in the direction of the sound, and found the trembling girl just attempting to climb the steep, in order to escape in any way from the dreadful gloom of the valley. He stepped, however, lovingly in her path, and, bold and proud as her resolve had before been, she now felt only too keenly the delight that the friend whom she so passionately loved should rescue her from this frightful solitude, and that the joyous life in the castle should be again open to her. She followed almost unresisting, but so exhausted with fatigue that the knight was glad to have brought her to his horse, which he now hastily unfastened, in order to lift the fair fugitive upon it; and then, cautiously holding the reins, he hoped to proceed through the uncertain shades of the valley.

But the horse had become quite unmanageable from the wild apparition of Kühleborn. Even the knight would have had difficulty in mounting the rearing and snorting animal; but to place the trembling Bertalda on its back was perfectly impossible. They determined, therefore, to return home on foot. Drawing the horse after him by

the bridle, the knight supported the tottering girl with his other hand. Bertalda exerted all her strength to pass quickly through the fearful valley, but weariness weighed her down like lead, and every limb trembled, partly from the terror she had endured when Kühleborn had pursued her, and partly from her continued alarm at the howling of the storm and the pealing of the thunder through the wooded mountain.

At last she slid from the supporting arm of her protector, and, sinking down on the moss, she exclaimed, "Let me lie here, my noble lord: I suffer the punishment due to my folly, and I must now perish here through weariness and dread." "No, sweet friend, I will never leave you!" cried Huldbrand, vainly endeavoring to restrain his furious steed; for, worse than before, it now began to foam and rear with excitement, till at last the knight was glad to keep the animal at a sufficient distance from the exhausted maiden, lest her fears should be increased. But scarcely had he withdrawn a few paces with the wild steed than she began to call after him in the most pitiful manner, believing that he was really going to leave her in this horrible wilderness. He was utterly at a loss what course to take. Gladly would he have given the excited beast its liberty and have allowed it to rush away into the night and spend its fury, had he not feared that in this narrow defile it might come thundering with its iron-shod hoofs over the very spot where Bertalda lay.

In the midst of this extreme perplexity and distress, he heard with delight the sound of a vehicle driving slowly down the stony road behind them. He called out for help, and a man's voice replied, bidding him have patience, but promising assistance; and soon after two gray horses appeared through the bushes, and beside them the driver in

the white smock of a carter; a great white linen cloth was next visible, covering the goods apparently contained in the wagon. At a loud shout from their master the obedient horses halted. The driver then came toward the knight and helped him in restraining his foaming animal. "I see well," said he, "what ails the beast. When I first travelled this way my horses were no better. The fact is, there is an evil water-spirit haunting the place, and he takes delight in this sort of mischief. But I have learned a charm: if you will let me whisper it in your horse's ear he will stand at once just as quiet as my gray beasts are doing there." "Try your luck, then, only help us quickly!" exclaimed the impatient knight. The wagoner then drew down the head of the rearing charger close to his own, and whispered something in his ear. In a moment the animal stood still and quiet, and his quick panting and reeking condition was all that remained of his previous unmanageableness. Huldbrand had no time to inquire how all this had been effected. He agreed with the carter that he should take Bertalda on his wagon, where, as the man assured him, there were a quantity of soft cotton-bales, upon which she could be conveyed to Castle Ringstetten, and the knight was to accompany them on horseback. But the horse appeared too much exhausted by its past fury to be able to carry its master so far, so the carter persuaded Huldbrand to get into the wagon with Bertalda. The horse could be fastened on behind. "We are going down hill," said he, "and that will make it light for my gray beasts."

The knight accepted the offer, and entered the wagon with Bertalda; the horse followed patiently behind, and the wagoner, steady and attentive, walked by the side.

In the stillness of the night, as its darkness deepened and the subsiding tempest sounded more and more remote,

encouraged by the sense of security and their fortunate escape, a confidential conversation arose between Huldbrand and Bertalda. With flattering words he reproached her for her daring flight; she excused herself with humility and emotion, and from every word she said a gleam shone forth which disclosed distinctly to the lover that the beloved was his. The knight felt the sense of her words far more than he regarded their meaning, and it was the sense alone to which he replied. Presently the wagoner suddenly shouted, with a loud voice, "Up, my grays, up with your feet! keep together! remember who you are!" The knight leaned out of the wagon, and saw that the horses were stepping into the midst of a foaming stream or were already almost swimming, while the wheels of the wagon were rushing round and gleaming like mill-wheels, and the wagoner had got up in front, in consequence of the increasing waters. "What sort of a road is this? It goes into the very middle of the stream," cried Huldbrand to his guide.

"Not at all, sir," returned the other, laughing: "it is just the reverse: the stream goes into the very middle of our road. Look round and see how everything is covered by the water."

The whole valley, indeed, was suddenly filled with the surging flood, that visibly increased. "It is Kühleborn, the evil water-spirit, who wishes to drown us!" exclaimed the knight. "Have you no charm against him, my friend?"

"I know, indeed, of one," returned the wagoner, "but I cannot and may not use it until you know who I am."

"Is this a time for riddles?" cried the knight. "The flood is ever rising higher, and what does it matter to me to know who you are?"

"It does matter to you, though," said the wagoner, "for I am Kühleborn."

So saying, he thrust his distorted face into the wagon with a grin, but the wagon was a wagon no longer, the horses were not horses; all was transformed to foam and vanished in the hissing waves, and even the wagoner himself, rising as a gigantic billow, drew down the vainly-struggling horse beneath the waters, and then, swelling higher and higher, swept over the heads of the floating pair, like some liquid tower, threatening to bury them irrecoverably.

Just then the soft voice of Undine sounded through the uproar, the moon emerged from the clouds, and by its light Undine was seen on the heights above the valley. She rebuked, she threatened the floods below; the menacing tower-like wave vanished, muttering and murmuring, the waters flowed gently away in the moonlight, and like a white dove Undine flew down from the height, seized the knight and Bertalda, and bore them with her to a fresh green turfy spot on the hill, where with choice refreshing restoratives she dispelled their terrors and weariness; then she assisted Bertalda to mount the white palfrey, on which she had herself ridden here, and thus all three returned back to Castle Ringstetten.

[In a subsequent journey on the Danube a magical incident occurred which caused the knight for the first time to speak to his wife with angry harshness. The delicate spirit, cut to the soul by this reproof, sank over the side of the boat and vanished in the waters. At a later period, deeming her dead, although many portents warned him of the contrary, Huldbrand became affianced to Bertalda. We give the description of the marriage and its consequences.]

If I were to tell you how the marriage-feast passed at Castle Ringstetten, it would seem to you as if you saw a heap of bright and pleasant things, but a gloomy veil of mourning spread over them all, the dark hue of which

would make the splendor of the whole look less like happiness than like a mockery of the emptiness of all earthly joys. It was not that any spectral apparitions disturbed the festive company, for we know that the castle had been secured from the mischief of the threatening water-spirits. But the knight and the fisherman and all the guests felt as if the chief personage were still lacking at the feast, and that this chief personage could be none other than the loved and gentle Undine. Whenever a door opened, the eyes of all were involuntarily turned in that direction, and if it was nothing but the butler with new dishes, or the cup-bearer with a flask of still richer wine, they would look down again sadly, and the flashes of wit and merriment which had passed to and fro would be extinguished by sad remembrances. The bride was the most thoughtless of all, and therefore the most happy; but even to her it sometimes seemed strange that she should be sitting at the head of the table, wearing a green wreath and gold-embroidered attire, while Undine was lying at the bottom of the Danube, a cold and stiff corpse, or floating away with the current into the mighty ocean. For ever since her father had spoken of something of the sort, his words were ever ringing in her ear, and this day especially they were not inclined to give place to other thoughts.

The company dispersed early in the evening, not broken up by the bridegroom himself, but sadly and gloomily by the joyless mood of the guests and their forebodings of evil. Bertalda retired with her maidens, and the knight with his attendants; but at this mournful festival there was no gay laughing train of bridesmaids and bridesmen.

Bertalda wished to arouse more cheerful thoughts; she ordered a splendid ornament of jewels which Huldbrand had given her, together with rich apparel and veils, to be spread out before her, in order that from these latter she

might select the brightest and most beautiful for her morning attire. Her attendants were delighted at the opportunity of expressing their good wishes to their young mistress, not failing at the same time to extol the beauty of the bride in the most lively terms. They were more and more absorbed in these considerations, till Bertalda at length, looking in a mirror, said, with a sigh, "Ah, but don't you see plainly how freckled I am growing here at the side of my neck?" They looked at her throat, and found the freckles as their fair mistress had said, but they called them beauty-spots, and mere tiny blemishes, only tending to enhance the whiteness of her delicate skin. Bertalda shook her head and asserted that a spot was always a defect. "And I could remove them," she sighed at last, "only the fountain is closed from which I used to have that precious and purifying water. Oh, if I had but a flask of it to-day!" "Is that all?" said an alert waiting-maid, laughing, as she slipped from the apartment. "She will not be so mad," exclaimed Bertalda, in a pleased and surprised tone, "she will not be so mad as to have the stone removed from the fountain this very evening?" At the same moment they heard the men crossing the courtyard, and could see from the window how the officious waiting-woman was leading them straight up to the fountain, and that they were carrying levers and other instruments on their shoulders. "It is certainly my will," said Bertalda, smiling, "if only it does not take too long." And, happy in the sense that a look from her now was able to effect what had formerly been so painfully refused her, she watched the progress of the work in the moonlit castle-court.

The men raised the enormous stone with an effort; now and then, indeed, one of their number would sigh, as he remembered that they were destroying the work of their

former beloved mistress. But the labor was far lighter than they had imagined. It seemed as if a power within the spring itself were aiding them in raising the stone. "It is just," said the workmen to each other, in astonishment, "as if the water within had become a springing fountain." And the stone rose higher and higher, and almost without the assistance of the workmen it rolled slowly down upon the pavement with a hollow sound. But from the opening of the fountain there rose solemnly a white column of water; at first they imagined it had really become a springing fountain, till they perceived that the rising form was a pale female figure veiled in white. She was weeping bitterly, raising her hands wailingly above her head and wringing them, as she walked with a slow and serious step to the castle-building. The servants fled from the spring; the bride, pale and stiff with horror, stood at the window with her attendants. When the figure had now come close beneath her room it looked meaningly up to her, and Bertalda thought she could recognize beneath the veil the pale features of Undine. But the sorrowing form passed on, sad, reluctant, and faltering, as if passing to execution.

Bertalda screamed out that the knight was to be called, but none of her maids ventured from the spot; and even the bride herself became mute, as if trembling at her own voice.

While they were still standing fearfully at the window, motionless as statues, the strange wanderer had reached the castle, had passed up the well-known stairs and through the well-known halls, ever in silent tears. Alas! how differently had she once wandered through them!

The knight, partly undressed, had already dismissed his attendants, and in a mood of deep dejection he was standing before a large mirror; a taper was burning dimly be-

side him. There was a gentle tap at his door. Undine used to tap thus when she wanted playfully to tease him. "It is all fancy," said he to himself: "I must seek my nuptial bed." "So you must, but it must be a cold one!" he heard a tearful voice say from without, and then he saw in the mirror his door opening slowly,—slowly,—and the white figure entered, carefully closing it behind her. "They have opened the spring," said she, softly, "and now I am here, and you must die." He felt in his paralyzed heart that it could not be otherwise, but, covering his eyes with his hands, he said, "Do not make me mad with terror in my hour of death. If you wear a hideous face behind that veil, do not raise it, but take my life, and let me see you not." "Alas!" replied the figure, "will you then not look upon me once more? I am as fair as when you wooed me on the promontory." "Oh, if it were so!" sighed Huldbrand, "and if I might die in your fond embrace!" "Most gladly, my loved one," said she; and throwing her veil back, her lovely face smiled forth divinely beautiful. Trembling with love and with the approach of death, she kissed him with a holy kiss; but, not relaxing her hold, she pressed him fervently to her, and wept as if she would weep away her soul. Tears rushed into the knight's eyes and seemed to surge through his heaving breast, till at length his breathing ceased, and he fell softly back from the beautiful arms of Undine, upon the pillows of his couch,—a corpse.

"I have wept him to death," said she to some servants who met her in the antechamber; and, passing through the affrighted group, she went slowly out toward the fountain. . . .

The knight was to be interred in a village church-yard which was filled with the graves of his ancestors. And this church had been endowed with rich privileges and

gifts both by these ancestors and by himself. His shield and helmet lay already on the coffin, to be lowered with it into the grave, for Sir Huldbrand of Ringstetten had died the last of his race; the mourners began their sorrowful march, singing requiems under the bright calm canopy of heaven. Father Heilmann walked in advance, bearing a high crucifix, and the inconsolable Bertalda followed, supported by her aged father. Suddenly, in the midst of the black-robed attendants in the widow's train, a snow-white figure was seen, closely veiled, and wringing her hands with fervent sorrow. Those near whom she moved felt a secret dread, and retreated either backward or to the side, increasing by their movements the alarm of the others near to whom the white stranger was now advancing, and thus a confusion in the funeral train was wellnigh beginning. Some of the military escort were so daring as to address the figure and to attempt to remove it from the procession; but she seemed to vanish from under their hands, and yet was immediately seen advancing again amid the dismal cortége with slow and solemn step. At length, in consequence of the continued shrinking of the attendants to the right and to the left, she came close behind Bertalda. The figure now moved so slowly that the widow did not perceive it, and it walked meekly and humbly behind her undisturbed.

This lasted till they came to the church-yard, where the procession formed a circle round the open grave. Then Bertalda saw her unbidden companion, and, starting up half in anger and half in terror, she commanded her to leave the knight's last resting-place. The veiled figure, however, gently shook her head in refusal, and raised her hands as if in humble supplication to Bertalda, deeply agitating her by the action, and recalling to her with tears how Undine had so kindly wished to give her that

coral necklace on the Danube. Father Heilmann motioned with his hand and commanded silence, as they were to pray in mute devotion over the body, which they were now covering with the earth. Bertalda knelt silently, and all knelt, even the grave-diggers among the rest, when they had finished their task. But when they rose again the white stranger had vanished; on the spot where she had knelt there gushed out of the turf a little silver spring, which rippled and murmured away till it had almost entirely encircled the knight's grave; then it ran farther and emptied itself into a lake which lay by the side of the burial-place. Even to this day the inhabitants of the village show the spring, and cherish the belief that it is the poor rejected Undine, who in this manner still embraces her husband in her loving arms.

LEONORE.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

[The author of our present selection was born in 1748, at Wolmerswende, near Halberstadt, Prussia. He died in 1794, having lived a life of poverty and misery, mainly the result of his own excesses. As a poet he displayed a vigorous and original genius, his ballads being the finest examples of that class of poetry in German literature. Of these his best and most famous production is "Leonore," which we here give in Mangan's spirited rendition. Of this poem Menzel says, "Some of his ballads, particularly 'Leonore,' are sure of immortality." And it is certainly a remarkably effective example of that species of composition.]

UPSTARTING with the dawning red,
Rose Leonore from dreams of ill:
"Oh, Wilhelm, art thou false, or dead?
How long, how long wilt loiter still?"

The youth had gone to Prague to yield
King Frederick aid in battle-field,
Nor word nor friend had come to tell
If he were still alive and well.

War's trumpet blew its dying blast,
And o'er the empress and the king
Long-wished, long-looked-for Peace at last
Came hovering upon angel wing;
And all the hosts, with glittering sheen,
And kettle-drum and tambourine,
And decked with garlands green and gay,
Marched merrily for home away.

And on the highways, paths, and by-ways
Came clustering, mustering crowds and groups
Of old and young from far and nigh ways,
And met with smiles the noble troops.
"Thank God!" the son and mother cried,
And "Welcome!" many a joyous bride:
But none throughout that happy meeting
Hailed Leonore with kiss or greeting.

She wandered hither, hurried thither,
She called aloud upon her lost,
But none knew aught of him she sought
Of all that far-extending host.

When all was vain, for sheer despair
She madly tore her night-black hair,
And dashed herself against the stones,
And raved and wept with bitter groans.

Then came her mother hurriedly:
"Oh, God of mercy! what alarms
My darling child? what troubles thee?"
And locked her fondly in her arms.

"Oh, mother! mother! dead is dead!
My days are sped, my hopes are fled:
Heaven has no pity on me,—none!—
Ah, woe is me! oh, wretched one!"

"Alas! alas! child, place thy trust
In God, and raise thy heart above:
What God ordains is right and just,
He is a God of tender love."—

"Oh, mother! mother! false and vain,
For God has wrought me only pain!
I will not pray! my plaint and prayer
Are wasted on the idle air!"

"No, no, my child!—not so: the Lord
Is good: He heals His children's grief:
The holy Eucharist will afford
The anguish of thy soul relief."—

"Hush, mother! mother! What I feel
No Eucharist can ever heal;
No Eucharist can ever give
The shrouded dead again to live."

"Ah, child, perchance thy lover now—
A traitor to his love and thee—
Before the altar plights his vow
To some fair girl of Hungary:
Yet weep not this perfidious wrong,
For he will rue it late and long,
And when his soul and body part
His faithlessness will burn his heart."

"Oh, mother! mother! gone is gone,
And lorn for once is ever lorn!
The grave is now my hope alone!
Would God that I had ne'er been born!"

Out, out, sick light! Out, flickering taper!
Down, down in night and charnel vapor!
In heaven there is no pity,—none!—
Oh, woe to me! oh, wretched one!”

“Oh, God of mercy, enter not
In judgment with thy suffering child;
Condemn her not: she knows not what
She raves in this delirium wild.
My child, forget thy tears and sighs,
And look to God and Paradise:
A holier bridegroom shalt thou see,
And He will sweetly comfort thee.

“Oh, mother, what is Paradise?
Oh, mother, what and where is Hell?
In Wilhelm lies my Paradise—
Where he is not, my life is Hell!
Then out, sick light! Out, flickering taper!
Down, down in blackest night and vapor!
In heaven, on earth, I will not share
Delight if Wilhelm be not there.”

And thus as reigned and raged despair
Throughout her brain, through every vein,
Did this presumptuous maiden dare
To tax with ill God's righteous will,
And wrung her hands, and beat her breast,
Till sank the sunlight in the west,
And under heaven's ethereal arch
The silver stars began their march.

When list! a sound!—hark! *hoff, hoff, hoff!*
It nears, she hears a courser's tramp,
And swiftly bounds a rider off
Before the gate with clattering stamp;

And hark, the bell goes *ring, ding, ding!*
And hark again! *cling, ling, ling, ling!*
And through the portal and the hall
There peals a voice with hollow call:

“What ho! Up, up, sweet love inside!

Dost watch for me, or art thou sleeping?
Art false, or still my faithful bride?

And smilest thou, or art thou weeping?”—
“What! Wilhelm! thou? and come thus late!
Oh, night has seen me weep and wait
And suffer so! But oh! I fear——
Why this wild haste in riding here?”

“I left Bohemia late at night,—

We journey but at midnight, we!
My time was brief, and fleet my flight.

Up, up! thou must away with me!”—
“Ah, Wilhelm! come inside the house;
The wind moans through the fir-tree boughs;
Come in, my heart's beloved, and rest
And warm thee in this faithful breast.”

“The boughs may wave, the wind may rave,
Let rave the blast and wave the fir!
Though winds may rave and boughs may wave,

My sable steed expects the spur.
Up! gird thyself, and spring with speed
Behind me on my sable steed!
A hundred leagues must yet be sped
Before we reach the bridal bed.”

“Oh, Wilhelm! at so drear an hour

A hundred leagues away from bed!
Hark! hark! Eleven from the tower
Is tolling far with tone of dread!”

“Look round! Look up! The moon is bright;
The dead and we are fleet of flight:
Doubt not I'll bear thee hence away
To home before the break of day.”

“And where is then the nuptial hall?
And where the chamber of the bride?”—
“Far, far from hence! Chill, still, and small,
But six feet long by two feet wide!”—
“Hast room for me?”—“For thee and me!
Quick! robe thyself and come with me.
The wedding guests await the bride;
The chamber door stands open wide.”

Soon up, soon clad, with lightest bound
On that black steed the maiden sprung,
And round her love and warmly round
Her snow-white arms she swung and flung.
And deftly, swiftly, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*
Away went horse and riders off,
Away went horse and riders too,
And sparks and pebbles flashed and flew!

On left and right, with whirling flight,
How rock and forest reeled and wheeled!
How danced each height before their sight!
What thunder-tones the bridges pealed!
“Dost fear! The moon is fair to see;
Hurrah! the dead ride rapidly!
Beloved, dost dread the shrouded dead?”
“Oh, no! but let them rest,” she said.

But see! what throng, with song and gong,
Moves by, as croaks the raven hoarse!
Hark! funeral song! Hark! knelling dong!
They sing, “Let's here inter the corpse!”

And nearer draws that mourning throng,
And bearing hearse and bier along.
With hollow hymn outgurgled like
Low reptile groanings from a dike.

“Entomb your dead when midnight wanes,
With knell and bell and funeral wail!
Now homewards to her dim domains
I bear my bride—so, comrades, hail!
Come, sexton, with the choral throng,
And jabber me the bridal song.
Come, priest, the marriage must be blessed
Before the wedded pair can rest!”

Some spell is in the horseman’s call:
The hymn is hushed, the hearse is gone,
And in his wake the buriers all,
Tramp, tramp, come clattering, pattering on,
And onward, forward, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*
Away swept all in gallop off,
Till panted steeds and riders too,
And sparks and pebbles flashed and flew.

On left and right, with flight of light,
How whirled the hills, the trees, the bowers!
With light-like flight, on left and right,
How spun the hamlets, towns, and towers!
“Dost quail? the moon is fair to see;
Hurrah! the dead ride recklessly!
Beloved, dost dread the shrouded dead?”
“Ah! let the dead repose!” she said.

But look! on yonder gibbet’s height,
How round his wheel, as wanly glances
The yellow moon’s unclouded light,
A malefactor’s carcass dances!

So ho! poor carcass! down with thee!
Down, thing of bones, and follow me!
And thou shalt briskly dance, ho, ho!
Before us when to bed we go!"

Whereon the carcass, *brush, ush, ush!*
Came rustling, bustling close behind,
With whirr as when through hazel brush
Steals cracklingly the winter wind.
And forward, onward, *hoff, hoff, hoff!*
Away dashed all in gallop off,
Till panted steeds and riders too,
And fire and pebbles flashed and flew.

How swift the eye saw sweep and fly
Earth's bounding car afar, afar!
How flew on high the circling sky,
The heavens, and every winking star!
"Dost quake? The moon is fair to see;
Hurrah! the dead ride gloriously!
Beloved, dost dread the shrouded dead?"
"Oh, woe! let rest the dead!" she said.

"'Tis well! Ha, ha! the cock is crowing;
Thy sand, beloved, is nearly run!
I smell the breeze of morning blowing.
My good black steed, thy race is done!
The race is done, the goal is won—
The wedding-bed we shall not shun!
The dead can chase and race apace.
Behold! we face the fated place!"

Before a grated portal stand
That midnight troop and coal-black horse,
Which, touched as by a viewless wand,
Bursts open with gigantic force!

With trailing reins and lagging speed
Wends onward now the gasping steed,
Where ghastly the moon illumes
A wilderness of graves and tombs!

He halts. Oh, horrible! Behold—
Hoo, hoo! behold a hideous wonder!
The rider's garments drop like mould
Of crumbling plaster-work asunder!
His skull in bony nakedness
Glares hairless, fleshless, featureless,
And now a skeleton he stands,
With flashing scythe and glass of sands!

High rears the barb—he snorts—he winks—
His nostrils flame—his eyeballs glow—
And whirl! the maiden sinks and sinks
Down in the smothering clay below!
Then howls and shrieks in air were blended,
And wailings from the grave ascended,
Until her heart, in mortal strife,
Wrestled with very Death for Life!

And now, as dimmer moonlight wanes,
Round Leonore in shadowy ring
The spectres dance their dance of chains,
And howlingly she hears them sing,—
“Bear, bear, although thy heart be riven!
And tamper not with God in heaven.
Thy body's knell they soon shall toll:
May God have mercy on thy soul!”

THE PRINCIPLES OF BEAUTY.

IMMANUEL KANT.

[Though the writings of Immanuel Kant, the greatest of German metaphysicians, and one of the profoundest philosophical thinkers that ever lived, are, as a rule, far too abstruse for the general reader, yet it is impossible to leave him out of the list of the best writers of Germany, and some selection from the more popularly written part of his works seems essential. He was a native of Königsberg, where he was born in 1724. After years spent in lecturing and writing, he was appointed, in 1770, professor of logic and metaphysics in the University of Königsberg, which he held till his death in 1804. It is said that during his whole life he never travelled more than seven miles from his native city.

His writings were numerous and of the highest importance, his analytical powers of thought being considered by some critics as unequalled by those of any other human being that has ever lived. In addition to his philosophical writings, he advanced some useful theories in physical science, and it is claimed that he preceded La Place in the exposition of the nebular hypothesis. He performed, in the opinion of his admirers, the same service for mental science as Copernicus had done for astronomical science, showing that the mind itself is the governing centre of its operations, and that many of the mental phenomena which have been ascribed to extraneous causes arise as consequences of the essential laws of mentality. From the "Critique of the Judgment," as translated by J. Elliot Cabot, we select some passages on the definition of the Beautiful and the Agreeable.]

As to the Agreeable, it is felt by every one that a judgment founded upon his private feeling, and asserting only that the object is pleasing to him, is confined to himself. Thus, when a man says, "This Canary wine is pleasant," he will not object if any one correct his expression and tell him he should rather say, "It is pleasant to *me*." . . .

To one person the color of violet is soft and pleasing, to another dead and flat. One man is fond of wind-instruments, another of stringed instruments. To contend about such things, and to pronounce the judgment of others, differing from our own, incorrect, as if there were a logical opposition between them, would be folly. As to the Agreeable, the maxim holds, therefore, *that every one has a taste of his own*, in matters of sense.

As to the Beautiful, however, the case is quite different. Here it would be absurd for any one pretending to taste to think to justify himself by saying that the object (the building we see, the garment that person wears, the concert we listen to, the poem that is to be criticised) is beautiful *to him*. For he should not call it *beautiful* if it pleases him alone. There may be many things pleasing and attractive to him, but this is nothing to any one else: if he declare anything to be beautiful, he attributes the same pleasure to others; he judges not for himself alone, but for all, and speaks of Beauty as a quality of the thing.

We say, therefore, the thing *is beautiful*, not *expecting* the assent of others, from often having found them to agree with us in opinion, but *requiring* it. We find fault with men if they judge otherwise, as wanting in that taste which should be a universal attribute.

As to the Beautiful, therefore, we cannot say that every one has a taste of his own. For this would be to declare that there is no such thing as Taste; that is, no æsthetic judgment that can properly claim the assent of all.

In respect to the Agreeable, there is indeed a degree of unanimity in men's judgments, in reference to which some are said to have taste and others not; and this not as signifying a perfection of the organs of sense, but of the faculty of judging as to the Agreeable. Thus, one who

knows how to regale his guests with various luxuries (agreeable to the different senses), so as to please all, is said to have taste. But the universality is here only comparative, and thus this kind of taste is capable only of *general rules*, as being derived from experience, and not of universal laws, such as the æsthetic judgment claims to establish for the Beautiful.

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There are two kinds of beauty,—beauty *detached*, and beauty *adherent*. The former presupposes no idea of the object; the latter presupposes an idea, and an adequate perfection of the thing. The beauty of flowers is free, detached beauty. What the flower actually is, only the botanist knows; and even he, though he sees in it the reproductive organ of the plant, yet in judging of it as an object of taste pays no regard to this natural end. This judgment, therefore, is founded upon no perfection of any sort, no inward fitness regulating the management of the parts. Many birds, such as parrots, humming-birds, the birds of Paradise, and various sea-shells, are beautiful in themselves; not as connected with an object with reference to its design, but independently and of themselves. So drawings *à la grecque*, arabesque borders, etc., signify nothing, represent no particular object, and express no particular idea, but are free, detached beauty. So what are called *fantasies*, in music (without theme); indeed, all music without text may be considered as of this kind.

In judging of detached beauty, in its form, the æsthetic judgment is pure. It presupposes no idea of a design to be accomplished which should be represented by the object; for by this the freedom of the imagination, sporting as it were in contemplation of the object, would only be restrained. But human beauty (whether of a man, a woman, or a child), the beauty of a horse, of a building

(church, palace, arsenal, or summer-house), presupposes the idea of design, which determines what the thing should be, the idea of perfection. It is therefore merely *adherent* beauty. Thus, as the connection of the Agreeable (in sensation) with beauty, which properly concerns only form, disturbs the purity of the judgment, so also connection with the Good (that is, something for which the thing, from its design, is good) is likewise destructive of the purity of the æsthetic judgment.

For example, we might add much that is pleasing when seen by itself, to a building, were it not that it is intended for a church; it might ornament a figure to cover it with tracery-work, and delicate yet regular lines, as in the tattooing of the New-Zealanders, were it not that it is a human being; this countenance might have much more delicate features, and a softer and more pleasing outline, were it not intended to represent a man, or indeed a warrior. So the pleasure derived from the inward design of a thing, which determines its precise character, is founded upon an idea; but that derived from beauty is by nature such that it presupposes no conception, but is connected immediately with the image of the thing.

Now, if the æsthetic judgment is made dependent on design, and thus a judgment of the reason, it is no longer a pure æsthetic judgment.

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We find regular geometrical figures, a circle, a square, a cube, etc., commonly given by critics of taste as the simplest and most undoubted examples of beauty; and yet they are called *regular*, because they can only be conceived of as mere representatives of a particular idea, which prescribes to the figure the law by which alone it exists. Thus, one of the two must be wrong; either this judgment of the critics, in ascribing beauty to these figures,

or ours, which declares fitness, without conception, essential to Beauty.

Now, it is not necessary to select a man of taste, in order to discover that greater pleasure is afforded by the figure of a circle than by a scrawl, and more in an equilateral and equiangular triangle than in one of uneven shape and as it were deformed. For this requires only common sense, and not taste. Where we find a purpose, for example, to determine the size of a place, or to make accessible the relations of the parts to each other and to the whole, here regular figures, and those of the simplest kind, are required; and the pleasure depends not immediately on the image of the figure, but on its applicability to various purposes. A room whose walls form unequal angles, a garden of such a shape, in short, all disturbance of symmetry, as well in the forms of animals (*e.g.*, to be one-eyed) as of buildings or flower-beds, is unpleasant, because inappropriate; not only practically, as relates to a particular use of these things, but also in judging of them generally, as adapted to various purposes. This is not the case with the æsthetic judgment, which, if pure, unites pleasure or displeasure with the mere object of the view, immediately, without reference to any employment or end. . . . All stiff regularity, approaching the mathematical, is unpleasant, from its affording no continued exercise of the perceptive powers; and where neither knowledge nor a special end is sought, it is tedious. On the other hand, whatever affords a ready and agreeable exercise to the imagination is always new, and we do not tire of beholding it.

Marsden, in his description of Sumatra, makes the remark that in this island the wild beauties of nature everywhere surround the beholder, and thus have little attraction for him; whereas a pepper-garden, where the

poles upon which this plant climb form parallel lines of alleys, had a great charm for him when he came upon it in the midst of the forest; and he concludes from this that the apparently lawless beauty of the wilderness is pleasing only as variety to one who has become tired of regularity.

But he would have only to make the experiment of spending a day in his pepper-garden, to see that when the understanding has satisfied the craving for order which everywhere accompanies it, the object is no longer interesting, but, on the contrary, imposes an irksome restraint upon the imagination; whereas the profusion of nature, lavish even to extravagance in that country, where it is subjected to no rules of art, would afford constant nourishment to his taste.

Thus, the song of birds, irreducible to any musical rules, seems to have more freedom, and thus to offer more to the taste, than even the human voice, though exercised according to all the rules of music. For we sooner tire of the latter, if often and long repeated. . . .

A distinction is also to be made between beautiful objects and beautiful views of objects. In the latter case pleasure seems to arise not so much from what is seen as from what we are led to imagine in the field of view; that is, from the fancies with which the mind pleases itself, being constantly excited by the variety upon which the eye falls; thus, for example, in the varying shapes in a wood fire, or a murmuring brook, neither of which are beautiful, but which have a charm for the imagination, by the excitement they afford. For the imagination has great power in creating as it were another nature from the material furnished by actual nature. With this we occupy ourselves when the world of experience seems too commonplace; we remodel it, still according to the laws

of analogy, but also on principles that lie higher up in the reason, and which are as truly natural to us as are those in accordance with which the understanding apprehends empirical nature.

A NOBLE DEED.

FREDERICK SPIELHAGEN.

[Spielhagen, an eminent German author, who is regarded by many as the ablest German novelist of the century, was born at Magdeburg in 1829. He has written numerous able works of fiction, among which "Hammer und Amboss" ("Hammer and Anvil") is looked upon as his masterpiece. Part of his young life was spent on the Baltic, whose scenery and changes were deeply impressed on his youthful imagination and reappear in many of his works, as in the present selection. Spielhagen is uneven in power,—lively and agreeable at his best, but often verbose, and weakest in the description of love-scenes. Among the finest of his many powerful descriptive passages is the one we append, from "Hammer and Anvil." The translation is by the sisters Zimmern.]

AND in truth there came a storm, such as had never before raged over these shores within the memory of man, although many a bold northeast wind blows over this low sandy chalky coast all through the year. . . .

When I stepped across the silent hall I was surprised to see that the hand of the great clock at the foot of the stairs pointed to eight. From the scanty light I should have guessed it to be about five or six. But when I stepped out I soon saw why it could not be lighter. The black coffin-like mantle that had covered the earth in the night had now changed to gray,—a pale dawn that was neither night nor day,—and the violence of the storm was

undiminished. When I left the sheltering gable of the house behind me, I was obliged to plant myself firmly on my feet, so as not to be thrown down. Bending forward, I traversed the garden, usually so lovely, now a desolate scene of ruin. There lay little trees torn up by the roots, and larger ones broken off a few feet above the roots. The path was strewn with branches and twigs; the air was literally filled with whirling leaves. Only the old plane-trees on the terrace seemed as though they would resist the rage of the storm, although their majestic summits were beaten hither and thither in wild waves. I worked my way to the terrace, the only spot from which there was an outlook, even though limited, towards the weather side.

Terrible, indeed, it was. The sky and the sea a leaden gray; and between the sky and the sea white spots like snow-flakes that a November wind whirls round. These white spots were sea-gulls, and their mournful cry resounded now and then over to us. On the lofty bastion opposite, the storm had pressed down the tall grass, that usually played so merrily in the wind, till it was almost flat, as though heavy rollers had passed across it; and above the long low dam on the right there rose from time to time shining lines, for which I could at first not account. Could these be the crests of waves? It seemed impossible. The dam was twelve feet high, or more, and behind it was a broad sandy beach, on which was a much-frequented bathing establishment. Hitherto I had only seen the sea across the dam in the perspective of distance; but these shining lines, if they were waves, were not dancing out at sea; I could plainly see how they rose and fell and tumbled over each other, and, torn off, lashed into dust and foam, were driven on across the dam. It was the surge that had risen up to the edge of the dam.

[Immediately afterwards it was announced that the dam threatened to give way before the rising waters. Should this happen it would drown out the lower portion of the town, from which the inhabitants were already coming in panic-stricken flight. Yet nothing was done by the proper officers, and the danger grew momentarily more imminent, until the Director of the House of Correction determined upon a bold and perilous expedient.]

Just then the director came back from the house, and at the same moment, from three different doors, which led to the different wings of the principal buildings, the people from the House of Correction poured forth. There were about four hundred of them, all more or less vigorous men, in their gray workhouse jackets. Most of them were already provided with spades, hoes, axes, and ropes, and whatever other tools and serviceable implements could be taken from the stores of the institution. The men were led by their overseers.

Thus they came on with military step.

"Halt! Face!" commanded the overseers; and the men stood drawn up in three ranks, firm and straight, like a company under arms.

"Come here, you men!" cried the director, in a resounding voice. The people stepped forward. All eyes were fixed firmly on him, while he stood meditating, his head bent down. Suddenly he looked up, swept his gaze over the group, and, in a voice of which no one could have thought his weak chest capable, he spoke:

"My men, every one of us has had an hour in his life that he would give much to be able to buy back. Now to-day great happiness is granted you. Each of you, whoever he may be, whatever he may have done,—each of you will be able to buy back that hour, and be again what he was before, in the eyes of God, of himself, and of all good men. You have been told of the matter in hand.

It is to risk your own lives for the lives of others,—of women and children! I do not make any vain promises. I do not say, ‘What you are going to do will set you free.’ On the contrary, I say to you, you will return to this place as you left it; no reward, no freedom, nothing awaits you when your labor is achieved this evening and that door closes behind you again,—nothing but the thanks of your director, a glass of stiff grog, and a soft bed, such as an honest fellow deserves. Will you stand by your director on these terms? Whoever is willing, let him lift up his right hand and exclaim, ‘Yes!’ at the top of his voice.”

And up flew four hundred arms, and from four hundred throats came a thundering “Yes!” that sounded above the storm.

In an instant, at the director’s command, and under his direction, the troop, joined by those men who had before taken shelter in the institution, was divided into three bands. One of these was led by Süssmilch, the second by me, and the third by a prisoner named Mathes, who had formerly been a shipwright, and was a very intelligent, active man. The overseers were drawn up in the ranks.

“To-day, my children, we are all alike, and every one is his own overseer,” said the director. So we marched out to the gate.

The way along the narrow street into which the chief gate led was not long, and we quickly passed through it; but at the old and rather narrow gate-way at the other end of the street we found a strange, unexpected obstacle, which convinced me more than anything that had occurred before of the strength of the storm. The old gate-way was really nothing but a wide open archway; yet it took us longer to pass through than if we had been obliged to burst open the heaviest gates of oak and iron-work, with

such violence did the wind press through the opening. Like a hundred-armed giant, he stood outside, and threw back each individual who ventured towards him, as though he were a powerless infant. Only by our combined efforts, taking each other's hands, and holding fast on to the inner rough surface of the gate-way, did we succeed in forcing our way through the pass. Then we pressed quickly on along the ramparts, between the tall bastion on one side and the buildings of the institution on the other, till we reached the spot where our help was needed.

It was the long, low dam that touched the bastion, and across which I had often cast longing glances from the terrace on to the sea and the island. It was about five hundred paces in length. Then came the harbor, with its stone moles built out far into the sea. Why this spot was in such imminent danger during a storm was evident at my first glance. The water driven in from the open sea by the violence of the storm was caught, as it were, in a *cul-de-sac* between the tall bastion that rested on mighty retaining walls and the long harbor-dam. Since it could neither escape to the right nor to the left, it must seek to break through the hinderance that here opposed it. But if the dam gave way the whole lower part of the town was lost. That must be evident to any one who, looking towards the town from the dam, saw the narrow little alleys of the harbor. Most of the roofs were not even so high as the dam, so that it was possible to see right over them into the inner harbor, which lay on the side of the harbor-suburb opposite to us, and where we could now see the masts of the ships rocking to and fro like reeds.

I do not think it took me more than a quarter of a minute completely to grasp the situation as I have here represented it; and I am hardly likely to have had more time granted me. My mind and nerves were too much

overcome by the sight of the danger we had come to combat. I, who had passed my whole life on the sea-coast, who had spent whole days tossed about in little or big vessels, who had watched many a storm,—at any rate from the shore,—and with unwearied attention and sympathetic shuddering,—I thought I knew the sea. Now I found that I knew it no better than any one can know a bomb who has never seen one explode, scattering death and destruction around it. Not even in imagination had I come near the reality. This was no longer the sea, consisting of water which forms greater or lesser waves, which waves strike the shore with greater or lesser violence: this was a monster, a world of monsters, who, with wide-open foaming jaws, came roaring, howling, snapping along. No longer was it any definite thing; all shape, even all color, had disappeared: it was chaos that had come to swallow up the world of men.

I do not think there was one among the whole troop on whom this sight had not a powerful effect. I see them still, those four hundred men, standing where they had stormed on to the dam, with pale faces, their eyes now fixed on the howling chaos, now on their neighbors, and then on the man who had led them hither, and who alone was able to say what ought to be done here and what could be done.

Never yet had a helpless troop a better leader. The splendid man! I see him with the faithful eyes of love, that look back into the past, so often, in so many situations; and always he appears to me great and beautiful, but never greater and more beautiful than in this moment, as he stood on the highest point of the dam, holding on by a flag-staff that he had caused to be set up there,—never greater, more beautiful, or more heroic.

Yes, his bearing was heroic, and his glance was heroic, as in one moment it grasped danger and deliverance; and there was heroism in his voice when, in unwearied, sharp, clear tones, in a few determined words, he gave the necessary orders. Some were to go down into the alleys of the harbor and bring whatever empty casks, chests, and boxes they could lay hands on; some to go up to the bastion, where there was earth in plenty, with spades, shovels, barrows, and baskets. Some were to descend with saws, axes, and ropes into the neighboring glacié, to fell the young trees that had for years been awaiting an enemy who was there to-day; others were to go to the neighboring wharf to invite the ships' carpenters to come and help, and to obtain a few dozen large planks that we absolutely needed, either by good words or by force.

Not half an hour had gone by, and the work, planned with true genius, was in full swing. Here baskets of earth were being lowered into the breaches that the sea had torn in the dam; there stakes were driven in, and a net-work of branches made between them; elsewhere a wall of planks was being constructed. And all came hurrying and hastening, and digging and shovelling, and hammering and carting, and dragging hundred-weights, with such zeal, such strength, such strong self-sacrificing courage, that the tears still come into my eyes if I only think of it. Then I remember that these were those same men whom society had cast out; those same men who had become thieves, perhaps, for the sake of a few morsels or for some childish desire; the same men I had so often seen creeping sadly through the yards of the institution to their work; the same men whom the storm, striking against the walls of their prison, had last evening roused to frantic terror. There lay the town below them; they could rush in and rob, burn, and murder to their

hearts' content: who could prevent them? There lay the wide world open before them; they need only run in, and away: who could keep them back? Here was a labor more difficult, troublesome, and dangerous than any they had yet done: who could force them to it? There was the storm, at which they trembled yesterday, raging in most terrible form: why did they not tremble to-day? Why did they go joking and laughing into actual danger of death, when they were to fetch in the great ship's mast, driven hither from the harbor, and now cast against the dam like a battering-ram by the waves. Why, indeed? I think if all men would answer this "why" as I do, there would be no more masters and servants; then we should no longer hear the old sad song of the hammer that does not want to be an anvil; then—— But why answer a question that only the world's history can answer? Why expose the presentiments that we feel in our hearts to a world that passes indifferently by, or perhaps only stops to look, to mock at them?

Whoever saw this labor, whoever saw these men tearing skin from flesh and flesh from bone in their tremendous dreadful exertions, did not laugh; and those who saw it were the poor inhabitants of the harbor-alleys, mostly women and children, for the men had to share in the work. They came and stood below in the shelter of the wall, and looked up with anxious astonished looks at the gray-jackets there, whom they had hitherto only regarded with shy suspicious glances when they were led through the streets, coming in little troops from some external labor. To day they had no fear of the gray-jackets; to-day they prayed that the food and drink might be blessed which they themselves brought of their own free will. They had no fear of the four hundred gray-jackets; rather they wished that their number could be doubled or trebled.

[Some of the townsmen, whose property was not threatened, protested against the action of the director, but he quickly silenced them, declaring that he would promise to lead his dangerous phalanx back to the prison when their arduous task should be accomplished. Meanwhile the waves had risen so high that their crests were tossed over the dam. The peril had grown imminent.]

And now came the most horrible act in this dreadful drama.

A little Dutch ship, that had lain outside on the roadstead, had been torn away from its anchors, and was tossed hither and thither like a nutshell by those dreadful breakers, from the depth to the height, from the height to the depth, and with each wave nearer to the dam that we were defending. We could see the despairing gestures of the unfortunate men who clung to the yards; we could imagine that we heard their cries of alarm.

"Can we do nothing," exclaimed I,—"nothing?" turning to the director with tears of despair in my eyes.

He shook his head sadly.

"One thing, perhaps," said he. "If the ship is thrown right up here, we may attempt to hold it firm, so that it is not washed back by the breakers. If we do not succeed, they are lost, and we too; for their vessel, tossed to and fro, would make a breach in the dam that we could not possibly repair. Have some strong stakes struck in, George, and let an end of one of our thickest ropes be fastened to them. There is still the barest possibility, but still it is a possibility. Come."

We hastened to the spot where the vessel must probably strand, and from which it was now only a few hundred yards distant. The men had retreated from the dam, and had sought shelter from the boundless fury of the storm wherever they could; but now, when they saw their leader himself seize an axe, they all came back and worked

with a sort of madness, compared with which all that they had till now achieved was but child's play.

The stakes were driven in, the ropes attached to them. I and three other men, who were considered the strongest, stood on the rampart, awaiting the right moment,—terrible moments, that froze the blood in the veins of even the boldest, that might have bleached the brown hair of a youth.

And what we had hardly deemed possible succeeded. An enormous breaker comes rushing on, bearing the boat on its crest. It breaks, it pours forth a deluge that flows over us, but we stand firm. With our nails we hold on to the stakes; and when we are once more able to look round, the ship is lying, like a dead whale, high up on the dam. We rush forward: a hundred hands are at once occupied in throwing ropes round the masts, a hundred others in loosing the pale men—five in number—from the yards, to which they had tied themselves. It is done before the next wave comes in. Will it tear our booty from us? It comes on; and one more, and another; but the ropes hold. Each wave is weaker than its predecessor: the fourth does not even reach the top, the fifth remains far below it. Suddenly there is a pause in the terrible ceaseless thunder that has deafened us for so many hours to-day; the flags on the trembling masts in the inner harbor, that had been lashed eastwards all at once, hang straight down, and then flutter towards the west. The violence of the storm is broken, the wind has changed, the victory is ours!

The victory is ours. Every one knows it at the same moment. An endless shout of hurrah bursts from the throats of these rough men. They shake each other's hands, they fall into each other's arms. Hurrah! hurrah! and once more, hurrah!

The victory is ours; it has been dearly bought.

When my eyes seek him whom we all have to thank for everything, they no longer find him at the spot where I had last seen him.

But I see men running to the spot, and I run with them. I run faster than they do, driven by anxiety that lends me wings. I push my way through a few dozen of them closely grouped together, and all are bent over one man, who lies on the ground on the knees of the old sergeant. And the man is deathly pale, and his lips are covered with bloody foam, and round about him the ground is colored with blood, freshly shed,—with his blood, the heart's blood of the noblest of men.

“Is he dead?” I hear one of the men asking. But this hero must not die yet; he has still one more duty to fulfil. He beckons to me with his eyes as I bend over him, and moves his lips, which give forth no sound; but I have understood him. I put both my arms round him and raise him up. Now his tall, thin, royal form stands upright, leaning on me. All the men can see him,—the men he has led hither, and whom he now means to lead back. And now he beckons again with his eyes to his hand, and I take it, as it hangs down limp and wax-like, and it points in the direction of the road along which we came at mid-day. There was not one man present who durst disobey that dumb silent command. They collect together, they fall into their ranks; the sergeant and I bear the dying leader. So we go back in a long, slow, solemn procession.

Night has come on; only a few solitary gusts of wind blow past us, and remind us of the terrible day we have all passed through. The prisoners, who have worked outside the house to-day, are sleeping on the bed of a good conscience, which their director had promised them that night. Their director sleeps too, and his pillow is as soft as death for a great and good cause can make it.



SCHILLER AT THE COURT OF WEIMAR.

A GROUP OF LYRICS.

FREDERICK SCHILLER.

[There is in no language any poetry surpassing in beauty, grace, and depth of sentiment the lyrical products of Schiller's noble muse, nor are there any foreign poems that have been more ably and gracefully transferred into English verse. We subjoin some illustrative examples, the first in C. P. Cranch's finely-rendered translation.]

THE IDEALS.

And wilt thou faithless thus bereave me
Of thy dear visions of delight,—
With all thy joys and sorrows leave me,
Inexorable in thy flight?
O golden time of life, so fleeting,
Can naught delay thy course for me?
In vain! Down haste thy billows meeting
The ocean of Eternity.

Quenched are the glowing suns that warmed me
And lit my pathway when a boy,
Dissolved the ideal lights that charmed me,
Swelling my drunken heart with joy.
'Tis gone, the sweet belief I cherished
In beings granted to my dream;
In hard reality has perished
What so divinely fair did seem.

As once with earnest prayer and longing
Pygmalion embraced the stone,
Till through the cheeks of marble thronging
Sensation flushed to meet his own,

So with a lover's arms enwreathing,
Dear Nature to my heart I pressed,
Until I felt her warm and breathing
And living on my poet-breast.

And, sharing my intense endeavor,
With speech the dumb one was endued,
Gave back the kiss of love I gave her,
And my heart's music understood.
Then lived for me the trees, the flowers,
Then sang the silver water-fall,
And soulless forms revealed their powers:
My life's deep echo was in all.

My narrow breast with mighty striving
Swelled to an all-encircling zone,
Forth into life my footsteps driving
In word and act, in form and tone.
How large and free this world was moulded
While in the bud it lay secure!
Alas! how little has unfolded,
And this how narrow and how poor!

How sprang the youth with dauntless gladness,
And happy in his dream's conceit,
Unfettered yet by care and sadness,
Upon life's path with flying feet!
Till to the palest star, persistent,
His venturous pinions sought the light:
Naught was too high and naught too distant
To stay him in his daring flight.

How gently was he borne and lightly!
What heights too arduous to explore!
Beside life's chariot-wheels how brightly
The airy convoy danced before!

Love, with her guerdon sweet and tender,
Fortune, her golden garlands won,
Fame, with her crown of starry splendor,
Truth, glorious as a shining sun !

But, ah ! on life's midway already
My bright companions all are gone :
Their steps grew faithless and unsteady,
And faded from me, one by one.
Fortune, light-footed, fled and vanished ;
Unslaked the thirst of knowledge stayed ;
Dark storms of doubt rolled o'er and banished
Truth's glowing sun with chilling shade.

I saw Fame's sacred garland twining
Round many a vulgar brow, profaned ;
Ah ! all too brief my spring's sweet shining,
Too soon Love's happy season waned ;
And stiller then my life and dimmer
On the rough steeps forsaken lay :
Scarcely a weak and pallid shimmer
Hope threw upon my gloomy way.

Of all the bustling crowd attending,
Who stays by me with loving faith ?
Who stands beside me, still befriending,
And follows to the house of death ?
Thou, who for all my sorrows carest,
Friendship, whose hand heals every wound,
Who lovingly life's burden sparest,—
Thou whom I early sought and found.

And thou, with her so well consorting,
To cheer the soul's tempestuous lot,—
Employment,—wearying not, nor thwarting,
Slow to create, destroying not,

Who, building up the eternal stages,
Sand-grain alone by sand-grain bears,
And from the great debt of the ages
Strikes away minutes, days, and years.

[The three succeeding poems are respectively in the translations of Cranch, Bulwer, and Merivale.]

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

"Here, take the world!" cried Jove, from his high heaven,
To mortals. "Take it; it is yours, ye elves;
'Tis yours, for an eternal heirdom given;
Share it like brothers 'mongst yourselves."

Then hastened every one himself to suit,
And busily were stirring old and young.—
The Farmer seized upon the harvest-fruit;
The Squire's horn through the woodland rung.

The Merchant grasped his costly warehouse loads;
The Abbot chose him noble pipes of wine;
The King closed up the bridges and the roads,
And said, "The tenth of all is mine."

Quite late, long after all had been divided,
The Poet came, from distant wandering:
Alas! the thing was everywhere decided,—
Proprietors for everything!

"Ah, woe is me! shall I alone of all
Forgotten be?—I, thy most faithful son?"
In loud lament he thus began to bawl,
And threw himself before Jove's throne.

"If in the land of dreams thou hast delayed,"
Replied the god, "then quarrel not with me:
Where wast thou when division here was made?"
"I was," the Poet said, "with thee.

"Mine eyes hung on thy countenance so bright,
Mine ear drank in thy heaven's harmony:
Forgive the soul, which, drunken with thy light,
Forgot that earth had aught for me."

"What shall I do?" said Zeus: "the world's all given;
The harvest, chase, or market, no more mine:
If thou wilt come and live with me in heaven,
As often as thou com'st, my home is thine."

THE GLOVE: A TALE.

Before his lion court,
To see the grisly sport,
Sat the king,
Beside him grouped his princely peers,
And dames aloft, in circling tiers,
Wreathed round their blooming ring.
King Francis, where he sat,
Raised a finger; yawned the gate,
And slow, from his repose,
A LION goes!
Dumbly he gazed round
The foe-encircled ground;
And, with a lazy gape,
He stretched his lordly shape,
And shook his careless mane,
And—laid him down again.

A finger raised the king,
And nimbly have the guard
A second gate unbarred ;
Forth, with a rushing spring,
 A TIGER sprung !
Wildly the wild one yelled,
When the lion he beheld ;
And, bristling at the look,
With his tail his sides he strook,
And rolled his rabid tongue ;
In many a wary ring
He swept round the forest king,
With a fell and rattling sound,
 And laid him on the ground,
 Grommelling.

The king raised his finger ; then
Leaped two LEOPARDS from the den
 With a bound ;
And boldly bounded they
Where the crouching tiger lay
 Terrible !
And he griped the beasts in his deadly hold ;
In the grim embrace they grappled and rolled.
Rose the lion with a roar,
And stood the strife before ;
And the wild-cats on the spot,
From the blood-thirst, wroth and hot,
 Halted still.

Now from the balcony above
A snowy hand let fall a glove :
Midway between the beasts of prey,
Lion and tiger,—there it lay,
 The winsome lady's glove !

Fair Cunigonde said, with a lip of scorn,
To the knight Delorges, "If the love you have sworn
Were as gallant and leal as you boast it to be,
I might ask you to bring back that glove to me!"

The knight left the place where the lady sat;
The knight he has passed through the fearful gate;
The lion and tiger he stooped above,
And his fingers have closed on the lady's glove!
All shuddering and stunned, they beheld him there,—
The noble knights and the ladies fair;
But loud was the joy and the praise the while
He bore back the glove with his tranquil smile!

With a tender look in her softening eyes,
That promised reward to his warmest sighs,
Fair Cunigonde rose her knight to grace;
He tossed the glove in the lady's face!
"Nay, spare me the guerdon, at least," quoth he;
And he left forever that fair ladye!

THE DANCE.

See how they float, the glad couples, along, in billowy
motion

Gliding,—and scarcely the ground touch with their
feathery feet!

Do I behold flitting shadows, escaped from the weight of
the body?

Or are they moonlight elves, threading their aëry maze?
As, by the west wind cradled, the light smoke curls into
ether,

Gently as tosses the bark, rocked by the silvery flood,
Moves the obedient foot, on the tide of melody bounding;
Poised on the warbling string, floats the ethereal frame.

Now, as the links of the dance were forcibly broken
asunder,

Darts through the closest ranks, madly, some swift-
whirling pair;

Instant a passage before them is made, then behind them
has vanished,—

Seems as by magical spell opens and closes the path.
See! now it fades from their sight,—in wild confusion
around them,

Falling in pieces, the world's beautiful frame dies away!
No! there exultingly soar they aloft,—the knots disen-
tangle;

Only with varied charm, order recovers its sway.
Ever destroyed, yet ever renewed, is the circling creation,—
Ever a fixed silent law guides the caprices of change.
Say, how befalls it that figures renewed are yet ceaselessly
shifting?

How, that rest yet abides e'en in the form that is moved?
Each man self-governed, free, to his own heart only obe-
dient;

Yet in time's eddying course finding his one only road?
Wouldst thou the reason attain?—it is Harmony's powerful
godhead,

Which to the social dance limits the maddening bound;
Nemesis-like, with the golden bridle of rhythmical measure,
Curbs the unruly desire, chains the wild appetite down.
And do they sweep o'er thy senses in vain,—those heavenly
hymnings?

Doth it not raise thee,—the full swell of this mystical
song?
Nor the ecstatic note that all beings are striking around
thee?

Nor the swift-whirling dance, which through unlimited
space

Whirls swift-revolving suns in bold concentrical circles?—
That which in sport thou reverest,—MEASURE,—in touch
thou dost spurn.

THEKLA'S SONG.

The clouds are flying, the woods are sighing,
A maiden is walking the grassy shore,
And as the wave breaks with might, with might,
She singeth alone in the darksome night,
But a tear is in her troubled eye.

“For the world feels cold, and the heart gets old
And reflects the bright aspect of nature no more:
Then take back thy child, Holy Virgin, to thee!
I have plucked the one blossom that hangs on life's tree;
I have lived, and have loved, and I die.”

A DIET OF ROOKS.

MARTIN LUTHER.

[Nothing need be said here as to the history of Luther, further than that he was born at Eisleben, Germany, in 1483, and died at the same place in 1546. His history is an essential part of the world's history. As a writer his style is vigorous and vivacious, now displaying the energy of him who flung his inkstand at the devil, and now the pleasantry and good-humored satire of the selection which we give below. The translation is that of Mrs. Austin.]

GRACE and peace in Christ Jesus our Lord be with you, dear sirs and friends! I have received all your letters, and understand therefrom how it fares with you all. That you may be aware how it fares with us, I hereby

give you to know that we, namely I, Master Veit and Cyriac, do not go to the Diet at Augsburg; we are, however, here attending another diet.

For know that just beneath our window is a rookery in a small wood, and there do the rooks and jackdaws hold their diet. There is such a journeying to and fro, such a cry and clamor day and night without any ceasing, as they were all drunken; and old and young chatter all at once, that it is a marvel to me how voice and breath can so long hold it; and I would fain know whether, in your parts, you have any such-like nobles and cavaliers. It seems to me that they are gathered together here from all the ends of the earth.

Their emperor I have not yet seen, but their nobles and their great merchants are forever strutting before our eyes, not, in truth, in very costly garments, but rather simply clad in one color; they are all dressed in black; all are gray-eyed, and all sing the same song, save with some petty differences of old and young, great and small. They reckon not of vast palace or stately hall, for their hall is roofed with the fair wide heaven. The floor is the bare field, strewed with dainty green twigs, and its walls are as wide as the world's end. Nor do they need steed or harness; they have feathered wheels wherewith they escape from the fire of their enemies and avoid their rage. There are high and mighty lords amongst them; but what they resolve I know not. Thus much, however, have I gathered from an interpreter; that they have in hand a mighty expedition and war against wheat, barley, oats, rye, and all manner of corn and grain, and herein will many win knighthood, and do great feats of arms. We also sit here assembled in diet, and hear and see, with great pleasure and delight, how the princes and lords, together with the estates of the empire, so gayly sing and

make good cheer. But especial joy have we when we see with how knightly an air they strut, clean their bills, and attack the defences, and how they gain conquest and glory against wheat and barley. We humbly salute them all, and wish that they were all spitted on a hedge-stake together.

I hold, however, that they are most like to the sophists and papists, with their preaching and writing; for so would I fain have them all in a heap before me, that I might hear all their sweet voices and preachings, and might see how right useful a folk they are to consume all that the earth brings forth, and to while away the heavy time in chattering.

To-day we have heard the nightingale for the first time; for she would put no trust in April. It has been right glorious weather all day, nor has it rained at all, except yesterday a little. With you it is perchance otherwise.

Herewith I commend you to God. Fare ye well!

[We add to the above selection Luther's suggestive advice upon prayer, as translated by Professor Hedge.]

HOW TO PRAY.

(Written for Master Peter Balbrirer [Barber]).

DEAR MASTER PETER,—

I give you as good as I have, and will show you how I myself manage with prayer. Our Lord God grant unto you and every one to manage better, Amen!

First, when I feel that I am become cold and indisposed to prayer, by reason of other business and thoughts, I take my psalter and run into my chamber, or, if day and season serve, into the church to the multitude, and begin to repeat to myself—just as children use—the ten commandments, the creed, and, according as I have time,

some sayings of Christ or of Paul, or some psalms. Therefore it is well to let prayer be the first employment in the early morning, and the last in the evening. Avoid diligently those false and deceptive thoughts which say, Wait a little, I will pray an hour hence; I must first perform this or that. For with such thoughts a man quits prayer for business that lays hold of and entangles him, so that he comes not to pray the whole day long.

Howbeit works may sometimes occur which are as good as, or better than, prayer, especially if necessity require them. There is a saying to this effect, which goes under the name of St. Jerome: "All the works of the faithful are prayer." And there is a proverb: "Whoso labors faithfully, he prays twice." The meaning of which saying must be that a believer fears and honors God in his labor, and thinks of his commandment,—to do wrong to no man, not to steal, nor take advantage, nor to betray. And, doubtless, such thoughts and such faith make his work a prayer and an offering of praise. . . .

Finally, observe that thou must ever make the "Amen" strong, and not doubt but that God assuredly heareth thee with all his grace, and sayeth "yea" to thy prayer. And think that thou kneelest or standest not alone, but the whole Christendom, or all pious Christians, with thee, and thou among them, in consenting unanimous supplication which God cannot despise. And quit not thy prayer until thou hast said or thought, "Go to, now, this prayer hath been heard with God; that know I surely and of a truth." That is the meaning of Amen.

Also, thou must know that I would not have thee repeat all these words in thy prayer, for that would make it, at least, a babble and a vain empty gossip, or reading from the book and after the letter, such as the rosaries of the laity and the prayers of priests and monks have been.

My purpose is to awaken the heart and instruct it what kind of thoughts to connect with the Lord's prayer. If the heart be rightly warmed and eager for prayer, it can express these thoughts with very different words, perhaps with fewer, perhaps with more. For I, myself, do not bind myself to precisely these words and syllables, but say the words to-day after this fashion, to-morrow otherwise, according as I feel warm and free. . . .

Wherefore it is of the greatest importance that the heart be disengaged and disposed to prayer; as sayeth the Preacher, "Prepare thy heart before prayer, that thou mayst not tempt God." What else is it but tempting God when the mouth babbles while the heart is distracted with other things? Like that priest who prayed after this fashion: "*Deus in auditorium meum intende*; Follow, hast thou unharnessed the horses? *Domine ad adiuvandum me festina*; Maid, go and milk the cows! *Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto*; Run, boy, as if the Devil were after thee!" etc. . . . God be praised, I see well that that is not prayer, in which one forgets what one has said. For a true prayer is conscious of all its words and thoughts, from the beginning to the end of the prayer.

Even so a good and diligent barber must fix his thoughts, his purpose, and his eyes with great exactness upon the razor and the hair, and not forget where he is, in the stroke or the cut. But if he chooses to chat much at the same time, or hath his thoughts or his eyes elsewhere, he is like to cut one's mouth and nose, and throat into the bargain. Thus each thing—if it is to be done well—requires the entire man, with all his senses and members. As the saying goes, *Pluribus intentus, minor est ad singula sensus*: he who thinks of many things thinks of nothing, and does nothing aright. How much more must prayer—if it is to be a good prayer—possess the heart entirely and alone!

This is briefly said of the "Our Father," or of prayer, as I myself am wont to pray. For to this day I still suck at the *Paternoster*, like a child. I eat and drink thereof like a full-grown man, and can never have enough. It is to me even more than the psalter (which, notwithstanding, I dearly love) the best of all prayers. Assuredly it will be found that the right Master hath ordained and taught it. And it is a pity upon pities that such a prayer of such a Master should be babbled and rattled over by all the world so entirely without devotion. Many pray, it may be, some thousand *Paternosters* a year; and if they should pray a thousand years, after that fashion, they would not have tasted or prayed one letter or tittle thereof. In fine, the *Paternoster* (as well as the name and word of God) is the greatest martyr upon earth, for every one tortures and abuses it; few comfort and make it glad by a true use of it.

[In conclusion we give Carlyle's version of Luther's celebrated Psalm.]

PSALM.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll keep us clear from all the ill
Which hath us here o'ertaken.
The ancient Prince of Hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour,
In earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,
But soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.

Ask ye, who is this same?
Christ Jesus is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's Son;
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore;
Not they can overpower us.
And let the Prince of Ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit,
For why? His doom is writ,
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's word for all their craft and force
One moment will not linger,
But spite of Hell shall have its course,
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all.
The City of God remaineth.

THE MISSION OF GREAT MEN IN HISTORY.

GEORG W. F. HEGEL.

[Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, one of the most eminent of German metaphysicians, was born at Stuttgart in 1770. His first philosophical work was published in 1801. Other works followed, and in

1816 appeared his "Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences," in which his whole system of metaphysical thought is embodied. Hegel's philosophy is looked upon as the completion of that system of which Kant laid the foundation. It has, says Dr. Hedge, "produced a profound impression upon the German mind. It is reputed to be the most comprehensive and analytic of pantheistic schemes." From his "Philosophy of History," as translated by J. Sibree, we select one of the less abstruse passages, as likely to be of much more interest to the general reader than would be the book as a whole.]

IN history an additional result is commonly produced by human actions beyond that which they aim at and obtain,—that which they immediately recognize and desire. They gratify their own interest; but something farther is thereby accomplished, latent in the actions in question, though not present to their consciousness, and not included in their design. An analogous example is offered in the case of a man who from a feeling of revenge—perhaps not an unjust one, but produced by injury on the other's part—burns that other man's house. A connection is immediately established between the deed itself and a train of circumstances not directly included in it, taken abstractedly. In itself it consisted in merely presenting a small flame to a small portion of a beam. Events not involved in that simple act follow of themselves. The part of the beam which was set fire to is connected with its remote portions; the beam itself is united with the wood-work of the house generally, and this with other houses; so that a wide conflagration ensues, which destroys the goods and chattels of many other persons besides his against whom the act of revenge was first directed,—perhaps even costs not a few men their lives. This lay neither in the deed abstractedly, nor in the design of the man who committed it. But the action has a further general bearing. In the design of the doer it was only revenge

executed against an individual in the destruction of his property, but it is moreover a crime, and that involves punishment also. This may not have been present to the mind of the perpetrator, still less in his intention; but the deed itself, the general principles it calls into play, its substantial content, entail it. By this example I wish only to impress on you the consideration that in a simple act something farther may be implicated than lies in the intention and consciousness of the agent. The example before us involves, however, this additional consideration, that the substance of the act, consequently we may say the act itself, recoils upon the perpetrator,—reacts upon him with destructive tendency. This union of the two extremes—the embodiment of a general idea in the form of direct reality, and the elevation of a specialty into connection with universal truth—is brought to pass, at first sight, under the conditions of an utter diversity of nature between the two, and an indifference of the one extreme towards the other. The aims which the agents set before them are limited and special; but it must be remarked that the agents themselves are intelligent thinking beings. The purport of their desires is interwoven with *general, essential* considerations of justice, good, duty, etc.; for mere desire—volition in its rough and savage forms—falls not within the scene and sphere of Universal History. If men are to act they must not only intend the Good, but must have decided for themselves whether this or that particular thing is a good. What special course of action, however, is good or not, is determined, as regards the ordinary contingencies of private life, by the laws and customs of a state; and here no great difficulty is presented. Every individual has his position; he knows, on the whole, what a just, honorable course of conduct is. . . .

It is quite otherwise with the comprehensive relations

which history has to deal with. In this sphere are presented those momentous collisions between existing, acknowledged duties, laws, and rights, and those contingencies which are adverse to this fixed system; which assail and even destroy its foundations and existence; whose tenor may nevertheless seem good,—on the large scale advantageous,—yes, even indispensable and necessary. These contingencies realize themselves in history; they involve a general principle of a different order from that on which depends the *permanence* of a people or a state. Historical men—*world-historical individuals*—are those in whose aims such a general principle lies.

Cæsar, in danger of losing a position, not perhaps at that time of superiority, yet at least of equality with the others who were at the head of the state, and of succumbing to those who were just on the point of becoming his enemies, belongs essentially to this category. Those enemies—who were at the same time pursuing *their* personal aims—had the form of the constitution, and the power conferred by an appearance of justice, on their side. Cæsar was contending for the maintenance of his position, honor, and safety; and, since the power of his opponents included the sovereignty over the provinces of the Roman Empire, his victory secured for him the conquest of that entire empire; and he thus became, though leaving the form of the constitution, the autocrat of the state. That which secured for him the execution of a design which in the first instance was of negative importance—the autocracy of Rome—was, however, at the same time an independently necessary feature in the history of Rome and of the world. It was not, then, his private gain merely, but an unconscious impulse, that occasioned the accomplishment of that for which the time was ripe. Such are all great historical men,—whose own particular aims involve those

large issues which are the will of the World-Spirit. They may be called heroes, inasmuch as they have derived their purposes and their vocation, not from the calm, regular course of things, sanctioned by the existing order, but from a concealed fount,—one which has not attained to phenomenal, present existence,—from that inner spirit, still hidden beneath the surface, which, impinging on the outer world as on a shell, bursts it in pieces, because it is another kernel than that which belonged to the shell in question. There are men, therefore, who appear to draw the impulse of their life from themselves, and whose deeds have produced a condition of things and a complex of historical relations which appear to be only *their* interest and *their* work.

Such individuals had no consciousness of the general Idea they were unfolding, while prosecuting those aims of theirs; on the contrary, they were practical, political men. But at the same time they were thinking men, who had an insight into the requirements of the time,—*what was ripe for development*. This was the very Truth for their age, for their world; the species next in order, so to speak, and which was already formed in the womb of time. It was theirs to know this nascent principle,—the necessary, directly sequent step in progress, which their world was to take; to make this their aim, and to expend their energy in promoting it. World-historical men—the heroes of an epoch—must, therefore, be recognized as the clear-sighted ones; *their* deeds, *their* words, are the best of that time. Great men have formed purposes to satisfy themselves, not others. Whatever prudent designs and counsels they might have learned from others would be the more limited and inconsistent features in their career; for it was they who best understood affairs; from whom *others* learned, and approved, or at least acquiesced in, their

policy. For that Spirit which had taken this fresh step in history is the inmost soul of all individuals, but in a state of unconsciousness which the great men in question aroused. Their fellows, therefore, follow these soul-leaders; for they feel the irresistible power of their own inner Spirit thus embodied. If we go on to cast a look at the fate of these world-historical persons, whose vocation it was to be the agents of the World-Spirit, we shall find it to have been no happy one. They attained no calm enjoyment; their whole life was labor and trouble; their whole nature was naught else but their master-passion. When their object was attained they fell off like empty hulls from the kernel. They die early, like Alexander; they are murdered, like Cæsar; transported to St. Helena, like Napoleon. This fearful consolation—that historical men have not enjoyed what is called happiness, and of which only private life (and this may be passed under very various external circumstances) is capable,—this consolation those may draw from history who stand in need of it; and it is craved by Envy, vexed at what is great and transcendent, striving, therefore, to depreciate it and to find some flaw in it. Thus in modern times it has been demonstrated *ad nauseam* that princes are generally unhappy on their thrones; in consideration of which the possession of a throne is tolerated, and men acquiesce in the fact that not themselves but the personages in question are its occupants. The Free Man, we may observe, is not envious, but gladly recognizes what is great and exalted, and rejoices that it exists.

It is in the light of those common elements which constitute the interest and therefore the passions of individuals that these historical men are to be regarded. They are *great* men, because they willed and accomplished something great; not a mere fancy, a mere intention, but that

which met the case and fell in with the needs of the age. This mode of considering them also excludes the so-called "psychological" view, which, serving the purpose of envy most effectually, contrives so to refer all actions to the heart, to bring them under such a subjective aspect, as that their authors appear to have done everything under the impulse of some passion, mean or grand, some *morbid craving*, and on account of those passions and cravings to have been not moral men. Alexander of Macedon partly subdued Greece, and then Asia; therefore he was possessed by a *morbid craving* for conquest. He is alleged to have acted from a craving for fame, for conquest; and the proof that these were the impelling motives is that he did that which resulted in fame. What pedagogue has not demonstrated of Alexander the Great, of Julius Cæsar, that they were instigated by such passions and were therefore immoral men?—whence the conclusion immediately follows that he, the pedagogue, is a better man than they, because he has not such passions; a proof of which lies in the fact that he does not conquer Asia, vanquish Darius and Porus, but, while he enjoys life himself, lets others enjoy it too. These psychologists are particularly fond of contemplating those peculiarities of great historical figures which appertain to them as private persons. Man must eat and drink; he sustains relations to friends and acquaintances; he has passing impulses and ebullitions of temper. "No man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre," is a well-known proverb; I have added,—and Goethe repeated it ten years later,—"but not because the former is no hero, but because the latter is a valet." He takes off the hero's boots, assists him to bed, knows that he prefers champagne, etc. Historical personages waited upon in historical literature by such psychological valets come poorly off; they are brought down by these their attendants to a level with—

or rather a few degrees below the level of—the morality of such exquisite discerners of spirits. The Thersites of Homer who abuses the kings is a standing figure for all times. Blows—that is, beating with a solid cudgel—he does not get in every age, as in the Homeric one; but his envy, his egotism, is the thorn which he has to carry in his flesh; and the undying worm which gnaws him is the tormenting consideration that his excellent views and vituperations remain absolutely without result in the world. But our satisfaction at the fate of Thersitism also may have its sinister side.

A world-historical individual is not so unwise as to indulge a variety of wishes to divide his regards. He is devoted to the one aim, regardless of all else. It is even possible that such men may treat other great, even sacred, interests inconsiderately,—conduct which is indeed obnoxious to moral reprehension. But so mighty a form must trample down many an innocent flower, crush to pieces many an object in its path.

PATRIOTIC SONGS.

VARIOUS.

[In no land is love of country more strongly developed than in Germany, and the poets of the Teutonic realm have not failed to express their patriotism in ardent verses, many of which ring with the true fire of the national ode. The following poem is the most popular patriotic song of Ernst Moritz Arndt, born in 1769, and awakened to an intense love of country by his bitter opposition to the schemes of conquest of Napoleon. His songs and prose-writings did much to rouse the Germans to their earnest efforts to free their country from the French yoke. The translation is by Macray.]

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

Which is the German's fatherland ?
Is't Prussia's or Swabia's land ?
Is't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams ?
Or where the Northern sea-gull screams ?—

Ah, no, no, no !

His fatherland's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland ?
Bavaria's or Styria's land ?
Is't where the Marsian ox unbends ?
Or where the Marksman iron rends ?—

Ah, no, no, no !

His fatherland's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland ?
Pomerania's or Westphalia's land ?
Is it where sweep the Dunian waves ?
Or where the thundering Danube raves ?—

Ah, no, no, no !

His fatherland's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland ?
Oh, tell me now the famous land !
Is't Tyrol, or the land of Tell !
Such lands and people please me well.—

Ah, no, no, no !

His fatherland's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland ?
Come, tell me now the famous land.
Doubtless it is the Austrian state,
In honors and in triumphs great.—

Ah, no, no, no !

His fatherland's not bounded so !

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now the famous land!
Is't what the Princes won by sleight
From the Emperor's and Empire's right?—
 Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now at last the land!—
As far's the German accent rings
And hymns to God in heaven sings,
 That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths attest the graspéd hand,
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,
And in the heart love warmly lies:
 That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath pursues the foreign band,—
Where every Frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow:
 That is the land,—
All Germany's thy fatherland!

[Karl Theodor Körner, author of the following patriotic lay, was born in 1791, and died in battle against the French in 1813, an hour after he had finished his celebrated "Sword Song."]

MY FATHERLAND.

Where is the minstrel's fatherland?—
 Where noble spirits beam in light;
 Where love-wreaths bloom for beauty bright;

Where noble minds enraptured dream
Of every high and hallowed theme :
This *was* the minstrel's fatherland !

How name ye the minstrel's fatherland ?—
Now o'er the corpses of children slain
She weeps a foreign tyrant's reign ;
She once was the land of the good oak-tree,
The German land, the land of the free :
So named we once my fatherland !

Why weeps the minstrel's fatherland ?—
She weeps that for a tyrant still
Her princes check their people's will ;
That her sacred words unheeded fly,
And that none will list to her vengeful cry :
Therefore weeps my fatherland !

Whom calls the minstrel's fatherland ?—
She calls upon the God of heaven,
In a voice which Vengeance's self hath given ;
She calls on a free, devoted band ;
She calls for an avenging hand :
Thus calls the minstrel's fatherland !

What will she do, thy fatherland ?—
She will drive her tyrant foes away ;
She will scare the bloodhound from his prey ;
She will bear her son no more a slave,
Or will yield him at least a freeman's grave :
This will she do, my fatherland !

And what are the hopes of thy fatherland ?—
She hopes, at length, for a glorious prize ;
She hopes her people will arise ;

She hopes in the great award of heaven,
And she sees, at length, an avenger given :
And these are the hopes of my fatherland !

[The most recent and by far the most popular of the patriotic songs of Germany is "Die Wacht am Rhein" of Max Schneckenburger, to the music of whose stirring strains the Germans marched across the Rhine to victory in 1870.]

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel :
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine !
Who guards to-day my stream divine ?

Chorus : Dear Fatherland, no danger thine ;
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine !

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong ;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well !

The dead of an heroic race
From heaven look down and meet his gaze ;
He swears with dauntless heart, " O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine !"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand !

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows ;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine :
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine !

[The German patriots, however, now and then breathe a different strain, that of hatred of the home-oppressor, and satire on the tyrant hand which has robbed them of their liberties. The following poem, by Anton Alexander von Auersperg, best known under the poetical pseudonyme of Anastasius Grün, cleverly indicates that no tyrant can build barriers high enough or close enough to keep out thought, that surest antidote to the bane of oppression.]

THE CUSTOMS-CORDON.

Our country is a garden, which the timid gardener's
doubt

With an iron palisado has enclosed round about ;
But without live folk whom entrance to this garden could
make glad,
And a guest who loves sweet scenery cannot be so very
bad.

Black and yellow lists go stretching round our borders
grim and tight ;
Custom-house and beadle-watchers guard our frontiers
day and night,—
Sit by day before the tax-house, lurk by night i' th' long
damp grass,
Silent, crouching on their stomachs, lowering round on all
that pass ;

That no single foreign dealer, foreign wine, tobacco-
bale,
Foreign silk, or foreign linen, slyly steal within their
pale ;
That a guest, than all more hated, set not foot upon our
earth,—
Thought, which in a foreign soil, in foreign light, has had
its birth !

Finally the watch grows weary, when the ghostly hour
draws near;

For in our good land how many from all spectres shrink
in fear!

Cold and cutting blows the north wind, on each limb doth
faintness fall;

To the pot-house steal the watchers, where both wine and
comfort call.

See! there start forth from the bushes, from the night-
wind's shrouding wings,

Men with heavy packs all laden, carts upheaped with
richest things:

Silent as the night-fog creeping, through the noiseless
tracts they wend;

See! there, too, goes *Thought* amongst them,—towards his
mission's sacred end.

With the smugglers must he travel,—he whom nothing
hides from sight;

With the murky mists go creeping,—he, the son of Day
and Light!

Oh, come forth, ye thirsty drinkers! weary watchers-out,
this way!

Fling yourselves in rank and file,—post yourselves in
armed array!

Point your muskets! sink your colors, with the freeman's
solemn pride!

Let the drums give joyful thunder!—cast the jealous
barriers wide!

That with green palms all-victorious, proud and free, in
raiment bright,

Through the hospitable country *THOUGHT* may wander,
scattering light!

[George Herwegh, a poet of the first half of the present century, and the author of more than one ardently patriotic strain, has given us the following strong protest against the tyranny under which he found his country to groan.]

THE PROTEST.

As long as I'm a Protestant,
I'm bounden to protest :
Come, every German musicant,
And fiddle me his best !
You're singing of " the free old Rhine ;"
But I say, No, good comrades mine,—
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that I do protest.

I scarce had got my christening o'er,
Or was in breeches dressed,
But I began to shout and roar
And mightily protest ;
And since that time I've never stopped,
My protestations never dropped ;
And blest be they
Who every way
And everywhere protest.

There's one thing certain in my creed,
And schism is all the rest,—
That who's a Protestant indeed
Forever must protest.
What is the river Rhine to me ?
For, from its source unto the sea,
Men are not free,
Whate'er they be,
And that I do protest.

And every man in reason grants,
What always was confessed,
As long as we are Protestants,
We sternly must protest.
And when they sing "the free old Rhine,"
Answer them, "No," good comrades mine,—
The Rhine could be
Greatly more free,
And that you shall protest.

[As an apt conclusion we present the "German National Wealth" of Heinrich August Hoffmann, who, perhaps in sheer despair of any liberty at home, satirically tells the German emigrants to the New World how best to build a political counterpart of the land they leave, in their new home beyond the Atlantic. What feudalism and paternal government have done for Germany could not be more trenchantly depicted.]

GERMAN NATIONAL WEALTH.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Confederation protocols;
Heaps of tax- and budget-rolls;
A whole ship-load of skins, to fill
With proclamations just at will.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
A brave supply of corporals' canes;
Of livery suits a hundred wains;

Cockades, gay caps to fill a house, and
Armorial buttons a hundred thousand.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Chamberlains' keys; a pile of sacks;
Books of full blood-descents in packs;
Dog-chains and sword-chains by the ton;
Of order-ribbons bales twenty-one.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Skull-caps, periwigs, Old-World airs;
Crutches, privileges, easy-chairs;
Councillors' titles, private lists,
Nine hundred and ninety thousand chests.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!
We're off unto America!
What shall we take to our new land?
All sorts of things from every hand!
Receipts for tax, toll, christening, wedding, and
funeral;
Passports and wander-books great and small;

Plenty of rules for censors' inspections,
And just three million police-directions.
Or when to the New World we come,
The German will not feel at home.

A STRANGE CHARACTER.

ERNST HOFFMANN.

[Of all the German story-tellers there is no other so original in style and such an adept in picturing remarkable situations as the author of our present selection, Ernst Theodor Amadeus Hoffmann, born at Königsberg in 1776. Dr. Hedge says of him that he "is celebrated chiefly for his successful use of the magic and demoniac element in fiction. He does not seek to make the flesh creep and the hair bristle, but aims rather at the diaphragm. He views all those *infernal*ia on the humorous side; and if any one trait is particularly prominent in his writings, it is irony." Menzel says, "Hoffmann's innermost being was music; and the prayer of Saint Anthony is never wanting to his hellish caricatures, nor the Christmas-bell to the witches' sabbath." From "The Serapion Brothers," a series of stories told by the various members of the Serapion brotherhood, with a connecting link of dialogue, we extract a characteristic specimen, being the opening portion of one of its oddly-conceived tales. The translation is that of Major Ewing.]

THE man whom I am going to tell you about was Krespel, a member of council in the town of H——. This Krespel was the most extraordinary character that I have ever, in my lifetime, come across. When I first arrived in H—— the whole town was talking of him, because one of his *most* extraordinary pranks chanced to be in its fullest swing. He was a very clever lawyer and diplomat, and a certain German prince—not a person of *great* im-

portance—had employed him to draw up a memorial concerning claims of his on the Imperial Chancery, which had been eminently successful. As Krespel had often said he could never meet with a house quite to his mind, this prince, as recompense for his services, undertook to pay for the building of a house to be planned by Krespel according to the dictates of his fancy. He also offered to buy a site for it; but Krespel determined to build it in a delightful piece of garden-ground of his own, just outside the town gate. So he got together all the necessary building-materials, and had them laid down in this piece of ground; after which, he was to be seen all day long, in his most extraordinary costume, which he always made with his own hands, on peculiar principles of his own,—slaking the lime, sifting the gravel, arranging the stones in heaps, etc., etc. He had not gone to any architect for a plan. But one fine day he walked in on the principal builder and told him to come next morning to his garden with the necessary workmen—stone-masons, hodmen, and so forth—and build him a house. The builder, of course, asked to see the plan, and was not a little astonished when Krespel said there was no plan and no occasion for one; everything would go on all right without one.

The builder arrived next morning with his men, and found a great rectangular trench, carefully dug in the ground; and Krespel said, "This is the foundation: so set to work, and go on building the walls till I tell you to stop."

"But what about the doors and windows?" said the builder. "Are there to be no partition-walls?"

"Just you do as I tell you, my good man," said Krespel, as calmly as possible: "everything will come quite right in its own good time."

Nothing but the prospect of liberal payment induced

the man to have anything to do with a job so preposterous; but never was there a piece of work carried through so merrily; for it was amid the never-ceasing jokes and laughter of the workmen—who never left the ground, where abundance of victuals and drink was always at hand—that the four walls rose with incredible celerity, till one day Krespel cried, “Stop!”

Mallets and chisels paused. The men came down from their scaffolds, and formed a circle around Krespel, each grinning countenance seeming to say, “What’s going to happen now?”

“Out of the way!” cried Krespel, who hastened to one end of the garden, and then paced slowly towards his rectangle of stone walls. On reaching the side of it which was nearest—the one, that is, towards which he had been marching—he shook his head, dissatisfied, went to the other end of the garden, then paced up to the wall as before, shaking his head, dissatisfied, once more. This process he repeated two or three times; but at last, going straight up to the wall till he touched it with the point of his nose, he cried out, loud—

“Come here, you fellows, come here! Knock me in the door! Knock me in a door *here!*” He gave the size it was to be, accurately in feet and inches; and what he told them to do they did. When the door was knocked out he went into the house, and smiled pleasantly at the builder’s remark that the walls were just the proper height for a nice two-storied house. He walked meditatively up and down inside, the masons following him with their tools, and whenever he cried, “Here a window six feet by four; a little one yonder three feet by two,” out flew the stones as directed.

It was during these operations that I arrived in H——, and it was entertaining in the extreme to see some hun-

dreds of people collected outside the garden, all hurrahing whenever the stones flew out and a window appeared where none had been expected. The house was all finished in the same fashion, everything being done according to Krespel's directions as given on the spot. The quaintness of the proceeding, the feeling—not to be resisted—that it was all going to turn out so marvellously better than was to have been expected, but particularly Krespel's liberality, which, by the way, cost him nothing, kept everybody in the best of humor. So the difficulties attending this remarkable style of house-building were got over, and in a very brief time there stood a fully-finished house, which had the maddest appearance, certainly, from the outside, no two windows being alike, and so forth, but was a marvel of comfort and convenience within. Everybody said so who entered it, and I was of the same opinion, when Krespel admitted me to it after I made his acquaintance.

It was some time, however, ere I did so. He had been so engrossed by his building operations that he had never gone, as he did at other times, to lunch at Professor M——'s on Thursdays, saying he should not cross his threshold till after his house-warming. His friends were expecting a grand entertainment on that occasion. However, he invited nobody but the workmen who built the house. Them he entertained with the most *recherche* dishes. Journeymen masons feasted on venison pasties; carpenters' apprentices and hungry hodmen, for once in their lives, stayed their appetites with roast pheasant and *pâté de foie gras*. In the evening their wives and daughters came, and there was a fine ball. Krespel just waltzed a little with the foremen's wives, and then sat down with the town band, took a fiddle, and led the dance-music till daylight.

On the Thursday after this house-warming, which had established Krespel in the position of a popular character,—"a friend to the working-classes,"—I at last met him at Professor M——'s, to my no small gratification. The most extravagant imagination could not invent anything more extraordinary than Krespel's style of behavior. His movements were awkward, abrupt, constrained, so that you expected him to bump against the furniture and knock things down or do some mischief at every other moment. But he never did; and you soon noticed that the lady of the house never changed color ever so little, although he went floundering heavily and uncertainly about, close to tables covered with valuable china, or manœuvring in dangerous proximity to a great mirror reaching from floor to ceiling; even when he took up a valuable china jar, painted with flowers, and whirled it about near the window to admire the play of the light on its colors. In fact, whilst we were waiting for the luncheon, he inspected and scrutinized everything in the room with the utmost minuteness, even getting up on a cushioned arm-chair to take a picture down from the wall and hang it up again. All this time he talked a great deal, often (and this was more observable while we were at luncheon) darting rapidly from one subject to another, and at other times—unable to get away from some particular idea—he would keep beginning at it again and again, and get into labyrinths of confusion over it, till something else came into his head. Sometimes the tone of his voice was harsh and screaming, at other times it would be soft, sustained, and singing; but it was always completely inappropriate to what he happened to be talking about. For instance, we were discussing music, and some one was praising a new composer: Krespel smiled, and said, in his gentle *cantabile* tone, "I wish to heaven the devil would hurl the wretched

music-perverter ten thousand millions of fathoms deep into the abysses of hell!" and then he screamed out violently and wildly, "She's an angel of heaven, all compounded of the purest, divinest music!" and the tears came into his eyes. It was some time ere we remembered that, about an hour before, we had been talking of a particular *prima donna*. There was a hare at table, and I noticed that he carefully polished the bones on his plate, and made particular inquiries for the feet, which were brought to him, with many smiles, by the professor's little daughter of fifteen. All the time of luncheon the children had been fixing their eyes upon him as on a favorite, and now they came up to him, though they kept a respectful distance of two or three paces. "What's going to happen?" thought I. The dessert came, and Krespel took a small box from his pocket, out of which he brought a miniature turning-lathe, and proceeded to turn, from the bones, with wonderful skill and rapidity, all sorts of charming little boxes, balls, etc., which the children took possession of with cries of delight. . . .

"How get on the violins?" said the Professor, taking Krespel by both hands.

He answered, in his harsh, rugged tone, "Splendidly, Professor. You remember my telling you about a magnificent *Amati* which I got hold of by a lucky accident a short time ago? I cut it open this very morning, and expect that Antonia has finished taking it to pieces by this time."

"Antonia is a dear, good child," said the Professor.

"Ay, that she is!—that she is!" screamed Krespel, and, seizing his hat and stick, was off out of the house like a flash of lightning.

As soon as he was gone, I eagerly begged the Professor to tell me all about those violins, and more especially about Antonia.

"Ah," said the Professor, "Krespel is an extraordinary man: he studies fiddle-making in a peculiar fashion of his own."

"Fiddle-making?" cried I, in amazement.

"Yes," said the Professor; "connoisseurs consider that Krespel's violin-making is unapproachable at the present day. Formerly, when he turned out any special *chef-d'œuvre*, he would allow other people to play upon it; but now he lets no one touch them but himself. When he has finished a fiddle, he plays upon it for an hour or two (he plays magnificently, with a power and an amount of feeling and expression which the greatest professional violinists rarely equal, let alone surpass), then he hangs it up on the wall beside the others, and never touches it again, nor lets any one else lay hands upon it."

* * * * *

After I had once or twice met Krespel and had a talk with him about fiddle-making, he asked me to go and see him. I went, and he showed me his violin treasures; there were some thirty of them hanging in a cabinet; and there was one, remarkable above the rest, with all the marks of the highest antiquity (a carved lion's head at the end of the tail-piece, etc.), which was hung higher than the others, with a wreath of flowers on it, and seemed to reign over the rest as queen.

"This violin," said Krespel, when I questioned him about it, "is a very remarkable and unparalleled work, by some ancient master, most probably about the time of Tartini. I am quite convinced that there is something most peculiar about its interior construction, and that if I were to take it to pieces I should discover a certain secret which I have long been in search of. But—you may laugh at me if you like—this lifeless thing, which I myself inspire with life and language, often speaks out of

itself to me in an extraordinary manner; and when I first played upon it I felt as if I were merely the magnetizer—the mesmerist—who acts upon his *subject* in such sort that she relates in words what she is seeing with her inward vision. No doubt you think me an ass to have any faith in nonsense of this sort; still, it is the fact that I have never been able to prevail upon myself to take that lifeless thing there to pieces. I am glad I never did, for since Antonia has been here I now and then play to her on that fiddle; she is fond of hearing it,—very fond.”

He exhibited so much emotion as he said this that I was emboldened to say, “Ah, dear Mr. Krespel, won’t you be so kind as to let *me* hear you play on it?” But he made one of his bitter-sweet faces, and answered, in his *cantabile sostenuto*,—

“Nay, my dear master student, that would ruin everything;” and I had to go and admire a number of curiosities, principally childish trash, till at length he dived into a chest, and brought out a folded paper, which he put into my hand with much solemnity, saying, “*There!* you are very fond of music: accept *this* as a present from me, and always prize it beyond everything. It is a souvenir of great value.” With which he took me by the shoulders, and gently shoved me out of the door, with an embrace on the threshold: in short, he symbolically kicked me out of his house.

When I opened the paper which he had given me, I found a small piece of the first string of a violin, about the eighth of an inch in length, and on the paper was written,—

“Portion of the first string which was on Stamitz’s violin when he played his last concerto.”

A UNIVERSE WITHOUT A GOD.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

[The famous author of our present selection was a native of Bavaria, being born at Wunsiedel, near Baireuth, in 1763. He was destined by his father for theology, but his predilection for poetry and philosophy proved too strong to be overcome. He soon appeared as an author, and the quaint originality of his works brought him a reputation which was made permanent by his humor, imagination, and depth of thought. His best-known works are novels, of which "Titan" is considered the masterpiece. He also wrote two philosophical works; but it is as a humorist that he is most esteemed in Germany. His writings are very voluminous, and extensive in their range of subject and manner, while his imagination revels in grotesque or sublime conceptions. We give Carlyle's translation of the most remarkable of his strangely imagined Dreams, probably the most vivid picture in existence of the desolation of "a Universe without a God."]

THE purpose of this fiction is the excuse of its boldness. Men deny the Divine Existence with as little feeling as the most assert it. Even in our true systems we go on collecting mere words, playmarks, and medals, as the misers do coins; and not till late do we transmute the words into feelings, the coins into enjoyments. A man may for twenty years believe the immortality of the soul; in the one-and-twentieth, in some great moment, he for the first time discovers with amazement the rich meaning of this belief, and the warmth of this naphtha-well.

Of such sort, too, was my terror at the poisonous, stifling vapor which floats out round the heart of him who for the first time enters the school of Atheism. I could with less pain deny Immortality than Deity; there I should lose but a world covered with mists, here I should lose the present



JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

world, namely, the Sun thereof: the whole Spiritual Universe is dashed asunder by the hand of Atheism into numberless quicksilver-points of *Me's*, which glitter, run, waver, fly together or asunder, without unity or continuance. No one in Creation is so alone as the denier of God; he mourns, with an orphaned heart that has lost its great Father, by the corpse of Nature, which no World-spirit moves or holds together, and which grows in its grave; and he mourns by that corpse till he himself crumbles off from it. The whole world lies before him, like the Egyptian Sphinx of stone, half buried in the sand; and the All is the cold iron mask of a formless Eternity. . . .

I merely remark, farther, that with the belief of Atheism the belief of Immortality is quite compatible; for the same Necessity, which in this life threw my light dew-drop of a *Me* into a flower-bell and under a sun, can repeat that process in a second life,—nay, more easily embody me the second time than the first.

If we hear, in childhood, that the dead, about midnight, *when our sleep reaches the soul*, and darkens even our dreams, awake out of theirs, and in the church mimic the worship of the living, we shudder at Death by reason of the dead, and in the night solitude turn away our eyes from the long silent windows of the church, and fear to search in their gleaming, whether it proceed from the moon.

Childhood, and rather its terrors than its raptures, take wings and radiance again in dreams, and sport like fire-flies in the little night of the soul. Crush not these flickering sparks!—Leave us even our dark painful dreams as higher half-shadows of reality. And wherewith will you replace to us *those* dreams, which bear us away from under the tumult of the water-fall into the still heights of childhood, where the stream of life yet ran silent in its little

plain, and flowed towards its abysses, a mirror of the heaven?

I was lying once, on a summer evening, in the sunshine; and I fell asleep. Methought I awoke in the church-yard. The down-rolling wheels of the steeple-clock, which was striking eleven, had awoke me. In the emptied night-heaven I looked for the sun; for I thought an eclipse was veiling him with the moon. All the graves were open, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were swinging to and fro by invisible hands. On the walls flitted shadows which proceeded from no one, and other shadows stretched upwards in the pale air. In the open coffins now none lay sleeping, but the children. Over the whole heaven hung, in large folds, a gray, sultry mist, which a giant shadow-like vapor was drawing down, nearer, closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; under me, the first step of a boundless earthquake. The church wavered up and down with two interminable Dissonances, which struggled with each other in it, endeavoring in vain to mingle in unison. At times, a gray glimmer hovered along the windows, and under it the lead and iron fell down molten. The net of the mist, and the tottering Earth, brought me into that hideous temple, at the door of which, in two poison-bushes, two glittering basilisks lay brooding. I passed through unknown Shadows, on whom ancient centuries were impressed.—All the Shadows were standing around the empty altar; and in all, not the heart, but the breast quivered and pulsed. One dead man only, who had just been buried there, still lay on his coffin without quivering breast, and on his smiling countenance stood a happy dream. But at the entrance of one Living, he awoke, and smiled no longer; he lifted his heavy eyelids, but within was no eye; and in his beating breast there lay,

instead of heart, a wound. He held up his hands, and folded them to pray; but the arms lengthened out, and dissolved, and the hands, still folded together, fell away. Above, on the church dome, stood the dial-plate of *Eternity*, whereon no number appeared, and which was its own index; but a black finger pointed thereon, and the Dead sought to see the time by it.

Now sank from aloft a noble, high form, with a look of ineffaceable sorrow, down to the altar, and all the dead cried out, "Christ, is there no God?" He answered, "There is none!" The whole Shadow of each then shuddered, not the breast alone; and one after the other, all, in this shuddering, shook into pieces.

Christ continued: "I went through the Worlds, I mounted into the Suns, and flew with the Galaxies through the wastes of heaven; but there is no God! I descended as far as Being casts its shadow, and looked down into the abyss, and cried, 'Father, where art thou?' But I heard only the everlasting storm which no one guides, and the gleaming Rainbow of Creation hung without a Sun that made it, over the Abyss, and trickled down. And when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine *Eye*, it glared on me with an empty, black, bottomless *Eye-socket*; and *Eternity* lay upon *Chaos*, eating it and ruminating it. Cry on, ye Dissonances; cry away the Shadows, for He is not!"

The pale-grown Shadows flitted away, as white vapor which frost has formed with its warm breath disappears; and all was void. Oh, then came, fearful for the heart, the dead children who had been awakened in the church-yard, into the temple, and cast themselves before the high Form on the altar, and said, "Jesus, have we no Father?" And he answered, with streaming tears, "We are all orphans, I and you; we are without Father!"

Then shrieked the Dissonances still louder,—the quivering walls of the temple parted asunder, and the temple and the children sank down, and the whole earth and the sun sank after it, and the whole Universe sank with its immensity before us; and above, on the summit of immeasurable Nature, stood Christ, and gazed down into the Universe checkered with its thousand suns, as into the mine bored out of the eternal night, in which the suns run like mine-lamps, and the galaxies like silver veins.

And as he saw the grinding press of worlds, the torch-dance of celestial wildfires, and the coral banks of beating hearts, and as he saw how world after world shook off its glimmering souls upon the sea of death, as a water-bubble scatters swimming lights on the waves, then, majestic as the Highest of the Finite, he raised his eyes towards the Nothingness, and towards the void Immensity, and said, “Dead, dumb Nothingness! Cold, everlasting Necessity! Frantic Chance! Know ye what this is that lies beneath you? When will ye crush the universe in pieces, and me? Chance, knowest thou what thou doest, when with thy hurricanes thou walkest through that snow-powder of stars, and extinguishest sun after sun, and that sparkling dew of heavenly light goes out, as thou passest over it? How is each so solitary in this wide grave of the All! I am alone with myself! O Father, O Father! where is thy infinite bosom, that I might rest on it? Ah, if each soul is its own father and creator, why can it not be its own destroyer too?

“Is this beside me yet a man? Unhappy one! Your little life is the sigh of Nature, or only its echo; a convex mirror throws its rays into that dust-cloud of dead men’s ashes, down on the earth, and thus you, cloud-formed, wavering phantoms, arise.—Look down into the abyss,

over which clouds of ashes are moving; mists full of worlds reek up from the sea of death; the *Future* is a mounting mist, and the *Present* is a falling one.—Knowest thou thy earth again?"

Here Christ looked down, and his eyes filled with tears, and he said, "Ah, I was once there; I was still happy then; I had still my infinite Father, and looked up cheerfully from the mountains into the immeasurable heaven, and pressed my mangled breast on his healing form, and said, even in the bitterness of death, 'Father, take thy son from this bleeding hull, and lift him to thy heart!'—Ah, ye too happy inhabitants of earth, ye still believe in *Him*. Perhaps even now your sun is going down, and ye kneel amid blossoms, and brightness, and tears, and lift trustful hands, and cry with joy-streaming eyes, to the opened heaven, 'Me too thou knowest, Omnipotent, and all my wounds; and at death thou receivest me, and closest them all!' Unhappy creatures, at death they will not be closed! Ah, when the sorrow-laden lays himself, with galled back, into the earth, to sleep till a fairer morning full of truth, full of virtue and joy, he wakes in a stormy chaos, in the everlasting midnight,—and there comes no morning, and no soft healing hand, and no infinite Father!—Mortal beside me, if thou still livest, pray to *Him*; else hast thou lost him forever!"

And as I fell down, and looked into the sparkling Universe, I saw the upborne rings of the Giant-Serpent, the Serpent of Eternity, which had coiled itself round the All of worlds,—and the rings sank down, and encircled the All doubly;—and then it wound itself, innumerable ways, round Nature, and swept the worlds from their places, and, crashing, squeezed the Temple of Immensity together into the church of a burying-ground,—and all grew strait, dark, fearful,—and an immeasurably extended Hammer was to

strike the last hour of Time, and shiver the Universe asunder, . . . WHEN I AWOKE.

My soul wept for joy that I could still pray to God; and the joy, and the weeping, and the faith on him were my prayer. And as I arose, the sun was glowing deep behind the full purpled corn-ears, and casting meekly the gleam of its twilight red on the little moon, which was rising in the east without an aurora; and between the sky and the earth a gay transient air-people was stretching out its short wings and living, as I did, before the Infinite Father; and from all nature round me flowed peaceful tones as from distant evening bells.

SONGS OF THE DESERT.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

[At Detmold, in Westphalia, was born in 1810 Ferdinand Freiligrath, the most original writer among the recent poets of Germany. None among them have so rich an imagination, and such power in the use of language, while his vivid and vigorously-drawn pictures of life in the desert have no counterpart in literature. During his youth books of wild adventure were his favorite reading; and he has sung the song of the ocean, the desert sands, the geysers of the North, etc., with a truth to nature that seems impossible in one who had never witnessed the wild scenes pictured in his verses. We select a few of his characteristic poems from the effective translations of J. C. Mangan.]

THE LION'S RIDE.

What!—wilt thou bind him fast with a chain?

Wilt bind the king of the cloudy sands?

Idiot fool!—he has burst from thy hands and bands,
And speeds like Storm through his far domain!

See! he crouches down in the sedge
By the water's edge,
Making the startled sycamore-boughs to quiver!
Gazelle and giraffe, I think, will shun that river.

Not so!—The curtain of evening falls,
And the Caffre, mooring his light canoe
To the shore, glides down through the hushed karroo,
And the watch-fires burn in the Hottentot kraals,
And the antelope seeks a bed in the bush
Till the dawn shall blush,
And the zebra stretches his limbs by the tinkling fountain,
And the changeful signals fade from the Table Mountain.

Now look through the dusk! What seest thou now?
Seest such a tall giraffe! She stalks,
All majesty, through the desert walks,
In search of water to cool her tongue and brow.
From tract to tract of the limitless waste
Behold her haste,
Till, bowing her low neck down, she buries her face in
The reeds, and, kneeling, drinks from the river's basin.

But look again!—look!—see once more
Those globe eyes glare! The gigantic reeds
Lie cloven and trampled like puniest weeds,—
The lion leaps on the drinker's neck with a roar!
Oh, what a racer! Can any behold,
'Mid the housings of gold
In the stables of kings, dyes half so splendid
As those on the brindled hide of yon wild animal blended?

Greedily fleshes the lion his teeth
In the breast of his writhing prey:—around
Her neck his loose brown mane is wound.—
Hark, that hollow cry! She springs up from beneath,

And in agony flies over plains and heights.
See, how she unites,
Even under such monstrous and torturing trammel,
With the grace of the leopard the speed of the camel!

She reaches the central moonlighted plain,
That spreadeth around all bare and wide;
Meanwhile, adown her spotted side
The dusky blood-gouts rush like rain,—
And her woful eyeballs, how they stare
On the void of air!
Yet on she flies,—on,—on;—for her there is no retreat-
ing;—
And the desert can hear the heart of the doomed one
beating!

And, lo! a stupendous column of sand,
A sand-spout out of that sandy ocean, upheals
Behind the pair in eddies and whirls,—
Most like some flaming colossal brand,
Or wandering spirit of wrath
On his blasted path,
Or the dreadful pillar that lighted the warriors and
women
Of Israel's land through the wilderness of Yemen.

And the vulture, scenting a coming carouse,
Sails, hoarsely screaming, down the sky;
The bloody hyena, be sure, is nigh,—
Fierce pillager he of the charnel-house!
The panther, too, who strangles the Cape Town sheep
As they lie asleep,
Athirst for his share in the slaughter, follows;
While the gore of their victim spreads like a pool in the
sandy hollows!

She reels,—but the king of the brutes bestrides
His tottering throne to the last :—with might
He plunges his terrible claws in the bright
And delicate cushions of her sides.
Yet hold !—fair play !—she rallies again !
In vain,—in vain !
Her struggles but help to drain her life-blood faster :—
She staggers,—gasps,—and sinks at the feet of her slayer
and master !

She staggers,—she falls ;—she shall struggle no more !
The death-rattle slightly convulses her throat ;—
Mayest look thy last on that mangled coat,
Besprent with sand, and foam, and gore !
Adieu ! The orient glimmers afar,
And the morning-star
Anon will rise over Madagascar brightly.—
So rides the lion in Afric's deserts nightly.

THE SPECTRE CARAVAN.

'Twas at midnight in the Desert, where we rested on the
ground ;
There my Beddaweens were sleeping, and their steeds were
stretched around ;
In the farness lay the moonlight on the mountains of the
Nile,
And the camel bones that strewed the sand for many an
arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my caftan-cloak unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly
spread,
While beside me, as the kapitan and watchman of my band,
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a-shimmering on
the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a
cry
From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the
sky,
Or the snorting of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,
Or the hurried warlike muttering of some dreaming
Beddaween.

When, behold!—a sudden sandquake,—and atween the
earth and moon
Rose a mighty host of shadows, as from out some dim
lagoon:
Then our coursers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook
every man,
And the cry was, “*Allah Akbar!*—’tis the Spectre Cara-
van!”

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca ever-
more;
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom
they bore,
Guides and merchants, youthful maidens, bearing pitchers
in their hands,
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sunless as
the sands!

More and more! the phantom pageant overshadowed all
the plains,
Yea, the ghastly camel bones arose, and grew to camel
trains,
And the whirling column-clouds of sand to forms of dusky
garbs,
Here afoot as Hadjee pilgrims, there as warriors on their
barbs!

Whence we knew the night was come when all whom
 Death had sought and found
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach
 around,
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and
 lone
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy
 Stone.

And yet more and more forever!—still they sweep in
 pomp along,
Till I asked me, Can the Desert hold so vast a muster-
 throng?
Lo! the dead are here in myriads; the whole world of
 Hades waits
As with eager wish to press beyond the Babelmandel
 Straits.

Then I spoke: "Our steeds are frantic! To your saddles,
 every one!
Never quail before these shadows! Ye are children of
 the sun!
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach
 you here,
Cry *Bismillah!* and that mighty name shall banish every
 fear.

"Courage, comrades! Even now the moon is waning far
 a-west,
Soon the welcome dawn will mount the skies in gold and
 crimson vest,
And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes
 forlorn,
When again upon your brows you feel the odor winds of
 morn!"

SAND-SONGS.

I.

Sing of Sand!—not such as gloweth
Hot upon the path of the tiger and snake ;—
Rather such sand as, when the loud winds wake,
Each ocean-wave knoweth.

Like a Wrath with pinions burning
Travels the red sand of the Desert abroad ;
While the soft sea-sand glisteneth smooth and untrod,
As eve is returning.

Here no caravan or camel,
Here the weary mariner alone finds a grave,
Nightly mourned by the moon, that now on yon wave
Sheds a silver enamel.

II.

Weapon-like, this ever-wounding wind
Striketh sharp upon the sandful shore :
So fierce Thought assaults a troubled mind
Ever, ever, evermore !

Darkly unto past and coming years
Man's deep heart is linked by mystic bands :
Marvel not, then, if his dreams and fears
Be a myriad, like the sands !

III.

'Twere worth much lore to understand
Thy nature well, thou ghastly sand,
Who wreckest all that seek the sea,
Yet savest them that cling to thee !

The wild-gull banquets on thy charms,
The fish dies in thy barren arms ;

Bare, yellow, flowerless, there thou art,
With vaults of treasure in thy heart!

I met a wanderer, too, this morn,
Who eyed thee with such lofty scorn!
Yet I, when with thee, feel my soul
Flow over like a too-full bowl.

IV.

Gulls are flying, one, two, three,
Silently and heavily,
Heavily as wingéd lead,
Through the sultry air over my languid head.

Whence they come, or whither flee,
They, not I, can tell; I see,
On the bright, brown sand I tread,
Only the black shadows of their wings outspread.

Ha! a feather flutteringly
Falls down at my feet for me!
It shall serve my turn instead
Of an eagle's quill, till all my songs be read.

V.

Mist robes the moss-grown castle-walls;
And as the veil of evening falls
In deep and ever deeper shades,
The autumn landscape slowly fades,

And all is dusk. One after one
The red lamps on the heights are gone,
And crag and castle, hill and wood,
Evanish in the engulfing flood.

Farewell, green valleys! Did I not
Once wind my way through hill and grot,
And muse beside some wine-dark stream?
Or was it all an Eastern dream?

The moonless heaven is dim once more,
The waves break on the shingly shore:
I listen to their mournful tone,
And pace the silent sands alone.

A VOLUNTEER'S EXPERIENCE.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM HACKLÄNDER.

[Hackländer, one of the most popular of recent German novelists, was born near Aix-la-Chapelle, about 1816. In early life he served for several years in the Prussian army, and in 1841 published a work entitled "*Scenes of Military Life during Peace*," which met with marked success. Other works, which attained great popularity, quickly followed, among them "*Military Life in Time of War*," "*Nameless Histories*," "*Scenes from Life*," "*A Winter in Spain*," etc. He died in 1877. His collected works form sixty volumes, many of which have been translated into English. He is principally esteemed as a humorous writer, most of his works being written with the purpose to amuse, and with excellent success in this direction; though the comparison with Dickens, which has been made for him by his admirers, is but poorly based on fact, the two writers having no resemblance in style.

His most important work, and the only one written with a pronounced purpose, is "*European Slave Life*," a book that has been translated into every European language. It endeavors to show that we are all slaves to the social requirements of modern life. His most popular work is his "*Scenes of Military Life during Peace*." We select from this Zimmer's translation of the experience of a young volunteer who entered the army with highly exalted ideas of the charms and glories of the life of a soldier,—and was disenchanted.]

My admission depended on the decision of the colonel of the brigade.

"Well," said he, at length, "we will make a trial together. But, above all, remember three things, which I must have attended to in my brigade. In the first place, order; in the second place, order; and in the third place, order. Thus only can discipline be maintained; and this sums up all. Go, then, in heaven's name, to the artillery barracks to Sergeant Löffel, and say his colonel presents his compliments to him, and sends him a trifling addition. Good-by, young artilleryman." Overcome by my happiness, I made him a bow, and turned to the door; but the colonel called after me, "When I next have the pleasure of seeing you, I should be glad not to see the high cravat and collar."

I went into the barracks and presented myself to the sergeant. He examined my slight figure with no contented air, muttered something about too many volunteers, hard service, weak build; then he called to a young man who was seated at the table writing,—

"Bombardier, take this young man to the quartermaster, and let him try on his uniform."

The bombardier went with me through a long corridor. At last we entered No. 66, a large room, a sacred apartment, and therefore, as the first of its kind, called The Chamber, just as the first book in the world is called The Bible. Here all the best weapons and clothes are kept. Here hung, ranged according to numbers, the complete equipment for service, from the shoe-nails of the artillery horses to the new hair-broom for the mortars, from the martingale on the trousers to the warm cloth coat. If war breaks out, all the gunners and horses can cast off the old rags and trappings which they wear in ordinary life, can enter the chamber naked and leave it fully equipped.

A holy awe, an elevating feeling, overcame me when I entered this temple. I should have liked to press the bright weapons and shining uniforms to my full heart, when suddenly the quartermaster appeared from behind a great heap of cloaks. My bombardier said,—

“Quartermaster, the dozen” (namely, of volunteers) “is complete.” Whereupon the other replied,—

“Well, then, we have eleven stockfishes and one herring.”

Before being dressed I was measured. For this purpose the usual instrument was employed. I stood on the step; the quartermaster let the movable ferrule fall on to my head so roughly that I started and drew myself together. He laughed, and calmly explained to me that he did this to get the right measure, because the young gentlemen generally stretched themselves to seem taller than they really were. Practically, this was not agreeable, for my head ached. Then I was dressed, but everything was too large and wide for me; and when I stood there, completely equipped, I looked like the children in the well-known engraving who are playing at soldiers with their father's weapons. Besides a shako, uniform, trousers, sword, and boots with spurs attached to them, he hung upon me portmanteau, pistols, pouch, and a cloak; and in this array, laughing he led me back to the sergeant, who was no less amused at my appearance. I was immediately taken to room No. 64, which I was to share with a corporal and ten gunners; and from there direct to the tailor's room, where my clothes were to be altered to fit.

When I came back to my room I found my new colleagues, who had taken possession of all my weapons, busily employed in cleaning them. My whole equipment was in a dreadful state. It would be a mistake to suppose that recruits receive bright arms from the chamber, least of all the volunteers, who always receive the rustiest and

dirtiest that can be found. This gives them an opportunity of at once achieving a feat in cleaning them. I should have been in no small perplexity had I been obliged to clean my arms myself for the first time, and was therefore heartily glad to find them in such good hands. I expressed my gratitude to my companions for their kindness, and was just going to attack the spurs, which were still quite red and fastened to the dirty boots. But the gunner with the largest beard said to me,—

“Leave that alone: we will clean it in a few minutes. But,” he continued, with a grave mien, “they have given you horribly dirty things; and I am afraid, without brandy, it will not be possible to get them quite bright. A little butter will do no harm to rub the sword-blade and the pistols; but a piece of sausage would do just as well.”

I declared myself willing to provide brandy, butter, and sausage, and pulled out a thaler. He immediately sent out one of the men with it, and said, pleasantly,—

“If you care to get out and have a look at the town, you will find all the things in excellent condition by the time you come back.”

I followed his agreeable advice; and when I returned a few hours later, I found my weapons clean and bright on the stand. My companions were cheerfully seated round the table, all of them in a condition that plainly showed me that they had not used all the brandy for cleaning purposes. Before the bed that had been allotted me, there hung, as before the others, a little card, on which might be read, in large letters, *II., GUNNER*; and this delighted me. I contemplated it for some time, and several times repeated my name and my present title of gunner. I had become something in the world.

Next morning I was to be presented to the captain. I must not mention his real name, and therefore will call

him Enemy,—for God knows he never was my friend; in fact, he disliked all the volunteers, for they were generally rather wild young men, who, when not actually serving, did not always do exactly what was right. Thus we seldom wore the coarse uniforms, but had finer clothes of our own. We did not always wear the prescribed heavy sword-belt; a lighter kind, made of white patent leather, seemed to us more desirable for our promenades. Captain Enemy was also much annoyed when we drank a bottle of wine in the café where he drank a glass of sugar-water, which we often did on purpose to vex him.

I was obliged to wait a full hour in the sergeant's room before the captain appeared. The stiff collar of my jerkin, which for the first time enclosed my throat very tightly, drove the blood to my head, and a glass into which I happened to look revealed to me that I had a very red face. The captain, who had meantime entered, seemed to notice this, for his first remark, after he had contemplated me with crossed arms for some time, was,—

“We seem to have made a particularly good breakfast this morning.”

This was one of his constant phrases. He meant by it that I had drunk a great deal of brandy. I answered truthfully that I had not yet taken anything. He gave me an angry look, and said,—

“We know better.”

I bowed and was silent. He went on:

“Sixteen years old?”

“Yes, captain.”

“You should say, ‘At your service, captain.’”

“At your service, captain.”

“You seem to be very delicate.”

“At your service, no, captain.”

“I know better.”

Hereupon he turned to the sergeant :

"Let Corporal Dose take him into his department and drill him."

Such was the first interview I had with my chief, which had not greatly edified me. I had hoped that he might make sympathetic inquiries about my former condition, express his pleasure at my love for the military profession, and such-like. Nothing of the sort. On the sunny horizon of my imagination there appeared some dark clouds. Alas, how soon was my sky to be completely overcast!

I was to receive my first drill on foot; and for this purpose the sergeant conducted me to the barrack-yard, and there presented me to my instructor, the Corporal Dose whom the captain had appointed to this office. This man was the tallest in the whole battery,—six foot two. With this unusual height, and a figure as broad above as below, in his uniform he looked, from a distance, something like a colored watch-case. His face always wore a serious expression, and yet he was forever trying to be witty, even to his captain and other officers, which often led to bad results. In his leisure hours he wrote poems. Such was Corporal Dose.

There we stood on the parade, where I was to be made a man, as my instructor expressed it. According to his catechism, an ordinary recruit was at least three-quarters a brute. I, as a volunteer, had the good fortune to be counted among the half-men; he even allowed that I knew something of good manners, as I only partook of a sixth part of some spirits that we drank together, and left him the rest.

The drill began, and I devoted all my attention to it.

"Attention!"

I started as though struck by lightning, and stood like a post. I had hit that.

"Now, you see," explained Dose, "when I command 'Stand at ease!' the soldier puts forward his right foot and moves his limbs, but on no account speaks; but when I say 'Attention!' again, you must not only literally obey the word of command, but I must perceive a starting, an alarm in you, that proves to me you have understood the importance of the moment. The word 'Attention!' breathes a soul into the limbs, and converts the unbridled ungoverned mass into a soldier. Therefore 'Attention!'"

There I stood, an unfinished statue, and the corporal was putting the sculptor's finishing touches. He examined me closely, retreated a step, walked round me, and noticed from a considerable distance the faults in my posture. These he remedied with a skilful hand, now bending me an inch to right or left, now pulling back my shoulder-blades, now, by gentle pressure under my chin, raising my face to a good point for surveying the sky. Then he twisted my hands and brought my little finger into contact with the red seam of my trousers. This last position seemed absolutely necessary in his eyes. "Finger on the seam" was often introduced at drill among the other words of command. My posture on the first day did not displease him.

"Stand at ease!"

My right foot moved forward. I might once more be a brute,—Dose's favorite expression for recruits out of the ranks.

Thus began my practical military studies. Now my instructor passed on to theory, and this he commenced with a preface or introduction that was anything but bad. He began something in this fashion:

"Just as in drill the word 'Attention' forbids the soldier to make the slightest movement, the word 'Subordination,' in its narrowest sense, gives exactly the same com-

mand to the mind, and especially to speech. Subordination really means nothing but to hold one's tongue; for if a soldier neither moves nor complains, not even in his thoughts, *i.e.*, does not put on a cross expression, he understands subordination. The only word that you may always say, even if an officer says to you, 'You are an ass!' is 'At your service;' then there is an end of the matter. But this is the most difficult of all tasks, especially to you young gentlemen, who can never be silent, or at any rate give a polite and modest answer, but are generally much too ready with your tongues. And that is all the worse for you. I could give you many an instance. Therefore—Attention!"

[He proceeds to describe other features of a soldier's life in barracks, and particularly the difficulty of playing sick upon the captain.]

One day about a dozen had reported themselves ill, and at the roll-call the captain made a great hue-and-cry, and sent off the officer of the day, in hot haste, to fetch them all together to the court-yard. The officer went, but came back directly with the answer that all the invalids were in their beds and refused to expose themselves to the air in their dangerous condition. Renewed oaths from the captain, and the command instantly to bring the invalids "here." At the word "here" he pointed to the ground before him; and the officer, being a very exact man, calmly drew out his sword, marked a cross at the spot where the captain's finger would have touched the ground if prolonged, and was about to go. A thundering "Stop!" from the captain detained him. "Sir, what is the meaning of that mark?" The officer calmly replied that, in order exactly to obey the captain's command, he had marked the spot to which he was to bring the invalids. The unfortunate officious man! He had not dreamt that

morning that he should that day eat his bread—bread in the literal sense of the word—in prison. Five minutes after the above-mentioned occurrence the officer in charge was led to No. 7½. This is the name given, for the sake of brevity, to the military prison which bore this number.

Such scenes, with orders of imprisonment, were the usual additions to the roll-call, which we therefore daily anticipated with great anxiety; for misfortunes come quickly, and our captain possessed a little red book—in which every one, but especially we volunteers, had his own account—in which he entered everything disorderly and irregular. This he consulted daily and looked to see who had enough crosses or remarks to be ready for punishment. Then he thrust his right hand into his uniform, looked up to heaven, and considered how many days he should allow this or the other person to contemplate the past and the future in that place “where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth.” He put out his right foot and began to make several movements, the meaning of all which was well understood by us. Thus, if he struck his heel into the ground it was an infallible sign of storm, and woe to him into whose tackle the wind struck! When the captain began to strike the ground with his foot, all those who had a bad conscience stood stretched out as straight as a pin, and the initiated could have judged, from their excellent position, the greatness of their debit in the captain's book. Sometimes when he saw on our faces the universal desire to please him, and fear to displease him, and if he happened to be in a good humor, he only shook his finger at us, as much as to say, “I shall soon go among you and hold a terrible muster.” That would be all for the one day; but if, on the contrary, he wanted to begin a dispute with any one, a dirty or dusty rowel would offer an excellent opportunity.

"Sir, when were your boots last cleaned?"

"This morning, captain," was the answer.

"Sir, that is a lie! I know you well: you are a sloven."

"But, captain, this morning——"

"Sir, will you be silent? or it will be the worse for you! Sergeant, give that man three days in prison for dirtiness and contradiction."

Then he held a long sermon, prepared the lightning to hurl it at our heads on some future occasion, and departed with clanging footsteps.

The real object of the roll-call is to assemble the whole company once a day, to see whether they are all at hand. For this purpose all are called by name, according to the list, and answer by a loud "Here!" The missing are of course punished. Then the sergeant, as the captain's organ, gives the orders for the next twenty-four hours; and, if no *intermezzo* like the one just described occur, the whole business may be concluded in a quarter of an hour. However, we had almost always the pleasure of standing a whole hour, between twelve and one, in the burning heat of summer or cold of winter.

My first roll-call, at which I assisted to-day, went off pretty well. Captain Enemy came up to me several times, pressed my shoulder-blades together, drew up my head, and continually muttered, "Position, position!" He asked some of my comrades whether they had not made a very large breakfast, but, on the whole, was very gracious. I also learnt to know the other officers of the battery: I will speak of these gentlemen another time.

The first night I spent in the barracks I slept very badly. The freshly-filled straw-bed did not yield at all to the pressure of my body, and I had several times in the night one and the same dream. I thought I was lying on

a hill, down which I tried to roll as children do. At first I succeeded very well, but when I reached the valley I knocked against the trunk of a tree that lay in my way. I woke, and found, to my surprise, that I had fallen out of bed. This happened to me several times: I therefore resolved, towards three o'clock, not to sleep any more. I was cheered by the thought, "To-day, for the first time, you will be initiated into the mysteries of the stables." Ah, I was to learn to know them only too well, these true mysteries! At four o'clock I got up, and anxiously awaited the signal which should summon me to the horses, those creatures that a brave knight must honor, love, clean, and feed as his second self. At last the trumpet sounded. The whole room was in confusion, and I was the first in the passage, where I was just in time to see the bugler blowing the signal in his shirt. Then he slipped back into his room, to spend a few more hours in his warm bed. I did not like that in the bugler, the man who must be first on the field, brave and ready. What can he not effect by a single flourish of his trumpet! And he had not even his trousers on when he blew the summons! Did not this man recognize the height of his calling? When I had hitherto imagined a flourish of trumpet, it was blown by a man with a mighty beard, armed, his sword by his side,—a man worthy that a whole troop of brave men should follow the breath of his lips.

One more soap-bubble that had burst. It was long before I could forget the bugler without his trousers; but soon I saw many things bare and naked that had seemed from a distance glorious and bright.

A TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE.

IDA PFEIFFER.

[Ida Laura Reyer, born at Vienna about 1795, married Dr. Pfeiffer, of Lemberg, in 1820. She had always had a strong desire to travel, but was prevented from indulging it until after the death of her husband and the establishment in business of her two sons. Her first journey, to Egypt and the Holy Land, was made in 1842. In 1846 she started on a tour round the world, and afterwards made successive journeys to Borneo, Java, and Sumatra, to San Francisco, to South America, throughout North America, and finally, in 1856, to Madagascar and the Mauritius. She died in Vienna in 1858. She is said to have travelled in all one hundred and fifty thousand miles by sea and twenty thousand by land, being by far the most active woman traveller on record. From one of her works, "*A Woman's Journey round the World*," we select a thrilling description of an adventure in Brazil.]

FROM Porto d'Estrella to Petropolis the distance is seven leagues. This portion of the journey is generally performed on mules, but, as we had been told in Rio Janeiro that the road afforded a beautiful walk, parts of it traversing splendid woods, and that it was besides much frequented, and perfectly safe, being the great means of communication with Minas Gerães, we determined to go on foot, and that the more willingly as the count [Count Berchthold, her fellow-traveller] wished to botanize, and I to collect insects. The first eight miles lay through a broad valley, covered with thick brambles and young trees, and surrounded with lofty mountains. The wild pineapples at the side of the road presented a most beautiful appearance; they were not quite ripe, and were tinged with the most delicate red. Unfortunately, they are far from being as agreeable to the taste as they are to

the sight, and consequently are very seldom gathered. I was greatly amused with the humming-birds, of which I saw a considerable number of the smallest species. Nothing can be more graceful and delicate than these little creatures. They obtain their food from the calyx of the flowers, round which they flutter like butterflies, and indeed are very often mistaken for them in their rapid flight. It is very seldom that they are seen on a branch or twig in a state of repose. After passing through the valley, we reached the Serra, as the Brazilians term the summit of each mountain that they cross; the present one was three thousand feet high. A broad paved road, traversing virgin forests, ran up the side of the mountain. . . . Frequent truppas [mule-teams] driven by negroes, as well as a number of pedestrians we met, eased our minds of every fear, and prevented us from regarding it as at all remarkable that we were being continually followed by a negro. As, however, we arrived at a somewhat lonely spot, he sprang suddenly forward, holding in one hand a long knife and in the other a lasso, rushed upon us, and gave us to understand, more by gestures than words, that he intended to murder and then drag us into the forest.

We had no arms, as we had been told that the road was perfectly safe, and the only weapons of defence we possessed were our parasols, if I except a clasp-knife, which I instantly drew out of my pocket and opened, fully determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. We parried our adversary's blows as long as we could with our parasols, but these lasted but a short time; besides, he caught hold of mine, which, as we were struggling for it, broke short off, leaving only a piece of the handle in my hand. In the struggle, however, he dropped his knife, which rolled a few steps from him; I instantly made a dash, and thought I had got it, when he, more quick than I, thrust

me away with his feet and hands, and once more obtained possession of it. He waved it furiously over my head, and dealt me two wounds, a thrust and a deep gash, both in the upper part of the left arm; I thought I was lost, and despair alone gave me the courage to use my own knife. I made a thrust at his breast; this he warded off, and I only succeeded in wounding him severely in the hand. The count sprang forward and seized the fellow from behind, and thus afforded me an opportunity of raising myself from the ground. The whole affair had not taken more than a few seconds.

The negro's fury was now roused to its highest pitch by the wounds he had received: he gnashed his teeth at us like a wild beast, and flourished his knife with frightful rapidity. The count, in his turn, had received a cut right across the hand, and we had been irrevocably lost, had not Providence sent us assistance. We heard the tramp of horses' hoofs upon the road, upon which the negro instantly left us and sprang into the wood. Immediately afterwards two horsemen turned a corner of the road, and we hurried towards them. Our wounds, which were bleeding freely, and the way in which our parasols were hacked, soon made them understand the state of affairs. They asked us which direction the fugitive had taken, and, springing from their horses, hurried after him: their efforts, however, would have been fruitless, if two negroes, who were coming from the opposite side, had not helped them. As it was, the fellow was soon captured. He was pinioned, and, as he would not walk, severely beaten, most of the blows being dealt upon the head, so that I feared the poor wretch's skull would be broken. In spite of this, he never moved a muscle, and lay, as if insensible to feeling, upon the ground. The two other negroes were obliged to seize hold of him—when he endeavored to bite

every one within his reach, like a wild beast—and carry him to the nearest house. Our preservers, as well as the count and myself, accompanied them. We then had our wounds dressed, and afterwards continued our journey; not, it is true, entirely devoid of fear, especially when we met one or more negroes, but without any further mishap, and with a continually increasing admiration of the beautiful scenery. . . .

In spite of the danger we had incurred in coming, we returned to Porto d'Estrella on foot, went on board a bark, sailed all night, and arrived safely in Rio Janeiro the next morning. Every one, both in Petropolis and the capital, was so astonished at the manner in which our lives had been attempted, that if we had not been able to show our wounds we should never have been believed. The fellow was at first thought to have been drunk or insane, and it was not till later that we learned the real motives of his conduct. He had some time previously been punished by his master for an offence, and on meeting us in the wood he no doubt thought that it was a good opportunity of satisfying with impunity his hatred against the whites.

THE TEACHER.

FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG ("NOVALIS").

[Novalis, the name under which is best known the celebrated mystical writer Friedrich von Hardenberg, was born at Widerstädt, Saxony, in 1772. About 1797 he published a volume of poems, entitled "Hymns to the Night;" but his most extensive and important work is a mystical romance, entitled "Heinrich von Ofterdingen," which he left unfinished at his death, in 1801. He also wrote a remarkable work called "Christianity in Europe."

Of all the mystics in the history of fiction Novalis is the most mystical,—in the words of Carlyle, “the most ideal of all Idealists.” Naturally of a deep, religious, contemplative spirit, he seems to have made the philosophy of the ideal universe his incessant subject of thought, and in his frequently obscure allegorical conceptions leads us beyond our depth, with that German taste for mystical abstraction which is alien to the Anglo-Saxon imagination. From Carlyle’s translation of “The Pupil at Sais” (“Lehrlinge zu Sais”) we select the following characteristic specimen.]

MEN travel in manifold paths; whoso traces and compares these will find strange Figures come to light,—Figures which seem as if they belonged to that great Cipher-writing which one meets with everywhere, on wings of birds, shells of eggs, in clouds, in the snow, in crystals, in forms of rock, in freezing waters, in the interior and exterior of mountains, of plants, animals, men, in the lights of the sky, in plates of glass and pitch when touched and struck on, in the filings round the magnet, and the singular conjunctures of Chance. In such Figures one anticipates the Key to that wondrous Writing, the grammar of it; but this Anticipation will not fix itself into shape, and appears as if, after all, it would not become such a Key for us. An *Alcahest* seems poured out over the senses of men. Only for a moment will their wishes, their thoughts, thicken into form. Thus do their Anticipations arise; but after short whiles all is again swimming vaguely before them, even as it did.

From afar I heard say that Unintelligibility was but the result of unintelligence; that this sought what itself had, and so could find nowhere else; also that we did not understand Speech, because Speech did not, would not, understand itself; that the genuine Sanscrit spoke for the sake of speaking, because speaking was its pleasure and its nature.

Not long thereafter said one, no explanation is required for Holy Writing. Whoso speaks truly is full of eternal life, and wonderfully related to genuine mysteries does his writing appear to us, for it is a concord from the Symphony of the Universe.

Surely this voice meant our Teacher; for it is he that can collect the indications which lie scattered on all sides. A singular light kindles in his looks, when at length the high Rune lies before us, and he watches in our eyes whether the star has yet risen upon us which is to make the Figure visible and intelligible. Does he see us sad, that the darkness will not withdraw? he consoles us, and promises the faithful assiduous seer better fortune in time. Often has he told us how, when he was a child, the impulse to employ his senses, to busy, to fill them, left him no rest. He looked at the stars, and imitated their courses and positions in the sand. Into the ocean of air he gazed incessantly, and never wearied contemplating its clearness, its movements, its clouds, its lights. He gathered stones, flowers, insects, of all sorts, and spread them out in manifold wise, in rows, before him. To men and animals he paid heed; on the shore of the sea he sat, collected mussels. Over his own heart and his own thoughts he watched attentively. He knew not whither his longing was carrying him. As he grew up he wandered far and wide; viewed other lands, other seas, new atmospheres, new rocks, unknown plants, animals, men; descended into caverns, saw how in courses and varying strata the edifice of the earth was completed, and fashioned clay into strange figures of rocks. By and by he came to find everywhere objects already known, but wonderfully mingled, united; and thus often extraordinary things came to shape in him. He soon became aware of combinations in all, of conjunctures, concurrences. Ere

long, he no more saw anything alone. In great, variegated images the perceptions of his senses crowded round him; he heard, saw, touched, and thought at once. He rejoiced to bring strangers together. Now the stars were men, now men were stars, the stones animals, the clouds plants; he sported with powers and appearances; he knew where and how this and that were to be found, to be brought into action, and so himself struck over the strings, for tones and touches of his own.

What has passed within him since then he does not disclose to us. He tells us that we ourselves, led on by him and our own desire, will discover what has passed within him. Many of us have withdrawn from him. They returned to their parents and learned trades. Some have been sent out by him, we know not whither: he selected them. Of these, some have been but a short time there, others longer. One was still a child: scarcely was he come, when our Teacher was for passing him any more instruction. This Child had large dark eyes with azure ground, his skin shone like lilies, and his locks like light little clouds when it is growing evening. His voice pierced through all our hearts; willingly would we have given him our flowers, stones, pens, all we had. He smiled with an infinite earnestness; and we had a strange delight beside him. One day he will come again, said our Teacher, and then our lessons end. Along with him he sent one for whom we had often been sorry. Always sad he looked; he had been long years here; nothing would succeed with him; when we sought crystals or flowers, he seldom found. He saw dimly at a distance; to lay down variegated rows skilfully he had no power. He was so apt to break everything. Yet none had such eagerness, such pleasure in hearing and listening. At last—it was before that Child came into our circle—he all at once grew cheerful and

expert. One day he had gone out sad; he did not return, and the night came on. We were very anxious for him. Suddenly, as the morning dawned, we heard his voice in a neighboring grove. He was singing a high, joyful song. We were all surprised; the Teacher looked to the East, such a look as I shall never see in him again. The singer soon came forth to us, and brought, with unspeakable blessedness on his face, a simple-looking little stone, of singular shape. The Teacher took it in his hand, and kissed him long, then looked at us with wet eyes, and laid this little stone on an empty space, which lay in the midst of other stones, just where, like radii, many rows of them met together.

I shall in no time forget that moment. We felt as if we had had in our souls a clear passing glimpse into this Wondrous World.

[Here we have a problem without a solution. Carlyle conjectures the teacher to represent human intellect; the child, reason, religious faith; the man, understanding. But to attempt to solve all the mystical riddles given us by Novalis would be a wearying and bootless task. We append another extract, in which the essentially poetic nature of the man appears. The translation is by Mrs. Austin.]

ASPECTS OF NATURE.

We stand in as many and as immeasurably different relations to nature as to man; and, as to the child she shows herself childlike and bends benignly down to his infant heart, so to the god she shows herself godlike and attunes herself to his high spirit. We cannot say that there is *one* nature, without saying something excessive, exaggerated; and all attempts to arrive at truth by discussions and conversations about nature do but remove us further from the natural. Much is already gained when the effort fully to understand nature ennobles itself into a longing,—a tender

and humble longing, which even the cold, reserved temper soon learns to delight in, if once it feels secure of a more intimate acquaintance with her. There is a secret attraction toward all points, diverging from an infinitely deep centre within us. As wondrous nature, sensible and insensible, lies round about us, we think every one of her features an exercise of this attractive power, a manifestation of the sympathy which exists between her and us; but behind those blue, distant mountains one man seeks the home which they veil from his sight, the beloved of his youth, parents, brothers, sisters, old friends, dear recollections;—another thinks that, far on the other side, unknown glories await him; he believes that a future full of life and beauty lies hidden there, and he stretches his hands wistfully toward that new world. Some few stand motionless and serene in the midst of the glorious spectacle; they seek to embrace it in its fulness and concatenation, but they forget not in the whole that radiant thread which runs through and enlinks its parts and forms the holy crown of light; such spirits are blessed in the contemplation of this living and more than midnight depth of all-pervading beauty.

Thus arise manifold ways of viewing nature; and if, in some, sensibility to her beauty is a joyous sensation, a banquet, in others we see it transformed into the most reverential religion, giving direction, support, and significance to the whole of life. Even in the infancy of nations such deep and earnest spirits have been found, to whom nature wore the countenance of Deity, while other gay and joyous hearts thought of her only as a host, at whose bounteous table they might freely seat themselves. To them, the free air was a cordial drink; the stars, lamps to illumine the nightly dance; plants and animals, costly and delicate viands; and thus did nature present herself to their

minds, not as a still and awful temple, but as a plenteous kitchen and merry banqueting-hall.

In an intermediate class between these two were others, whose view of nature, though differing from the last, had yet reference to the senses alone. They saw in actual nature only a vast but as yet wild and unreclaimed park or pleasure-ground, and were busied, day and night, in creating patterns of a more refined and perfect nature. They divided themselves into companies for the accomplishment of the great work. Some sought to awaken mute and forgotten tones in air and wood; others stamped their conceptions and images of more beautiful forms on brass or stone; built up from the rock more stately piles for dwellings; brought to light hidden treasures from the clefts of the earth; tamed the wayward and lawless streams; peopled the inhospitable sea; carried plants of long-known and excellent virtue into desert zones; checked the wild overspread of forests and tended the nobler flowers and herbs; opened the earth to the life-giving motions of generative air and enkindling light; taught colors to blend and arrange themselves in beautiful pictures, and wood and meadow, fountain and rock, to unite in one beautiful garden; breathed tones into the living members, unfolded their mysterious connection, and taught them to move in livelier and more joyous vibrations; adopted the defenceless animals which were susceptible of some touch of human culture, and cleared the woods of those noxious beasts which seemed like the monstrous births of a dis-tempered fancy.

Soon did nature assume a kindlier aspect: she was softer and more refreshing, and willingly hearkened to all the wishes of man. By degrees her heart began to have a human motion; her fancies were brighter; she became social, and freely replied to the friendly inquiry;

and so the golden age appeared to be gradually returning, when she was the friend, the comforter, the priestess of men,—when she lived among them, and her divine society and intercourse raised them into immortals.

[The greater number of the many “Fragments” left by Novalis are without significance to us, or are so obscure in sense that it is next to impossible to arrive at their meaning. Carlyle translates some of the more intelligible, from which we select a few examples.]

Philosophy can take no bread; but she can procure for us God, Freedom, Immortality. Which, then, is more practical, Philosophy or Economy?

Philosophy is properly homesickness,—the wish to be everywhere at home.

We are near awakening when we dream that we dream.

To become properly acquainted with a truth, we must first have disbelieved it and disputed against it.

There is but one Temple in the World; and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is higher than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hands on a human body.

Nature is an *Æolian Harp*, a musical instrument, whose tones again are keys to higher strings in us.

Every beloved object is the centre of a Paradise.

Man consists of Truth. If he exposes Truth, he exposes himself. If he betrays Truth, he betrays himself. We speak not here of Lies, but of acting against Conviction.

The spirit of Poesy is the morning light which makes the statue of Memnon sound.

The true Poet is all-knowing; he is an actual world in miniature.

Religion contains infinite sadness. If we are to love God, he must be in distress.

Martyrs are spiritual heroes. Christ was the greatest martyr of our species; through him has martyrdom become infinitely significant and holy.

THE LAKE OF ZÜRICH.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

[Klopstock, one of the most celebrated of German poets, was born at Quedlinburg in 1724, studied the ancient languages and literature, which afterwards strongly influenced his writings, at Schulpforte, and began his famous poem "The Messiah" in 1745, while studying theology at Jena. The first three cantos of this poem appeared in 1748, and excited such universal admiration that his admirers pronounced him the first lyric poet of modern times, and some of them ranked him even higher than Pindar. This estimation is somewhat extravagant, in the opinion of modern critics, who, while acknowledging the power of the "Messiah," censure it for sentimentality, monotony, and lack of action. It is seldom read at the present day. Nevertheless, Klopstock is held in high esteem by his countrymen. His finest powers are displayed in his odes, some of which are models of noble and graceful poetry. He died in 1803. We select from the odes the classically beautiful "Lake of Zürich," as rendered in English verse by W. Taylor.]

THE LAKE OF ZÜRICH.

Fair is the majesty of all thy works
On the green earth, O Mother Nature, fair!
But fairer the glad face
Enraptured with their view.
Come from the vine-banks of the glittering lake,—
Or, hast thou climbed the smiling skies anew,

Come on the roseate tip
Of evening's breezy wing,
And teach my song with glee of youth to glow,
Sweet Joy, like thee,—with glee of shouting youths,
Or feeling Fanny's laugh.

Behind us far already Uto lay,
At whose foot Zürich in the quiet vale
Feeds her free sons; behind,
Receding vine-clad hills.
Unclouded beamed the top of silver Alps,
And warmer beat the heart of gazing youths,
And warmer to their fair
Companions spoke its glow;
And Haller's Doris sang, the pride of song,
And Hirzel's Daphne, dear to Kleist and Gleim,
And we youths sang, and felt
As each were—Hagedorn.

Soon the green meadow took us to the cool
And shadowy forest which becrowns the isle.
Then cam'st thou, Joy, thou cam'st
Down in full tide to us;
Yes, Goddess Joy, thyself! We felt, we clasped,
Best sister of Humanity, thyself;
With thy dear Innocence
Accompanied, thyself!

Sweet thy inspiring breath, O cheerful Spring,
When the meads cradle thee, and thy soft airs
Into the hearts of youths
And hearts of virgins glide!
Thou makest Feeling conqueror. Ah! through thee,
Fuller, more tremulous heaves each blooming breast;

With lips spell-freed by thee
Young Love unfaltering pleads.

Fair gleams the wine, when to the social change
Of thought, or heart-felt pleasure, it invites,
 And the Socratic cup,
 With dewy roses bound,
Sheds through the bosom bliss, and wakes resolves
Such as the drunkard knows not, proud resolves,
 Emboldening to despise
 Whate'er the sage disowns.

Delightful thrills against the panting heart
Fame's silver voice; and immortality
 Is a great thought, well worth
 The toil of noble men.
By dint of song to live through after-times,—
Often to be with rapture's thanking tone
 By name invoked aloud,
 From the mute grave invoked,—
To form the pliant heart of sons unborn,—
To plant thee, Love, thee, holy Virtue, there,—
 Gold-heaper, is well worth
 The toil of noble men.

But sweeter, fairer, more delightful 'tis
On a friend's arm to know one's self a friend!
 Nor is the hour so spent
 Unworthy heaven above.

Full of affection, in the airy shades
Of the dim forest, and with downcast look
 Fixed on the silver wave,
 I breathed this pious wish:

“Oh, were ye here, who love me, though afar,
Whom, singly scattered in our country's lap,
 In lucky, hallowed hour,
 My seeking bosom found,
Here would we build us huts of friendship, here
Together dwell forever!”—The dim wood
 A shadowy Tempe seemed,
 Elysium all the vale.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

CAROLINE DE LAMOTTE FOUQUÉ.

[This writer, wife of the author of the celebrated “Undine,” produced several meritorious novels, besides some other works, the selection we give being from her “Women of the Fashionable World.” In the words of Mrs. Austin, the translator of this passage, “it is impossible to write in a better tone. The thoughts are elevated and refined, the language free from exaggeration or affectation, yet ardent and spirited. Though soaring out of the flat and barren regions of commonplace and narrow convention, there is nothing that is not strictly practical, nothing extravagant or startling.” Madame Fouqué was born at Nennhausen, Germany, in 1773, and died in 1831.]

Is it, then, the involuntary sense of something untrue which makes the world distrustful and incredulous of the genuineness of tender emotions and deep feelings? Or is it from a general incapacity to understand what love is, that it is generally ridiculed, and never mentioned but with a sort of trivial irony, the vulgarity of which is almost greater than its offensiveness? The answer I leave. At all events, there is nothing which so cramps every flight of the soul as the mocking doubt of all that is unusual and elevated. This necessarily begets falsehood,

or (what is as bad) that hard pride which contemns public opinion. Offended earnestness, which can never tolerate or forgive frivolous and empty jests, avenges itself on folly and inanity by assuming an attitude of haughty defiance.

The great world, or, as it is called, polite society, has put on a countenance of such youthful gayety that the smallest cloud of deeper emotion necessarily disturbs it. There is nothing by which a man makes himself more tiresome or more ridiculous than by allowing what passes within him to appear on the surface; by suffering his real nature to gleam through the forms of society. Now, any interference, whether kindly or offensively intended, with a man's personal relations, causes a sudden agitation which makes too forcible an appeal to truth; it cannot remain mute, it betrays itself. In order to avoid the ridicule consequent upon this, he must laugh at his own want of self-command. According as that is done with good sense or with grace, social hypocrisy acquires a tinge either of the humorous or the attractive. But if timidity or awkwardness is mingled with false shame, and he endeavors to explain away and to apologize for what was perhaps a solitary indication of something really good, nothing remains but the flattest commonplaces of the flattest *persiflage*.

Is it to be wondered that men of profound minds withdraw with a contemptuous smile from fashionable society?

Must this be so? Must the higher classes thus detach themselves from all others, like an isolated piece of merely external life, which knows nothing, and must know nothing, of the internal? To wrest things out of their connection and series, is to destroy them. When the fibres which unite a being are broken, it breathes no living breath,—it becomes a caricature or a lie.

This state of things everybody has an interest in pre-

venting; but especially women, whose vocation it is to breathe over society a warm and vivifying breath, and to render all isolation in it impossible. This breath of apprehensiveness and enthusiasm, which discovers and fans every congenial spirit even before it is conscious of its own existence, ought to pervade society, and to form a more genial atmosphere, in which every bud and flower of feeling is not doomed to instant death. If the influence of the female sex is negative, it is yet of immense reality and strength, from the mere fact that it acts by removing the barriers opposed to the positive display of the intellectual nature of man.

Women might at least *tolerate* the aspirations of a lofty spirit, the development of large and generous opinions, the kindlings of a living, vigorous will. At least they might abstain from throwing ridicule on the enthusiasm which *is possible*; at least they might forgive youth if its quick fire flames up above the low enclosures of the conventional. They know not their own power; they know not how and whence they can elevate existence; they commonly know it not even in detail, though they might, it should seem, observe how powerfully one single intelligent glance of sympathy—the silent accompaniment and completion of half-formed thoughts—may act on the general direction of the mind and character; how the conviction of being understood and appreciated gives wings to thoughts, and eagle pinions to exertions; what it is to be able to look forward to praise and honor as a reward for every victory over low desires.

There are eyes which need only to look up, to touch every chord of a breast choked by the stifling atmosphere of stiff and stagnant society, and to call forth tones which might become the accompanying music of a life.

This gentle transfusion of mind into mind is the secret

of sympathy. It is never understood, but ever felt; and where it is allowed to exert its power, it fills and extends intellectual life far beyond the measure of ordinary conception.

How many have known and forgotten instances of such awakening! Why do women present an attitude of cold fashionableness to a world which they might win by their sweetness and inspire by their virtue? Their light footsteps ought to touch the earth only to mark the track which leads to heaven.

THE DUNGEON-SCENE "IN FAUST."

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

[The Faust of old legend has been made the subject of numerous works in the dramatic and other forms, but all these efforts sink into insignificance beside the great work of Goethe, who has wrought this mediæval story of the man who sold himself to the fiend into what his admirers characterize as "the greatest poem of modern times." Though this assertion is somewhat extravagant, yet the "Faust" of Goethe is a remarkable production of genius, in which the poetical skill, the profound depth of thought, and the varied life-experience of the greatest of German poets attained their highest level of development, and which for originality of conception and artistic skill of handling has few equals in literature. We select, from the translation of Anna Swanwick, the final scene of the first part of the drama, that in which the condemned victim of Faust escapes from his wiles and from the power of the fiend.]

FAUST (*with a bunch of keys and a lamp before a small iron door*).

A fear unwonted o'er my spirit falls;
Man's concentrated woe o'erwhelms me here!

She dwells immured within these dripping walls,
Her only trespass a delusion dear!
Thou lingerest at the fatal door?
Thou dread'st to see her face once more?
On! While thou dalliest, draws her death-hour near.

[*He seizes the lock. Singing within.*]

My mother, the harlot,
She took me and slew!
My father, the scoundrel,
Hath eaten me too!
My sweet little sister
Hath all my bones laid
Where soft breezes whisper
All in the cool shade!

Then became I a wood-bird, and sang on the spray.
Fly away, little bird, fly away! fly away!

FAUST (*opening the lock*).

Ah! she forebodes not that her lover's near,
The clanking chains, the rustling straw, to hear.
[*He enters.*]

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the bed of straw*).
Woe! woe! they come! oh, bitter 'tis to die!

FAUST (*softly*).

Hush! hush! be still! I come to set thee free.

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*).
If thou art human, feel my misery!

FAUST.

Thou wilt awake the jailer with thy cry!
[*He grasps the chains to unlock them.*]

MARGARET (*on her knees*).

Who, headsman, unto thee this power

O'er me could give ?

Thou com'st for me at midnight hour.

Be merciful, and let me live !

Is morrow's dawn not time enough ?

[*She stands up.*]

I'm still so young,—so young,—

And must so early die !

Fair was I too, and that was my undoing.

My love is now afar, he then was nigh ;

Torn lies the garland, the fair blossoms strewed.

Nay, seize me not with hand so rude !

Spare me ! What harm have I e'er done to thee ?

Oh, let me not in vain implore !

I ne'er have seen thee in my life before !

FAUST.

Can I endure this bitter agony ?

MARGARET.

I now am at thy mercy quite.

Let me my babe but suckle once again !

I fondled it the livelong night ;

They took it from me but to give me pain,

And now they say that I my child have slain.

Gladness I ne'er again shall know.

Then they sing songs about me,—'tis wicked of the
throng—

An ancient ballad endeth so :

Who bade them thus apply the song ?

FAUST (*throwing himself on the ground*).

A lover at thy feet bends low,

To loose the bonds of wretchedness and woe.

MARGARET (*throws herself beside him*).

Oh, let us kneel and move the saints by prayer!
Look! look! yon stairs below,
Under the threshold there,
Hell's flames are all aglow!
Beneath the floor,
With hideous noise,
The devils roar!

FAUST (*aloud*).

Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET (*listening*).

That was my loved one's voice!

[*She springs up, the chains fall off.*]

Where is he? I heard him calling me.
Free am I! There's none shall hinder me.
To his neck will I fly,
On his bosom will lie!
"Gretchen!" he called.—On yon threshold he stood;
Amidst all the howling of hell's fiery flood,
The scoff and the scorn of its devilish crew,
The tones of his voice, sweet and loving, I knew.

FAUST.

'Tis I!

MARGARET.

'Tis thou! Oh, say so once again!

[*Embracing him.*]

'Tis he! 'Tis he! where's now the torturing pain?
Where are the fetters? where the dungeon's gloom?
'Tis thou! To save me thou art come!
And I am saved!—
Already now the street I see
Where the first time I caught a glimpse of thee.

There too the pleasant garden shade,
Where I and Martha for thy coming stayed.

FAUST (*endeavoring to lead her away*).

Come! come away!

MARGARET.

Oh, do not haste!

I love to linger where thou stayest. (*Caressing him.*)

FAUST.

Ah, haste! For if thou still delayest,
Our lingering we shall both deplore.

MARGARET.

How, dearest? canst thou kiss no more!
So short a time away from me, and yet
To kiss thou couldst so soon forget!
Why on thy neck so anxious do I feel,
When formerly a perfect heaven of bliss
From thy dear looks and words would o'er me steal?
As thou wouldst stifle me thou then didst kiss!—
Kiss me!

Or I'll kiss thee! (*She embraces him.*)

Woe! woe! Thy lips are cold,—
Are dumb!

Thy love where hast thou left?

Who hath me of thy love bereft? (*She turns away from him.*)

FAUST.

Come! Follow me, my dearest love, be bold!
I'll cherish thee with ardor thousand-fold;
I but entreat thee now to follow me!

MARGARET (*turning towards him*).

And art thou he? and art thou really he?

FAUST.

'Tis I! Oh, come!

MARGARET.

Thou wilt strike off my chain,
And thou wilt take me to thine arms again.
How comes it that thou dost not shrink from me?—
And dost thou know, love, whom thou wouldst set free?

FAUST.

Come! come! already night begins to wane.

MARGARET.

I sent my mother to her grave,
I drowned my child beneath the wave.
Was it not given to thee and me—thee too?
'Tis thou thyself! I scarce believe it yet.
Give me thy hand! It is no dream! 'Tis true!
Thine own dear hand!—But how is this? 'Tis wet!
Quick, wipe it off! Meseems that yet
There's blood thereon.
Ah, God! what hast thou done?
Put up thy sword,
I beg of thee!

FAUST.

Oh, dearest, let the past forgotten be!
Death is in every word.

MARGARET.

No, thou must linger here in sorrow!
The graves I will describe to thee,
And thou to them must see
To-morrow:
The best place give to my mother,
Close at her side my brother,

Me at some distance lay,—
But not too far away!
And the little one place on my right breast.
Nobody else will near me lie!
To nestle beside thee so lovingly,
That was a rapture gracious and sweet!
A rapture I never again shall prove;
Methinks I would force myself on thee, love,
And thou dost spurn me, and back retreat,—
Yet 'tis thyself, thy fond kind looks I see.

FAUST.

If thou dost feel 'tis I, then come with me!

MARGARET.

What, there? without?

FAUST.

Yes, forth in the free air.

MARGARET.

Ay, if the grave's without,—if death lurk there!
Hence to the everlasting resting-place,
And not one step beyond!—Thou'rt leaving me?
Oh, Henry! would that I could go with thee!

FAUST.

Thou canst! But will it! Open stands the door.

MARGARET.

I dare not go! I've naught to hope for more.
What boots it to escape? They lurk for me!
'Tis wretched to beg, as I must do,
And with an evil conscience thereto!
'Tis wretched, in foreign lands to stray;
And me they will catch, do what I may!



FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

FAUST.

With thee will I abide.

MARGARET.

Quick! Quick!
Save thy poor child!
Keep to the path
The brook along,
Over the bridge
To the wood beyond,
To the left, where the plank is,
In the pond.
Seize it at once!
It fain would rise,
It struggles still! .
Save it. Oh, save!

FAUST.

Dear Gretchen, more collected be!
One little step, and thou art free!

MARGARET.

Were we but only past the hill!
There sits my mother upon a stone—
My brain, alas, is cold with dread!—
There sits my mother upon a stone,
And to and fro she shakes her head;
She winks not, she nods not, her head it droops sore;
She slept so long, she waked no more;
She slept, that we might taste of bliss:
Ah! those were happy times; I wis!

FAUST.

Since here avails nor argument nor prayer,
Thee hence by force I needs must bear.

MARGARET.

Loose me! I will not suffer violence!
With murderous hand hold not so fast!
I have done all to please thee in the past!

FAUST.

Day dawns! My love! My love.

MARGARET.

Yes! day draws near.

The day of judgment too will soon appear!
It should have been my bridal! No one tell
That thy poor Gretchen thou hast known too well.
Woe to my garland!
Its bloom is o'er!
Though not at the dance—
We shall meet once more.
The crowd doth gather, in silence it rolls;
The squares, the streets,
Scarce hold the throng.
The staff is broken,—the death-bell tolls,—
They bind and seize me! I'm hurried along,
To the seat of blood already I'm bound!
Quivers each neck as the naked steel
Quivers on mine the blow to deal—
The silence of the grave now broods around!

FAUST.

Would I had ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*).

Up! or you're lost!
Vain hesitation! babbling and quaking!

My steeds are shivering,
Morn is breaking.

MARGARET.

What from the floor ascendeth like a ghost?
'Tis he! 'Tis he! Him from my presence chase!
What would he in this holy place?
It is for me he cometh!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

Judgment of God! To thee my soul I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come! come! I'll leave thee, else, to share her doom!

MARGARET.

Father, I'm thine! Save me! To thee I come!
Ye angels! Ye angelic hosts! descend,
Encamp around to guard me and defend!—
Henry! I shudder now to look on thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She now is judged!

VOICES (*from above*).

Is saved!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come thou with me!

[*Vanishes with FAUST.*]

VOICE (*from within, dying away*).

Henry! Henry!

THE PASSPORT.

JENS BAGGESEN.

[Jens Immanuel Baggesen, a celebrated Danish poet and prose-writer, was born in 1764, at K rs r, in Zealand. He became thoroughly versed in German literature, and wrote some of his best works in that language, among them his "Parthenais, or the Alpine Journey," one of his finest poetical productions. Of his other works may be named the "Comic Tales," "Adam and Eve," a humorous epic, and "Labyrinthen, or Wanderings of a Poet in Europe." This latter is spoken of by the Howitts as one of the most witty, delightful, and characteristic of his productions. As an example of the author's power of working up common occurrences into highly amusing situations, we present the following selection, as translated by William and Mary Howitt.]

THE packet-boat was to sail at nine. All my luggage was already on board. The company with which I was going to travel held itself in readiness in the immediate vicinity of the custom-house, to go on board at a hint from the captain. It was announced to me that it was past eight; all haste was necessary. "Give me your passport," said Professor Cramer, "and I will see that it is ready beforehand."—"Passport!" said I; "I have never dreamt of a passport. Is a passport necessary to get away alive from Copenhagen?"—"As necessary as a balloon to get away alive from the earth."—"You had better have forgotten anything else!" said another.—"You might as well have forgotten yourself!" added a third.

Here was good counsel precious! They don't issue passports on a Sunday. Luckily, a person in the house where I lodged was an alderman.

"Mr. Alderman, I have taken the liberty to call you up,

to give me advice in my perplexity. I must go off with the packet-boat this moment, and I have no passport."

"You must go to the landlord, get a receipt in full of all demands, and go with that to Alderman L——," answered the alderman.

I darted down the steps, and did not stop my running till, in the middle of the Oestergade, a terrible idea seized me. It is nearly nine! At nine the captain sets sail! My little trunk, with all my necessities, is in the ship! All that I now possessed besides in the world, from Bayle's Lexicon, to the odd silver sleeve-button which constitutes my whole patrimonial inheritance, is shut up in Mrs. B——'s well-locked room! My health, my spirits, and my whole future welfare depend on this journey! My lodging in Copenhagen is let! My very manuscripts are in the trunk! All these representations gave me a most terrible ague-fit. Thou hast no passport!

One does not get along in this world by standing still and pondering. The spot where I was, was exactly in front of a perfumer's shop. It occurred to me that Mrs. B——, some days before I had thought of travelling away, had requested me to purchase her a couple of bottles of bergamot. "Nothing," thought I, "is more imperative than to hasten thee, get thy passport, and come back in time. Here is the extremest *periculum in mora*;" and went into the shop to get a couple of bottles. As I had no small money, I was obliged to change a note. While I waited for the change, which came slowly, it ran in my head that my fellow-travellers, in the hurry of packing, had most likely forgotten to take some perfumes, which are highly requisite on board for the ladies. The air is warm, the cabin is small; we are ten persons in it; in short, something fragrant will be necessary. I could not do otherwise than compliment myself on my thoughtful-

ness on this occasion, and gave myself much trouble to select the most excellent kind, to choose the strongest. I got at length a bottle which seemed to me the most suitable, paid, and again stood with my three bottles in the street.

Like a flash of lightning the thought went through my head that I was on my way to my host, and to Alderman L——; that the time I had over was nearly expired; and that it was more properly a passport I wanted, than perfume. With this my feet took suddenly wings. I flew, rather than went; but in my haste the three bottles knocked together in my pocket; in order not to break them by my rapid motion, I was obliged to go carefully and slow; and in this way I came at length to my host.

He wrote me a quittance, and in the mean time I took at my leisure the two bottles to Mrs. B——. I then took foot in hand, and more rapidly than before, having got rid of the two bottles, and came out of breath to Alderman L——'s gate. I rang. There came, after some time, a maid, and undid the gate. Alderman L—— was not yet up. "Then," said I, "I will see him in bed."—"I will tell his servant," said she. The servant came. "The alderman is really not up."—"Never mind that: I must speak with him."—"Yes, I will tell him." The servant went, and returned. "The alderman is at this moment being shaved."—"I will speak with him unshaved." The servant went, and came again. "His worship is just soaped."—"The deuce take the alderman!" I exclaimed, and paced to and fro distractedly in the hall. "An alderman ought never to be shaved! an alderman ought never to have a smooth chin! Abominable abuse! Confounded abandonment of the good, old, venerable, and, for travellers, convenient custom of aldermen having long beards, and by no soap detaining those that have business with them!"

"It is nine!" said the clock, striking. I stood before it,

and watched every movement of the second-finger. Never did a clock seem to me to have so detestable a face; every tick seemed a laugh, every strike a reproof. I could have struck it in the face with my fist. I turned me round again, wrung my hands, bit my lips, opened the door, shut it again, stamped with my feet, and the merciless clock kept up an incessant laughter at my anxiety, with its eternal click-clack.

At length forth came the smooth-shaven alderman, as smooth about the gills as a new-born babe. I explained to him, *allegro prestissimo*, my perplexity; he answered me that I should have done well to have thought of it the day before; that on Sunday no passports were issued; and added, with the most cool *adagio*, that, moreover, he had nothing whatever to do with them. I brought him, however, by the earnestness of my remonstrances, so far that he passed over into *andante*, and informed me that the passport-clerk, L——, only could get me out of my fix; that he lived in Viingaardströde, where the Harmonic Society harmonized; and assured me, in the most polite manner in the world, of his sympathy.

Viingaardströde lies, as all the world knows, as far from Alderman L——'s house as Asia from Europe by the Dardanelles. As I was come half-way, I had nothing for it but to jump into a hired carriage. I arrived, went in through one door, through another, through a third; finally, in a back-yard, I found a creature in a woman's dress, who informed me that the passport-writer no longer lived there, but had removed to Compagnieströde some days ago. "And thus has the whole passport-office conspired for thy destruction!" I exclaimed, and rushed down into Viingaardströde to get another carriage, in which I seated myself and drove off.

When I was getting out again at Compagnieströde, I

recollected first that I did not know the number of the house, and thus might go from house to house the whole day before I found the passport-office. I actually began my herculean labor: nobody knew where it was; I ran on, and a hair-dresser at last took me to a house which he supposed was it. Sure enough, a lieutenant had lived there, but had gone to Norway. Tired and out of spirits, I came now to a public house, where they told me that the passport-clerk lived sure enough in the street, but that he and his whole family had driven out into the country early in the morning.

I had now given up almost all hope. The hour was passed, and I felt persuaded that the captain must have left the quay. "Hold!" I said to a public carriage driving past, "drive me a stage."—"I am engaged," said the man, "to fetch Miss Winter," and looked round. "See! there goes Count O—— to church."—"Who? What?"—"The man there in the gray coat. Yes, on my life! it is Count O——; yes!" crack! crack! and he drove on.

I am not one of those prodigy-mongers "whom our Lord has taught me to fight shy of," according to the expression of St. Augustine, who find a miracle in everything the cause of which does not lie before their nose, and pester heaven to untie every knot, even a knot in their garter, but I cannot deny that this *apropos* appeared to me, and does still, as completely heaven-sent as any other incident in history that I know of, from the standing still of the sun in Gilead to my own standing still in Oestergade. But I must pass on, with this single observation, and get my knot untied, without breaking the thread of my narrative.

"Pardon me, your Excellency, that I stop you thus, but you fall from heaven, as it were, for me. I am in the greatest difficulty: I am in the very act of going off with

the packet-boat this moment, and I have no passport.”—“That you should have thought of yesterday.”—“Quite true, your Excellency, that I know; but that I only discovered to-day.”—“Who are you?”—I mentioned my name.—“I don’t know you.”—“That is not my fault, your Excellency; but, known or unknown, I hope that this fortunate circumstance which causes me to meet with your Excellency here will free me from my perplexity.”—“I cannot help you in this matter, my dear Baggesen; I have nothing to do with the issue of passports. Go to the passport-clerk.”—“He is not at home; he is gone into the country.”—“Into the country? It is bad that you did not think of it yesterday; I cannot help you, but the passport-clerk will certainly come home again, for he cannot stay all night in the country.”—“But I can wait no longer. The vessel sails probably this very instant.”—“Oh, no! the wind is quite contrary.” His Excellency looked up at the clouds, and at the vane of St. Nicholas’s church. The wind was exactly right. “The captain will take his time; make yourself easy.”—“I cannot make myself easy. Be so good, your Excellency, as to say whether a testimony from his Highness the Prince of Augustenburg can serve me in this case instead of a passport.”—“Do you know the Prince of Augustenburg?”—“I have the good fortune, your Excellency.”—“My dear Baggesen,” he clapped me on the shoulder, “I would help you with all my heart if I could; but hear, go down to Alderman L——.”—“I have been there. He told me, like your Excellency, that he had nothing to do with it.”—“Yes, that is true enough; but give my compliments to him, and desire him to give you a passport extraordinary, for which I will be answerable.”—“I thank your Excellency for your goodness.”—“Farewell, my dear Baggesen. A prosperous journey.”

I ran now at full speed the whole long way down to the alderman again. He was in the act of dressing himself; I must again wait half a quarter of an hour, which appeared to me more eternal than the former one. At length he came out. I related to him the affair of my lucky meeting, and, after some persuasion, he took his hat and bade me attend him to the town-house. Here we found a clerk, who informed me that the passport-clerk had taken with him the keys of the drawer containing the blank forms. All hope was now extinguished, and my passport-despair was at its highest point.

But Providence, or whatever it is whom man so thoughtlessly calls by his name, willed that I should travel, and, as I could not travel without a passport, and as there cannot be a passport without a blank form, had, with a foresight beyond all human wisdom, provided that the corner of a blank form should stick out between the desk and the lid. We all three discovered it almost in the same instant. It was drawn forth, and the passport prepared in all speed.

I had it now actually in my hands. It inspired me with the most eloquent assurances of thanks which ever streamed from my lips. The alderman and I became excellent friends. He advised me, on account of my health, to take a carriage to the custom-house, for I really had not much breath of life left. I was lucky enough to find one at once in the shed. "Drive," said I, "as fast as your cattle can go, till I bid you stop in Bredgade." He drove.

Niels Klim could not be more glad over the "Testimonium Academicum" than I over my passport. The conquest of Troy, that of the Holy Sepulchre, and, just lately, that of Oczakow, could not give a more triumphant feeling to their victors than its achievement gave me. In the mean time I settled it firmly with myself that when I was

about to travel from Copenhagen to Kiel, the first thing I should take care of should be a passport.

"Hold!" I shouted before C——'s, and sprang up the steps. There was written on the door, in white letters, "Thou wilt find everything at the custom-house." "Drive," I cried again, "to the custom-house, as if death was at your heels!"

Chance had given me the most rapid carriage in all Copenhagen. The man drove like King Antiochus Epiphanes when he was seized with his worm-fever and fell back in his chariot. In three minutes I was with my fellow-travellers, who had given up all hope of my arrival. It was at the very last moment. A boat lay ready to take us out to the packet. We got into it with all our provisions. Our friends stood on the quay. The boat pushed off. My journey's first day's Iliad was over, and the Odyssey began.

THE HEATH.

ADELBERT STIFTER.

[Among Austrian authors, Stifter, born at Oberplan, Bohemia, in 1806, holds one of the highest places, his poetic instinct and artistic skill in word-painting making exquisite prose pictures of many of his descriptive passages. His best work is in his collection of short tales, "Studien," or Sketches, as he properly terms them. These, as landscape pictures,—still-life studies,—are among the happiest of descriptive sketches, and show the intimate acquaintance of the author with the finer details of natural scenery. The poetically drawn picture of a boy's life on the heath, which we give, is probably a reproduction of the author's own inner experiences while tending his father's cows in the fields. The translation is by the Zimmern sisters.]

IN the real sense of the word, it is not a heath to which I want to lead my dear reader and listener, but a sad

lovely little spot of country far from our town, which is called the Heath, because from time immemorial nothing but short grass has grown upon it, with here and there a stem of heath fir or dwarf birch, on which occasionally hangs a lock of wool, torn from one of the few sheep and goats who now and then wander about. Besides these there was a plentiful sprinkling of juniper-bushes, but no other ornament, unless we count as such the distant mountains, which formed a beautiful blue band round the dimly-colored landscape.

But as it often happens that melancholy persons, in whose hearts nature has implanted wondrous poetry and strange feelings, seek out and love just such spots because they can there give full vent to their dreams and their inner music, so it was the case too with this heath. Thus a black-eyed boy of ten or twelve years very often came here with his sheep and goats, nominally to tend them; but when the animals separated, the sheep to pluck the short aromatic grass, the goats (for whom in truth there was no suitable food) to follow their own reflections and enjoy the fresh air, while every now and then plucking at a soft sprig, he would begin to make acquaintance with all the various creatures that the heath bred, and enter into an alliance and friendship with them.

There was a slight eminence on the heath, on which the gray stone, another part owner of the tract, was found in larger quantities. It pushed itself out to view, and even formed an overhanging mass, with a place of shelter and an orator's tribune. The juniper, too, crowded more closely at this spot, spreading out into many-branched kindred, and near it grew many a pretty flowering thistle. But just here there were no trees far and wide, on which account the view was more beautiful than at other points, especially towards the south, where the distant marsh, so

unhealthy for its inhabitants, so beautiful to the beholder, floated in a blue mist out into all the grades of distance. The spot was called the Horse Mountain; why, none knew, since within the memory of man no horse had ever been here; indeed, it would have been far too expensive a luxury for the heath.

It was to this spot that our little friend liked best to stray, even if his charges had wandered far away on their various business. He knew from experience that not one of them would leave the party, and he always brought them together at last, however far he might have to seek for them. Indeed, the actual search was an adventure to him, especially when he had to wander far and wide. On the eminence of the Horse Mount he established his kingdom. Beneath the overhanging block he gradually formed a seat, by building or scooping with sharp stones. At first it was only large enough for one, but at last it grew roomy enough for three. A few shelves were discovered or made in other convenient nooks and crannies, where he placed his leathern heath-pouch, his bread, and the countless heath-treasures which he collected and brought up here. There was society in plenty. In the first place, there were the many great blocks of stone that formed his castle, all well known, and named by him, each of a different color and aspect; not to mention the countless little ones, which were often even more varied and brightly colored. He divided the large ones according as they delighted him by their oddity or annoyed him by their vulgarity; he loved all the little ones. Then there was the juniper, an obstinate fellow, of invincibly tough limbs when he was to let go a beautiful sweet-scented shepherd's crook or make room for a road to be constructed. His branches were thick-set with thorns; nevertheless they were all covered with gifts of honor, which he pre-

sented all the year round to the numerous heath-guests, in the shape of a million millions of blue and green berries. Then there were the wondrous heath-flowers, burning fire-colored or sky-blue between the sunny grass of the stones, and those countless little blossoms sprouting among the juniper, which open a little white beak and show a little yellow tongue. Many a strawberry, too, might be found; also some raspberry-bushes; and there actually grew between the stones a long hazel-rod. Nor was bad company wanting either, which he knew from his father to be such even when it was beautiful. For instance, here and there, but rarely, grew the herb Paris, which he only spared because it was of such shining blackness, as black as nothing else on the whole heath, except his own eyes, which, it is true, he could not see.

We ought scarcely to speak now of the living and moving company; there is so much without them. But this is the most excellent company. I will not mention the thousand upon thousand golden, ruby, and emerald creatures and worms which climb, run, and work about on stone, grass, and stalk, because of gold, ruby, and emerald he knew nothing yet but what the sky and the heath displayed to him. But of other creatures I must speak. There were his favorites, the creaking purple-winged grasshoppers, who flew up in dozens before him when he traversed his domains; there were his countless cousins, the greater and lesser locusts, Heyducs clad in dull-green garbs, chirping and dancing merrily and ceaselessly, so that on sunny days there was a quivering sing-song along the whole length of the heath. Then there were the snails, with and without houses, brown and striped, rounded and flat; and they drew silvery paths along the grass or over his felt hat, on which he liked to place them. Then there were the flies,—humming, buzzing, fizzing,—

blue, green, or glass-winged; the humble-bee, that hissed sleepily past; and the butterflies, especially one tiny one with sky-blue wings, silver-gray beneath, marked with such pretty little eye-like spots. Then there was another still smaller kind, with wings of pure sunset red. Finally, there were the birds which sang in many places: the yellow-hammer, the robin-redbreast, the wood-lark, that often filled the whole heavens with church music; the green-finch also, the hedge-sparrow, the plover, and many more. All their nests lay in his domain, and were sought out and guarded. Many a small field-mouse would he watch slipping along, and spared it when it suddenly stood still and looked up at him with its little, shining, frightened eyes. Of wolves and other dangerous depredators not one had been heard of from time immemorial under all his ancestors, with the exception of egg-sucking weasels, with which he waged war to the knife.

In the midst of all these delights he stood, walked, or sprang, or sat, a splendid child of the heath. From his dark-brown little face, full of goodness and sense, shone out in flashing unconscious brightness his coal-black eyes, loving and bold, betraying that dangerous element which had been granted to him and was beginning to sprout in the solitude of the heath,—a dark fiery fantasy. Around his forehead a wilderness of dark-brown hair was artlessly abandoned to the winds of the plain. If it were permitted to me, I would compare my little favorite with that shepherd lad in Holy Writ who also found his heart, his God, and his dreams of future kingly greatness upon the heath of Bethlehem. But I do not think that shepherd lad could have been quite as poor as our little friend, who had nothing the whole day long but a good-sized piece of black bread, with which, strangely enough, he managed to nourish his blooming body and still more blooming soul.

He had, besides, some clear cool water that gushed forth hard by the Horse Mount, filled a little well, and then hastened swiftly along the heath to join its sisters, and, united to them, hurried towards that distant marsh of which we have spoken. In good times he had a goat-cheese or two in his pouch. But one source of nourishment he had in plenty, which the wealthiest town-dweller cannot command,—a whole ocean of the most wholesome air around him, and a fulness of light to ripen color and health above him. In the evening, when he came home, his mother would cook him a dish of milk-soup or good millet-broth. His dress was made of half-bleached linen. He further possessed a broad felt hat, which, however, he seldom wore, and generally hung up in his castle on a wooden peg that he had knocked into a crack in the rock.

Nevertheless he was always joyous, and sometimes could hardly contain himself for mirth. From his regal throne he ruled over the heath. Sometimes he wandered over it far and wide; sometimes he sat up aloft on the stone block or orator's tribune, and as far as the eye could see, so far did his fantasy roam,—farther still, sometimes,—till it spanned the whole distance with a net-work of thoughts and imagination. And the longer he sat, the more thickly his fancies crowded, so that at last he was often himself entangled helplessly in their web. He knew no fear of solitude; and it was just when far and wide not a human being could be seen, and only the hot mid-day air trembled over the heath, that the whole array of his inmost fancies came trooping forth and peopled the heath. He would then often stand on the stone block and hold a sermon and speech, and below stood the kings and judges, and the people and the generals, and children and children's children, countless like the sand on the sea-shore. He exhorted them to penitence and conversion, and all

hung upon his words. He described to them the promised land, declared that they would accomplish heroic deeds, and at last longed for nothing so much as that he too might perform a miracle. Then he descended, and led them forth to the most distant and remote portions of the heath, which were about a quarter of an hour's walk, showed to them the whole land of their fathers, and occupied it at the point of the sword. Then it was divided among the tribes, and each was bidden defend his own land.

Or sometimes he built Babylon,—a terrible town of wide extent. He built it of the little stones of the Horse Mount, and announced to the locusts and beetles that a mighty kingdom was rising here which no one would be able to conquer, save Cyrus, who would come to-morrow or the next day to punish the godless king Belshazzar, as Daniel had long since prophesied.

Or he turned the course of the Jordan, that is, the brook that flowed from the spring, and forced it into another channel. Or he did none of these things, but went to sleep on the open plain and let a bright-colored carpet of dreams be woven above him. The sun looked down on him, and enticed rose-color out of his cheeks as he slept, as beautiful and as healthy as on mellow apples, or as ripe and as strong as on full-fruited hazel-nuts; and when at length it had drawn out of his forehead great clear drops, then it took pity on the boy, and waked him with a hot kiss.

Thus he lived many a day and many a year upon the heath, and grew taller and stronger; and into his heart came deeper and darker and quieter powers. He became full of sadness and longing, and he knew not how it was with him. He had completed his education: what the heath could give him it had given. His rich intellect now

pined for its bread of knowledge, and the heart for its wine of love. His eye roamed over the distant exhalations of the marsh, and yet farther, as though out there must be something that he lacked, and as though some day he must gird his loins, take up his staff, and wander far, far away from his flock.

The meadows, the flowers, the field with its corn, the wood with its innocent little insects, are the first and natural playmates and masters of the youthful heart. You need but abandon the little angel to his own inner god and keep the demons away, and he will educate and prepare himself in wondrous wise. Then, when the fruitful heart begins to hunger for knowledge and feeling, then open out to him the greatness of the world, of men, of God.

And herewith let us take leave of the boy on the heath.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

ANONYMOUS.

[From the early age of German poetry there have come down to our times an extensive series of romantic and warlike ballads, some of them of much merit, of which the "Heldenbuch" forms an important collection. Far more valuable, however, is the antique epic known as the "Nibelungenlied," or "Song of the Nibelung," an heroic poem unsurpassed in merit by the primitive epic poetry of any land except Greece. Many of the characters of this poem are the same as those of the "Heldenbuch," and it belongs to the poetic treasure-store of the heroic age of Germany, being undoubtedly composed of a series of ancient ballads which have been gracefully welded into a single poem by some skilful writer of the twelfth century, possibly the Minnesinger Heinrich von Ofterdingen.

The enthusiasm with which the Nibelungenlied was at first received by modern German critics, some of whom extravagantly compared it

with the *Iliad* of Homer, has now considerably abated, yet it is still acknowledged to be a remarkable monument of early Teutonic genius. The characters are clearly and powerfully conceived, the details of war are given with a graphic force and energy, the story has in it fine touches of sentiment, passion, and description, and its constituent elements are combined with masterly skill, lifting it to the level of the great poems of the world, and placing it next to the *Iliad* as an artistic example of the primitive epic.

We have space here for only a few passages from this extended poem, and need but say that it has for hero the warrior Siegfried, who is invulnerable save at one spot between his shoulders, through which he is slain by his enemy Hagen. The remainder of the poem details the revengeful schemes of his wife Chrimhild, and their success after a terrible slaughter of the Burgundians at the court of Etzel, the King of the Huns. The selections we give are from Weber's translation. The poem opens in the following effective manner.]

THE NIBELUNGEN.

In ancient song and story marvels high are told
Of knights of high emprise and adventures manifold;
Of joy and merry feasting, of lamenting, woe, and fear,
Of champions' bloody battles, many marvels shall ye hear.

A noble maid, and fair, grew up in Burgundy;
In all the land about, fairer none might be:
She became a queen full high; Chrimhild was she hight;
But for her matchless beauty fell many a blade of might.

For love and for delight was framed that lady gay;
Many a champion bold sighed for the gentle may;
Full beauteous was her form, beauteous without compare;
The virgin's virtues might adorn many a lady fair.

Three kings of might and power had the maiden in their
care,—
King Günther and King Ghernot (champions bold they
were),

And Ghiseler the young, a chosen, peerless blade :
The lady was their sister, and much they loved the maid.

These lords were mild and gentle, born of the noblest
blood ;

Unmatched for power and strength were the heroes
good :

Their realm was Burgundy, a realm of mickle might ;
Since then, in the land of Etzel, dauntless did they fight.

At Worms, upon the Rhine, dwelt they with their meiny
bold ;

Many champions served them, of countries manifold,
With praise and honor nobly, even to their latest day,
When, by the hate of two noble dames, dead on the
ground they lay.

Bold were the kings, and noble, as I before have said,
Of virtues high and matchless, and served by many a
blade,

By the best of all the champions whose deeds were ever
sung ;

Of trust and truth withouten fail ; hardy, bold, and
strong. . . .

Of the court's gay splendor, of all the champions free,
Of their high and knightly worth, and of the chivalry,
Which still they held in honor to their latest day,
No minstrel, in his song, could rightly sing or say.

CHIRIMHILD.

And now the beauteous lady, like the rosy morn,
Dispersed the misty clouds ; and he, who long had borne
In his heart the maiden, banished pain and care,
As now before his eyes stood the glorious maiden fair.

From her broidered garment glittered many a gem,
And upon her lovely cheek the rosy red did gleam :
Whoever in his glowing soul had imaged lady bright
Confessed that fairer maiden never stood before his sight.

And as the moon, at night, stands high the stars among,
And moves the murky clouds above, with lustre bright
and strong,
So stood before her maidens the maid without compare :
Higher swelled the courage of many a champion there.

And full of love and beauty stood the child of Siegelind,
As if upon the parchment by master's hand designed :
He gained the prize of beauty from all the knightly
train ;
They swore that lady never a lovelier mate could gain.

SIEGFRIED AT THE FOUNTAIN.

In gorgeous guise the hero did to the fountain ride :
Down unto his spurs his sword hung by his side ;
His weighty spear was broad, of mighty length, and
strong ;
A horn, of the gold so red, o'er the champion's shoulder
hung.

Of fairer hunting garments ne'er heard I say before :
A coat of the black velvet the noble hero wore ;
His hat was of the sable, full richly was it dight ;
Ho, with what gorgeous belts was hung his quiver
bright !

A fleece of the panther wild about the shafts was rolled ;
A bow of weight and strength bore the huntsman bold :
No hero on this middle earth but Sir Siegfried, I avow,
Without some engine quaint, could draw the mighty bow.

His garment fair was made of the savage lynx's hide ;
With gold the fur was sprinkled richly on every side ;
There many a golden leaf glittered right gorgeously,
And shone with brightest splendor round the huntsman
bold and free.

And by his side hung Balmung, that sword of mickle
might ;
When in the field Sir Siegfried struck on the helmets
bright,
Not the truest metal the noble blade withstood :
Thus right gloriously rode the huntsman good.

If right I shall arede the champion's hunting guise,
Well was stored his quiver with shafts of wondrous size ;
More than a span in breadth were the heads of might and
main :
Whom with those arrows sharp he pierced, quickly was he
slain.

HAGEN AT THE DANUBE.

Hagen of Tronek rode before the noble host,
Guiding the Niblung knights, their leader and their boast :
Now from his horse the champion leaped upon the ground ;
Full soon unto an oak the courser has he bound. . . .

The ferryman he sought by the river far and wide :
He heard the water bullering closely by his side :
In a fountain fair, sage women he espied,
Their lovely bodies bathing all in the cooling tide.

And when he saw the mermaids, he sped him silently ;
But soon they heard his footsteps, and quickly did they
hie,

Glad and joyful in their hearts, that they 'scaped the hero's
arm :

From the ground he took their garments, did them none
other harm.

Up and spake a mermaid, Hildburg was she hight :
"Noble hero Hagen, your fate will I rede aright,
At King Etzel's court what adventures ye shall have,
If back thou give our garments, thou champion bold and
brave."

Like birds they flew before him upon the watery flood,
And as they flew, the mermaid's form thought him so fair
and good

That he believed full well what of his fate she spoke ;
But for the hero's boldness she thought to be awroke.

"Well may ye ride," she said, "to the rich King Etzel's
court ;

I pledge my head in troth, that in more royal sort
Heroes never were received in countries far and near,
Nor with greater honors ; then hie ye without fear."

Glad of their speech was Hagen, right joyous in his heart :
He gave them back their garments, and sped him to depart :
But when their bodies they had dight in that full wondrous
guise,

Rightly the journey to the Huns told the women wise.

Then spake the other mermaid, Sigblind was her name :
"I will warn thee, son of Aldrian, Hagen, thou knight of
fame ;

For the garments fair, my sister loudly did she lie :
Fouly must ye all be shent, if to the Huns ye hie.

"Turn thee back, Sir Hagen, back unto the Rhine,
Nor ride ye to the Huns with those bold feres of thine;
Ye are trained unto your death into King Etzel's land:
All who ride to Hungary their death may they not with-
stand."

Up and spake Sir Hagen, "Foullly dost thou lie:
How might it come to pass, when to the Huns we hie,
That I, and all our champions bold, should to the death
be dight?"

The Niblung knights' adventures they told unto the knight.

Lady Hildburg spoke: "Turn ye back to Burgundy:
None will return from Etzel, of all your knights so free,—
None but the chaplain of the king; your cruel fate to tell,
Back to Lady Brunhild comes he safe and well." . . .

Loud and oft Sir Hagen shouted o'er the flood:
"Now fetch me over speedily," so spake the hero good:
"A bracelet of the rich red gold will I give thee to thy
need:

To cross the swelling Danube full mickle have I need."

Rich and right proud of mood was that ferryman bold;
Full seldom would he serve for silver or for gold:
His servants and his hinds haughty of mind they were.
Alone the knight of Tronek stood in wrath and care.

With wondrous force he shouted, that, with the dreadful
sound,

Up and down the river did the waves and rocks rebound:
"Fetch ye over Sir Amelrich, soon and speedily,
Who left Bavaria's land for wrath and enmity."

A weighty bracelet on his sword the hero held full soon,
That to the sun the gold so red fair and brightly shone:

He bade him bring him over to the noble Ghelfrat's land :
Speedily the ferryman took the rudder in his hand.

O'er the swelling Danube rowed he speedily ;
But when his uncle Amelrich in the boat he did not see,
Fearful grew his wrath, to Hagen loud he spake,—
“Leave the boat, thou champion, or thy boldness will I
wreak.”

Up he heaved the rudder, broad and of mickle weight,
And on the hero Hagen he struck with main and might ;
In the ship he felled him down upon his knee :
Never such fierce ferryman did the knight of Tronek see.

He seized a sturdy oar, right wrathful was his mood ;
Upon the glittering helmet he struck the champion good,
That o'er his head he broke the oar with all his might :
But for that blow the ferryman soon to the death was dight.

Up started hero Hagen, unsheathed his trusty blade,
Grasped it strongly in his hand, and off he struck his head :
Loudly did he shout, as he threw it on the ground :
Glad were the knights of Burgundy when they heard his
voice resound.

[The battle at Etzel's court left few of the Burgundians alive.
Among these was old Hagen, whom Chrimhild had doomed to death,
and whom she struck dead with Siegfried's sword.]

From out the sheath she drew that blade so good and
true ;
She meant the noble champion with his life the deed
should rue :
Up she heaved the falchion, and off she struck his head.
Loudly mourned King Etzel, when he saw the hero dead.

He wept and mourned aloud: "Oh, woe! by woman's
hand

Lies low the boldest champion, the noblest in the land,
Who ever shield and trusty sword to the bloody combat
bore!

Though he was my fiercest foe, I shall mourn him ever-
more."

Up and spake old Hildebrand: "Thus she shall not
speed;

She has dared to strike the champion dead, and it's I will
'quite the deed:

Full oft he wrought me wrong, oft I felt his direful wrath;
But bloody vengeance will I have for the noble hero's
death."

Wrathfully Sir Hildebrand to Queen Chrimhild he hied:
Grimly he struck his falchion all through the lady's side:
In sooth she stood aghast when she viewed the hero's
blade:

What might her cries avail her? On the ground the
queen fell dead.

There bled full many a champion, slaughtered on that
day;

Among them Lady Chrimhild, cut in pieces, lay.

Dietrich and King Etzel began to weep and mourn

For their kemps and for their kindred who there their
lives had lorn.

Men of strength and honor weltering lay that morrow:

All the knights and vassals had mickle pain and sorrow.

King Etzel's merry feast was done, but with mourning
did it end:

Thus evermore does Love with pain and sorrow send.

What sithence there befell I cannot sing or say;
Heathens bold and Christians full sorely wept that day,
With many a swain and lady, and many maidens young.—
Here ends the tale adventurous, hight the Niblung song.

THE MEDIÆVAL EPIC POETRY.

FRIEDRICH SCHLEGEL.

[Karl Wilhelm Friedrich Schlegel, a brother of the Orientalist and poet August Wilhelm Schlegel, was born at Hanover in 1772. His earliest literary labors embraced works of fiction, historical criticism, and the drama, but his principal works, by which he is now chiefly known, are his "History of Ancient and Modern Literature," "Lectures on the Philosophy of Life," and "Lectures on the Philosophy of History." He was an admirer of mediæval life and institutions, and was prominent in the establishment of the German Romantic school of literature. He died at Dresden in 1829. From the Bohn translation of his "History of Literature" we select an interesting and suggestive description of the character and source of the Middle Age epics of chivalry.]

THE subjects celebrated in mediæval chivalrous poetry are especially selected from three different groups of fabulous history. To the first of these belong such legends as are immediately connected with Gothic, Frankish, and Burgundian warriors of the period of national migration. It is of their praises that the *Nibelungenlied* treats, as also the so-called *hero-book*, which is a collection of fragmentary pieces. These heroic legends have, for the most part, some historical foundation: they breathe the Northern spirit, they constituted fruitful themes for Scandinavian minstrelsy, and are eminently suggestive of paganism and the old German mythology. Charlemagne

formed the second great topic of chivalrous poesy,—especially his wars with the Arabs, the battle of Roncesvalles, and the famous exploits of his assembled chiefs. Narrative of this sort was not long in deviating from the track of genuine history: the activity of the hero was soon changed into the supine indolence of an Oriental despot. This view may have been influenced by the circumstance that the Normans, the chief cultivators of this species of poetry, were accustomed to regard Charles, in the midst of all his renown, as similarly situated to the apathetic monarchs of France in their own time. But, whatever the cause may have been, the fact remains, that descriptions of this prince gradually gained so great an accession of comic humor as completely to overshadow the element of reality they contained, until they eventually degenerated into mere play of fancy, as is seen in Ariosto.

This was not entirely the case with the third series of chivalrous poesy, including the story of British Arthur and his Round Table. Here, too, the purely historical portion of the narrative was enriched with strange and marvellous additions afforded by the Crusades, and even farthest India was brought within the sphere of poetic representation. The Arthur of history—a Christian king, of Celtic origin, in Britain—and his contests with the early pagan leaders of the Saxons would have constituted too meagre a theme for descriptive song, without extraneous assistance. Destined as it was to represent the ideal of perfect chivalry, this poem was embellished with all the imagery of gorgeous imagination. With it were connected descriptions of the relations of love to chivalrous adventure. The most distinguished lay of this set partakes of the elegiac character, as may be gathered from its very name of *Tristram*. This plaintive elegiac tinge is

exceedingly becoming to representations of this nature, both because of the striking antithesis obtaining between external life and the inward consciousness of the transitory evanescent charms of youth, which, in most cases, leaves an impress of melancholy; as also of the impossibility of completely satisfying the aspirations of loftier humanity. The poetic atmosphere of knightly manners and deeds, with which the destiny of love is here associated, is throughout beautifying and ennobling. The representatives of modern times, depicted in the stern reality of the present moment, resort in vain to psychological refinements and a knowledge of life and manners to make up for the defect of poetic power. The world and its inhabitants cannot be known from books. It is, indeed, the province of poetry to arouse in the yet untutored bosom a presentiment of feelings which are already a natural poetry, and to reawaken those sensations in hearts which have before experienced them; whilst it is her proud prerogative, by a magical power, not to ennoble these feelings, but to preserve them in their natural element of Beauty. Of the longer chivalrous love-epics of the Middle Ages, *Tristram* is held in the highest repute by all nations; whilst, in order to guard against the risk of monotony, *Launcelot*, a personification of genial humor, was added as a companion to the more pensive lay.

There was yet another purpose to which the story of *Arthur and the Round Table* was made subservient. It was not only intended to express the essence of a knightly virtue, but also to embody the conception of a spiritual knighthood that, true to solemn vows and unscathed in the midst of a severe ordeal, had surmounted the successive steps of the ladder of perfection. This did not, however, prevent poetry from unfolding her rich profusion of matchless charms in depicting varied dangers by flood and

field, of War and of Love, both in the East and the West. The name of St. Graal designates an entire series of chivalrous poems allegorically devised, of which the proposed aim is to point out the method by means of which the hero is to render himself more worthy of the secrets and relies to be intrusted to his keeping. But certain indications would lead us to infer that these poems were not destined merely to represent the ideal of spiritual knight-hood, as it flourished in that age of foremost orders, but was likewise meant to express some of the symbolical conceptions and traditions entertained by a few of these orders, especially the Templars. . . .

We have seen, then, that Arthur and the Round Table, constituting the third series of fabulous chivalric poesy, bears a peculiarly allegorical character. These three—namely, the Nibelungen, the exploits of Charlemagne, and the adventures of the Round Table—formed the leading subjects of mediæval poetry: around these numerous other fictions gathered as around a common centre. It now remains for us to consider the varied manifestations of the genius of chivalrous poetry, as indeed of chivalry itself, that prevailed in the different countries of Europe; also its duration, and the several modes in which this poetry became extinct, having in no instance attained to the full maturity of vigor and artistic excellence of which it was unquestionably susceptible. However, it will first be necessary to give a short sketch of the influence of the Crusades on the poetry of the West, and also to allude to the connection which the Eastern muse had with that event.

One of the especial effects of the Crusades was to arouse the imagination on contemplating so stupendous an undertaking. The achievements of Godfrey of Bouillon were celebrated in the self-same age in which he lived: they

needed not the mystery of antiquity to render them poetical. And yet minstrels were found who preferred the fabulous tales respecting Charlemagne and those of the Round Table, chiefly because they afforded a wider scope to the imaginative faculty.

The influence that Oriental poetry exercised on Europe by means of the Crusade falls short of what is usually supposed: so much of it as is real belongs for the most part, though not exclusively, to the Persians and not the Arabs. Of the several poetical works of the East claiming our notice, there are two which chiefly serve to express this influence and mark the spirit that was thus transmitted to Europe or was originally akin to the genius of the North. These are the popular collection of Arabic tales known as the "Thousand and One Nights," with which we are all familiar, and the Persian epics of Ferdusi, who has been called at one time the Homer, and at another the Ariosto, of the East.

The older poetry of the Arabs, before Mahomet, consisted, so far as we know, of lyric hero-songs, in which, without any reference to mythology, martial achievements and feelings of love were celebrated with the glories of some hero and his race. All that tended to exalt a favorite clan or to depreciate its rivals was fearlessly and unreservedly stated. Here and there praises are interspersed with moral maxims and ingenious conceits, such as are congenial to Oriental tastes. Mythology proper, or a digest of fictions relating to supernatural beings engaged in contest with each other, similar to the creations of the Greeks, the Persians, and the natives of the North, are nowhere found in early Arabic poetry. It is of so local a character as scarcely to admit of being transplanted; indeed, a certain degree of acquaintance with Arab life is absolutely necessary if we desire to appreciate or even

thoroughly understand their poetry. . . . Mythological poetry was essentially foreign to the early genius of the Arabs. It is related of one of the contemporaries of Mahomet that he introduced the Persian legends of Isfendiar and some other adventurous knights into Mecca, as a striking novelty, but was soon rebuked by his popular chief, who feared that their popularity would injure his own poetry and his own projects.

This eager fondness for the exuberant fancy of Persian poetry was abundantly evinced by the Arabs when they held dominion over Asia. The "Thousand and One Nights," already referred to, give obvious proof of this. The critics of Oriental literature are agreed in ascribing the more wonderful and fairy portions of those charming stories to Persian, if not Hindoo, origin. We are as yet ignorant as to whether the Arabs possessed any indigenous chivalric poesy other than the panegyric hero-verse which has been briefly sketched above. But, even though some strange production of this sort were at any time discovered, such a circumstance would not naturally invalidate the general proposition.

Elfin-sprites, mountain-goblins, mermaids, giants, dwarfs, dragons, and all the apparatus of fanciful creation, constituted the principal machinery of Northern mythology long before the period of the Crusades. These were not borrowed, but bore marks of primeval kindred with Persian demonology. The soft fairy forms of the South, and Oriental gorgeousness of coloring, were all that accrued to the West from an acquaintance with the East. But another remarkable point of agreement is yet to be mentioned. Considerable mythological importance is attached to the great Persian epic, in which the Bard—who flourished about the tenth century of our era—collected the various legends of his country's warriors and monarchs.

He celebrated them in the richest glow of the language of that time, and the purity of his diction, together with his vivid fancy, earned for him the epithet of "Paradisaic." The splendor of Dschemschid, a hero who embodies in his own person all the perfection and excellence of sublunary greatness, inaugurates this fiction, as the golden age of Persia's ancient glory, and of the whole Asiatic world. But when, after centuries of renown, that Sun of Righteousness sets, and the monarch abandons himself to pride and arrogance, the land of light is given over as a prey to the powers of darkness. The combat between Iran and Turan, the holy domain of light and the wild region of darkness, now becomes the centre around which all future poetry revolves. The victory of the noble Feridun over the malignant Zohak, and his fruitless contest with the fiend-like Afrasiab; the universal dominion of the latter, and the gloom that shrouds the whole empire; the advent of Rustan and his successful opposition to lawless violence, until King Chosru eventually terminates the career of Afrasiab's guilt and establishes a historical dynasty: all these are fictions embodying, in the form of heroic legend, the conceptions of a fierce struggle between light and darkness, such as the ancient Persians loved to contemplate. All their other poetry breathes a similar spirit, and expresses a like reference. Most of the Christian poems dating from the Middle Ages are based on a corresponding contest between good and evil, light and darkness, an antithesis, by the bye, to which the Greeks were strangers. Christianity differs from the Persian principles of eternal contention between good and evil only in so far as this system is extended to the sphere of the Divinity himself, and as the existence of two independent radical powers is assumed. But this distinction appertains, after all, rather to the domain of metaphysics. In the physical

as in the moral world, in nature as in man, Christianity recognizes the contrast of good and evil, the perpetual struggle of light and darkness; and this antithesis is apparent throughout the whole of Christian representation, poesy, and allegory. However this resemblance originated, whether in a similarity of the process of reasoning, or in the fact of blind and obsequious adherence to a beaten track, the inference is precisely the same, and we cannot fail to see the links that connected the imaginative faculties of remote nations.

The later romantic fictions of Persia,—Meschnun and Leila, Chosru and Scbirin,—in their character of chivalric love-epics, a species unknown to the muse of ancient times, still remind us of mediæval poetry. Yet the wild luxuriance and lavish prodigality of imagery common in the East are altogether at variance with Western tastes, whilst the sentiments of love and morality are depicted in a manner still more foreign to the genius of European customs.

On comparing the French *fabliaux* and tales with Arabic stories, it will appear that many legends of this kind were brought to Europe from the East, probably by the oral narration of the Crusaders. This conjecture, moreover, receives confirmation from occasional variations in details, as also from the peculiar shape in which some of these narratives appear. The influence exercised may, at the same time, have been mutual, and it is not impossible that here and there a novel might have passed over to the Arabs from the West, during a period of frequent and prolonged intercourse between Oriental and Occidental nations.

No complete or connected epic seems to have been borrowed by Europeans from any Eastern source; for even the fabulous history of Alexander, which afforded the

Persians, too, subject-matter for a romantic epic, was taken from some Greek chronicle for the purpose of being remodelled into chivalric poetry. The legends of the ancients having reference to Trojan adventures were likewise drawn from later popular books, by no means from any of the great poets. Our own age, so rich in historical lore, the first in every kind of imitation, can afford to look down with a certain degree of pride, if not of self-complacency, on such clumsy and childish efforts as Trojan and other chivalrous legends of the Middle Ages breathing the spirit of the antique. But, with all these acknowledged deficiencies, the period referred to had certain compensating advantages, and it is not difficult to understand by what means these Grecian hero-legends riveted the attention and the admiring sympathy of people in that age. It was the heroic age of Christendom, and in those Greek legends there was many a feature calculated to suggest reminiscences of chivalry. Tancred and Richard, with their minstrels and troubadours, in many respects resembled Achilles, Hector, and the Trojan rhapsodists, much more than did the captains and bards of later and more cultivated times. For the same reason, Alexander's exploits were selected as a theme for minstrelsy to bellow, since, of all historical subjects, without any fabulous additions, they were best adapted to the constitution of an epic, from the strange and poetical accompaniments associated with the career of that conqueror.

On the whole, the general intercourse existing between diverse nations at this time, and not without effect upon the several peoples of the West, was peculiarly favorable to the interchange of fiction, characteristic of different races and lands. So chaotic was the mixture resulting from this process that, in the sequel, some of the leading native traditions of Europe resolved themselves into a

mere play of the fancy, and were detached from all historical connection.

There is but one general standard criticism for the great mass of romantic poetry, which at this time was either limited to some one of the principal sets of mediæval story, or, if independent of these, was founded on veritable fact. Their value is so much the higher in proportion as they rest on a historical foundation and have a national import and character; in proportion also as they exhibit the wonderful in poetry, and the free play of the imagination in an unconstrained and natural manner, and especially if they express the spirit of love. I do not mean merely a mild, moderate, and as it were loving treatment of everything that is represented, but rather the spirit which especially distinguishes all Christian poetry; even where the nature of the subject or the intention of the poet requires a tragical result, it is never with the simple feeling of destruction, ruin, or inevitable fate; but rather a new higher life in a glorified form is called forth from suffering and death, and the earthly victim, after succumbing to sorrow, is represented, when the conflict is over, as adorned by a crown of victory in the upper world.

THE ETHICS OF TRANSMIGRATION.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

[Johann Gottfried von Herder, one of Germany's most gifted and eminent authors, was born at Mohrungen, Prussia, in 1744. His stated course of study was in theology, but his excessive thirst for knowledge filled his mind with a great wealth and variety of acquisitions and made him competent to deal with the most diversified subjects. He gained much distinction as a pulpit-orator, but his existing

reputation rests upon his multifarious and valuable writings, the most important of which is his "Ideas on the Philosophy of the History of Mankind." Richter says, in relation to his many-sided intellect, "It was Herder's fault that he was not a star of the first magnitude or any other magnitude, but a clump of stars out of which one spells a constellation to please himself." In other words, he dealt with too many subjects to give his genius full play upon any one. His works have been issued in an edition of forty-five volumes, and in a pocket edition of sixty volumes. From Hedge's translation of his dialogues on "Metempsychosis" we select a portion of the third dialogue, which is poetically suggestive of the modern doctrine of evolution and reads like an eighteenth-century prevision of that theory.]

THE next morning, as if by appointment, Theages and Charicles met in a walk of which both were fond, and where they were accustomed often to bathe their souls in the beams of the rising sun. Both were wrapped in the silence which twilight and waking bring with them, a holy silence from which the dawning day gently and gradually rouses us. They left each other undisturbed. With the blush of the morning before them, and the joyous choir of all the newly-awakened beings around them, they sat dumb for a while, until at last, when the sun had risen, and the scene became more animated, Charicles proposed that they should strike into the neighboring wood, through which, by a small circuit, they might take their way home. During the walk he imperceptibly directed the conversation to yesterday's topic.

Charicles. What did you dream of last night, Theages? Your visions must have been agreeable, for you seemed to be entirely lost last night among the stars and worlds.

Theages. When the sun is in the sky, one must not relate dreams, Charicles: then they lose the accompaniment of scene and decoration. There is a time for everything. See you not how the sun, with his glory, has

veiled the entire host of those worlds of yesterday, and how sadly the moon looks in the heavens yonder,—a pale cloudlet? Probably our conversation would be like it, if it should attempt to resume the prophecies of yesterday. Therefore, Charicles, put out the night-lamps, and bring forward something of a more cheerful character, where-with we may strengthen ourselves for the day.

Char. I think we may resume our yesterday's conversation and still attain that end. For, my friend, I feel now, very plainly, that the morning and not the evening is the time for discussions which take us back into the childhood of our race,—the early morning of human ideas and images. Our studied night-wisdom has dazzled us. Where we should have conjectured, we asserted; where we should have thought humanly, we thought divinely.

Theag. Do you mean me?

Char. Perhaps a little. For you too, I am afraid, have been too much exalted by theology and philosophy, Newton and Christianity. You would soar to the stars; but our way at present is still on the earth; you are ashamed of your step-brothers the brute animals, and would mount up into the society of beings whom you have never seen, and perhaps never will see,—the inhabitants of Mercury, of the sun, and of the moon.

Theag. No, I am not ashamed of my half-brothers the brutes; on the contrary, as far as they are concerned, I am a great advocate of metempsychosis. I believe, for a certainty, that they will ascend to a higher grade of being, and am unable to comprehend how any one can object to this hypothesis, which seems to have the analogy of the whole creation in its favor.

Char. Now you are in the right way.

Theag. It is the way I have always been in, as far as this point is concerned. Do not you remember that you

yourself strayed from it yesterday? Do you like Æsop's fables, Charicles?

Char. Very much; but what have they to do with the matter?

Theag. I regard them as the compass which shows us our relation to the brutes. Severally and collectively the animals still play their fables. Æsop, the great philosopher and moralist, has only made their play intelligible to us; he has made their characters speak to our comprehension; for to their own comprehension they speak and act continually. And know you what is man's part in this progressive fable of the animals? He is the *general proposition*, the *moral of the fable*, the *tongue in the balance*. He uses the whole creation, and consequently the characters of animals. They act before him, they act for him, and he—thinks. His "*this fable teaches*" he has to repeat every moment.

Char. And has this anything to do with the metempsychosis of animals?

Theag. Much, as it seems to me. To make the brute-fable a man-fable, there wants nothing but the conclusion, the general proposition, the doctrine. That brute character, so determined, so sure, so rich in art and so instructive,—give it but a little spark of that light we call reason, and you have the man. There he is, and he gathers now instruction, doctrine, art, from his former character as brute. He brings his former mode of life more or less into consciousness, and, if he chooses, learns wisdom therefrom. He must learn, as man, to order wisely and well what, as brute, he can, and likes, and wills. This, methinks, is the anthropogenesis and the palingenesia of brutes into men.

Char. The picture is fine; but the thing? Is it so certain, Theages, that every man has an animal character?

Theag. If you doubt it, look at the countenances of men under the influence of passion, of strong passion ; observe in secret their mode of life and the sharply-marked traits of their character ; it shall go hard but you will discover, in the formation, the air, the gesture, and still more in the progressive action of their life, the fox, the wolf, the cat, the tiger, the dog, the weasel, the vulture, the parrot, with the rest of the honorable company that came out of Noah's ark.

Char. You jest. I have hitherto considered the whole hypothesis as a joke, over the dessert, when we cover our mouths to the nose exclusive with the napkin, and ask, "Who was I? What beast have I been?"

Theag. As things go, it is a joke and must remain so. Who knows himself to the bottom of his character? And how should another know us at a glance, as soon as we cover up the mouth with our napkin? What would come of it if man should set the images of the animals with which he is daily conversant in his life's almanac, and should converse with them in his own animal character in return? It was designed that we should be men, not animals. The tongue in the balance is to guide us, and not the dead weight of character and animal instincts laid in the scale. The animal-human countenance is human, enlightened. The features are separated, especially the most characteristic features. Forehead, nose, eyes, and cheeks are infinitely dignified, ennobled, beautiful, in man, as compared with the brute.

Char. Then the animal formation is only the basis of the human character, which is to be enlightened by the light of reason, and systematized, beautified, and elevated by the moral sentiments of the human heart? The ground of our capacities and traits, as beings of sense,—the remains of purely sensual faculties, propensities, and impulses,—

these are animal, and are afterwards only polished and regulated by our reason?

Theag. Study men, and you will find abundant proofs of it. For when we separate the haughty moral element, we are all pretty much agreed in our judgment of traits and characters. In nature, and in an Æsop's fable, we call a fox a fox, and not a lion. In human life our judgments are apt to be confused, as from a hundred other causes, so also from this, that it is actually the aim of human culture and the destination of man to extinguish the animal character and the animal habits, to a certain extent, and to make men of us, or, if you will, angels in humanity. Every one would fain be thought to have reached this point himself; but envy and malice love to find in others the old, rude beast entire, with no trace of man or angel. Hence it is that this hypothesis is so abused, and at last falls into contempt, either because it is misunderstood, or because it is feared. But without it I know not what is to become of the numerous host of creatures beneath us,—our characteristic and sensitive half-brothers in field and forest.

Char. What is to become of them? Nothing different from what they are. They transmigrate into new forms of their own species; they become finer deer, finer birds.

Theag. Finer tigers, finer apes and wolves, and at the last day, I suppose, these will be raised too and accompany us? It is surely not your serious conviction, my friend, that the innermost creation—the ever-proceeding, new creation—must needs conform to the classification of the late Baron Linné?

Char. Not mine, exactly; but our friend Harmodius would suffer martyrdom for this opinion.

Theag. Well, he would die a very innocent death, then. Our classifications are not so exhaustive as is usually sup-

posed. They exist only for our senses, for our faculties; they are not the muster-rolls by which Nature arranges her creatures,—categories which she has prescribed to herself in order to keep each creature in its proper place. See how the different classes of creation run into each other! How the organizations ascend and struggle upward from all points, on all sides! And then, again, what a close resemblance between them! Precisely as if, on all our earth, the form-abounding Mother had proposed to herself but one type, one *protoplasma*, according to which and for which she formed them all. Know you what that form is? It is the identical one which man also wears.

Char. It is true; even in the most imperfect animal, some resemblance to this capital form of organization is not to be mistaken.

Theag. It is even more evident internally than it is externally. Even in insects an analogon of the human anatomy has been discovered, though, compared with ours, enveloped and seemingly disproportionate. The different members, and consequently, also, the powers which work in them, are yet undeveloped, not organized to our fullness of life. It seems to me that throughout creation this finger-mark of Nature is the Ariadne-thread that conducts us through the labyrinth of animal forms, ascending and descending.

But, my friend, we have walked and talked ourselves tired. Suppose we sit down beneath these pleasant trees and look at the swan that rows and glasses himself on yonder shining surface.

They seated themselves and rested awhile. The wash of the waves and the whispering trees agreeably damped their thoughts, until, at last, Charicles resumed the thread of the conversation.

Char. . . . Tell me, beloved, something of your day-

dreams on the subjects of which we have been speaking, as you told me yesterday of your night-dreams. The sight of this fair river, the sublime silence of this forest, methinks, are as favorable to such imaginings as is the starred roof of heaven. Here, at least, we form, ourselves, a part of the chorus.

Theag. And did we not there, too? Or are we not here, also, in the midst of a river of heaven, a chorus of earthly stars? All the life of Nature, all the tribes and species of animated creation,—what are they but sparks of the Godhead, a harvest of incarnate stars, among which the two human sexes stand forth like sun and moon? We overshine, we dim the other figures, but doubtless we lead them on in a chorus invisible to ourselves. Oh, friend, that an eye were given us to trace the shining course of this divine spark,—to see how life flows to life, and, ever refining, impelled through all the veins of creation, wells up into a purer, higher life! What a new city of God, what a creation within creation, should we then behold! From the first atom, the most unfruitful dust scarce escaped from nonentity, through all the varieties of organization up to that little universe of multiform life, man, what a shining labyrinth! But the human understanding cannot detect it; it sees things only on the outside, it sees only forms, not the transmigrating, up-striving souls. The interior mechanism of Nature, her living wheels and breathing forces, these, in their too exceeding glory, are to us a *ἀδρῆς*, the *Kingdom of Night*, the hull and vein of unborn lives self-engendered in eternal progression.

“Alas! our sight’s so ill
That things which swiftest move seem to stand still.”

I need not veil myself before thee, great Pan, eternal fountain of life! Thou hast veiled me within myself. Do

I know the world of lives which I call my body? Doubtless my too feeble soul, could she see the countless host which ministers to her in all degrees and varieties of animation, would drop her imperial sceptre and sink from her throne. In my veins, in the minutest vascules allotted to me, these souls are pilgriming towards a higher life, as, already, through so many paths and preparations, they have travelled from all creation into me. I prepare them for their further progress, as everything before has prepared them for me. No destruction, no death, is there in creation, but dissolution, parturition, lustration. So the tree with its boughs and limbs elaborates the tremors of the earth and the air, the fire of the soil and the heavens, into its own nature,—itself and its children into nobler sap. Its leaves imbibe and make fruitful. Every leaf is a tree, formed upon a green plain, in a slender fabric, because creation had not room to produce them all as perfect trees. From every bud, therefore, and every twig she thrusts forth tree-spirits. The all-bearing Mother clothes herself with green life; every flower which unfolds itself is a bride, every blossoming tree is a great family of lives. The kingdom of animals—our mute fellow-citizens—destroys thousand forms of inferior kind in order to animate its own higher forms; and finally man, the chief artificer and destroyer in creation,—he gives life and takes it, he is, without knowing it, the goal of his inferior brethren, to which, perhaps, they are all imperceptibly conducted.

Beautiful, floating swan! In what a shining element thy Creator has placed thee to love and admire thyself! With thy fair, bowed neck, in the pure, fresh whiteness of innocence, thou swimmest a queen, a soft splendor-form, on the clear surface of the waves. Thy world is a mirror, thy life a decoration and an art. What will be

thine employment when hereafter, in a human form, thou projectest lines of beauty and studiest graces in thyself or in nature?

ASPECTS OF NATURE.

VARIOUS.

[Of German poems devoted to descriptions of natural scenery and the varied aspects of the world which surrounds us, we have space but for a few examples, selected from the great number of lays inspired by this favorite and inviting theme. First we present two poems from the pen of Friedrich Leopold Graf zu Stolberg, a poet of the last century, whose lyrics are marked by a rich imagination and fine powers of expression. These are in the translations respectively of W. W. Story and C. T. Brooks.]

THE STREAM OF THE ROCK.

Unperishing youth,
Thou leapest from forth
The cleft of the rock.
No mortal eye saw
The mighty one's cradle,
No ear ever heard
The lofty one's lisp in the murmuring spring.

How beautiful art thou,
In silvery locks!
How terrible art thou,
When the cliffs are resounding in thunder around!
Thee feareth the fir-tree;
Thou crushest the fir-tree,
From its root to its crown.
The cliffs flee before thee:
The cliffs thou engraspest,
And hurlest them, scornful, like pebbles adown.

The sun weaves around thee
The beams of its splendor ;
It painteth with hues of the heavenly iris
The uprolling clouds of the silvery spray.

Why speedest thou downward
Toward the green sea ?
Is it not well by the nearer heaven ?
Not well by the sounding cliff ?
Not well by the o'erhanging forest of oaks ?
Oh, hasten not so
Toward the green sea !
Youth, oh, now thou art strong, like a god,—
Free, like a god !

Beneath thee is smiling the peacefullest stillness,
The tremulous swell of the slumberous sea,
Now silvered o'er by the swimming moonshine,
Now golden and red in the light of the west !

Youth, oh, what is this silken quiet,
What is the smile of the friendly moonlight,
The purple and gold of the evening sun,
To him whom the feeling of bondage oppresses ?
Now streamest thou wild,
As thy heart may prompt !
But below oft ruleth the fickle tempest,
Oft the stillness of death, in the subject sea !

Oh, hasten not so
Toward the green sea !
Youth, oh, now thou art strong, like a god,—
Free, like a god !

TO THE SEA.

Thou boundless, shining, glorious sea,
With ecstasy I gaze on thee;
Joy, joy to him whose early beam
Kisses thy lip, bright ocean-stream!

Thanks for the thousand hours, old sea,
Of sweet communion held with thee:
Oft as I gazed, thy billowy roll
Woke the deep feelings of my soul.

Drunk with the joy, thou deep-toned sea,
My spirit swells to heaven with thee,
Or, sinking with thee, seeks the gloom
Of nature's deep, mysterious tomb.

At evening, when the sun grows red,
Descending to his watery bed,
The music of thy murmuring deep
Soothes e'en the weary earth to sleep.

Then listens thee the evening star,
So sweetly glancing from afar,
And Luna hears thee, when she breaks
Her light in million-colored flakes.

Oft, when the noonday heat is o'er,
I seek with joy the breezy shore,
Sink on thy boundless, billowy breast,
And cheer me with refreshing rest.

The poet, child of heavenly birth,
Is suckled by the mother earth;
But thy blue bosom, holy sea,
Cradles his infant fantasy.

The old blind minstrel on the shore
Stood listening thy eternal roar,
And golden ages, long gone by,
Swept bright before his spirit's eye.

On wing of swan the holy flame
Of melodies celestial came,
And Iliad and Odyssey
Rose to the music of the sea.

[A very pretty and suggestive idyl of nature is the following, from the pen of Frederick Rückert.]

NATURE MORE THAN SCIENCE.

I have a thousand thousand lays,
Compact of myriad myriad words,
And so can sing a million ways,
Can play at pleasure on the chords
Of tuned harp or heart;
Yet is there one sweet song
For which in vain I pine and long:
I cannot reach that song, with all my minstrel art.

A shepherd sits within a dell,
O'ercanopied from rain and heat;
A shallow but pellucid well
Doth ever bubble at his feet.
His pipe is but a leaf,
Yet there, above that stream,
He plays and plays, as in a dream,
One air that steals away the senses like a thief.

A simple air it seems, in truth,
And who begins will end it soon;

Yet, when that hidden shepherd-youth
So pours it in the ear of noon,
Tears flow from those anear:
All songs of yours and mine,
Condensed in one, were less divine
Than that sweet air to sing, that sweet, sweet air to
hear!

'Twas yester-noon he played it last;
The hummings of a hundred bees
Were in mine ears, yet, as I passed,
I heard him through the myrtle-trees:
Stretched all along he lay,
'Mid foliage half decayed;
His lambs were feeding while he played,
And sleepily wore on the stilly summer day.

[R. E. Wallis offers us the following graceful translation of "The Oak Wood" of Nicholas Lenau, a Hungarian poet, born in 1802, and ranked among the first lyric poets of Germany.]

THE OAK WOOD.

I trod in a solemn oak wood,
And heard low-rippling near
The brook as it whispered to the flowers
Like a little child at prayer.

And a sudden sense came o'er me
Of mystery around,
While the green leaves softly rustled,
With a weird, unearthly sound,—

As if they fain would tell me
Of God and of his will,
But o'er them swept his nearness,
And they were speechless still.

[Life in nature is represented by many beautiful poems, as a first example of which we give Japp's translation of Herder's "Butterfly."]

THE BUTTERFLY.

Lovely, light, as cloud in sky,
Butterfly,
Over flowers thou flittest free,
Dew and blossom food for thee,—
Myself a blossom, flying leaf;
Who purpled thee by rosy-finger's
Touch so brief?

Was it a sylph, that thy sweet dress
Did so impress?
Of morning odors moulded fine
Thy beauty for one day to shine?
O little soul, and thy small heart
Beats quickly 'neath my finger there,
And feels death's smart.

Fly hence, O little soul, and be
Bright and free,
An image of that later birth
When man, the chrysalis of earth,
Like thee, a zephyr, shall become,
And kiss, in odor, dew, and honey,
Every bloom.

[The "Dragon-Fly" of the same poet is thus translated by W. Taylor.]

TO A DRAGON-FLY.

Flutter, flutter gently by,
Little motley dragon-fly,
On thy four transparent wings!

Hover, hover o'er the rill,
And when weary sit thee still
Where the water-lily springs!

More than half thy little life,
Free from passion, free from strife,
Underneath the wave was sweet,
Cool and calm content to dwell,
Shrouded by thy pliant shell,
In a dank and dim retreat.

Now the nymph transformed may roam,
A sylph in her aërial home,
Where'er the zephyrs shall invite;
Love is now thy curious care,
Love that dwells in sunny air,
But thy very love is flight.

Heedless of thy coming doom,
O'er thy birthplace and thy tomb
Flutter, little mortal, still!
Though beside thy gladdest hour
Fate's destroying mandates lower,
Length of life but lengthens ill.

Confide thy offspring to the stream,
That, when new summer suns shall gleam,
They, too, may quit their watery cell;
Then die!—I see each weary limb
Declines to fly, declines to swim:
Thou lovely short-lived sylph, farewell!

[A beautiful song to the nightingale, which bears a remarkably close resemblance to some of the finest verses of Shelley's *Ode to the Skylark*, comes to us from the pen of Maria Tesselschade Visscher, a Dutch poetess born in 1597. The translation is by Bowring.]

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Prize thou the Nightingale,
Who soothes thee with his tale,
And wakes the woods around ;
A singing feather he,—a winged and wandering sound,—

Whose tender carolling
Sets all ears listening
Unto that living lyre
Whence flow the airy notes his ecstasies inspire ;

Whose shrill, capricious song
Breathes like a flute along,
With many a careless tone,—
Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue alone.

O charming creature rare,
Can aught with thee compare ?
Thou art all song ; thy breast
Thrills for one month o' th' year, is tranquil all the rest.

Thee wondrous we may call,—
Most wondrous this of all,
That such a tiny throat
Should wake so wide a sound and pour so loud a note.

[From the pen of Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty, born in 1748, we offer the following poem, whose elegiac tone is in the true spirit of Gray's famous *Elegy*.]

COUNTRY LIFE.

Happy the man who has the town escaped !
To him the whistling trees, the murmuring brooks,
The shining pebbles, preach
Virtue's and wisdom's lore.

The whispering grove a holy temple is
To him, where God draws nigher to his soul ;
Each verdant sod a shrine,
Whereby he kneels to heaven.

The nightingale on him sings slumber down,—
The nightingale reawakes him, fluting sweet,
When shines the lovely red
Of morning through the trees.

Then he admires thee in the plain, O God!—
In the ascending pomp of dawning day,—
Thee in thy glorious sun,—
The worm,—the budding branch.

Where coolness gushes, in the waving grass,
Or o'er the flowers streams the fountain, rests ;
Inhales the breath of prime,
The gentle airs of eve.

His straw-decked thatch, where doves bask in the sun,
And play and hop, invites to sweeter rest
Than golden halls of state
Or beds of down afford.

To him the plummy people sporting chirp,
Chatter, and whistle, on his basket perch,
And from his quiet hand
Pick crumbs, or peas, or grains.

Oft wanders he alone, and thinks on death,
And in the village church-yard by the graves
Sits, and beholds the cross,—
Death's waving garland there,—

The stone beneath the elders, where a text
Of Scripture teaches joyfully to die,—
And with his scythe stands Death,—
An angel, too, with palms.

Happy the man who thus hath 'scaped the town!
Him did an angel bless when he was born,—
The cradle of the boy
With flowers celestial strewed.

[In conclusion of this series of selections we present a neat fragment of thought from the pen of Christoph August Tiedge, translated by Longfellow.]

THE WAVE OF LIFE.

“Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither, with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?”

“I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of time.”

THE GOBLIN BARBER.

JOHANN KARL AUGUST MUSÆUS.

[Johann Karl August Musæus, a German writer of marked originality, born at Jena in 1735, was the author of “The German Grandison,” a satire on Richardson's novel, “Physiognomic Travels,” a satire

on the works of Lavater, "Friend Hein's Apparitions," and "Popular Legends of Germany," a work which is yet held in high esteem. His writings are full of pleasant humor and genial satire, and are marked by an attractive simplicity of style. He died in 1787. From Carlyle's translation of his amusing story entitled "Dumb Love" we select that portion describing the ghostly apparition, with its very peculiar finale. It is necessary to premise that Franz, the hero, having like a true spendthrift run through all his inheritance, and, in consequence, been given the cold shoulder by the mother of the maiden whom he loves, leaves Bremen for Antwerp, in the hope of collecting some sums due his father. He has several adventures on the way, fails in his hoped-for collections, and finds himself one evening with nearly empty pockets in a Flemish hamlet, with the inn already full of travellers, and no refuge save in an old castle, to which the landlord directs him. Franz, indeed, has indulged in some sharp words, and the landlord sends him to the castle for revenge, saying nothing about the ghost which drives every one out of the building except in broad day. On leaving him at the castle, indeed, with food and lights, the host hints at the ghost, but in a manner not calculated to alarm the traveller, who, if anything happens, needs simply to call for help from the window to the inn below. Franz, nothing daunted, pays no heed to the story, and enters the haunted edifice.]

PURSUANT to mine host's direction, he ascended the winding stone stair, and reached a bolted door, which he opened with his key. A long dark gallery, where his footsteps resounded, led him into a large hall, and from this a side-door into a suite of apartments, richly provided with all furniture for decoration or convenience. Out of these he chose the room which had the friendliest aspect, where he found a well-pillowed bed, and from the window could look right down upon the inn and catch every loud word that was spoken there. He lit his wax tapers, furnished his table, and feasted with the commodiousness and relish of an Otaheitean noble. The big-bellied flask was an antidote to thirst. So long as his teeth were in full occupation, he had no time to think of the reported

devilry in the castle. If aught now and then made a stir in the distance, and Fear called to him, "Hark! hark! there comes the goblin!" Courage answered, "Stuff! It is cats and martins bickering and caterwauling." But in the digestive half-hour after meat, when the sixth sense, that of hunger and thirst, no longer occupied the soul, she directed her attention from the other five exclusively upon the sense of hearing; and already Fear was whispering three timid thoughts into the listener's ear, before Courage had time to answer once.

As the first resource, he locked the door, and bolted it; made his retreat to the walled seat in the vault of the window. He opened this, and, to dissipate his thoughts a little, looked out on the spangled sky, gazed at the corroded moon, and counted how often the stars snuffed themselves. On the road beneath him all was void; and, in spite of the pretended nightly bustle in the inn, the doors were shut, the lights out, and everything as still as in a sepulchre. On the other hand, the watchman blew his horn, making his "List, gentlemen!" sound over all the hamlet, and for the composure of the timorous astronomer, who still kept feasting his eyes on the splendor of the stars, uplifted a rusty evening hymn right under his window; so that Franz might easily have carried on a conversation with him, which, for the sake of company, he would willingly have done, had he in the least expected that the watchman would make answer to him. . . .

Midnight is the hour at which the world of spirits acquires activity and life, when hebetated animal nature lies entombed in deep slumber. Franz inclined getting through this critical hour in sleep rather than awake: so he closed his window, went the rounds of his room once more, spying every nook and crevice, to see whether all was safe and earthly, snuffed the lights to make them

burn clearer, and, without undressing or delaying, threw himself upon his bed, with which his wearied person felt unusual satisfaction. Yet he could not get asleep so fast as he wished. A slight palpitation at the heart, which he ascribed to a tumult in the blood, arising from the sultriness of the day, kept him waking for a while; and he failed not to employ the respite in offering up such a pithy evening prayer as he had not prayed for many years. This produced the usual effect, that he softly fell asleep while saying it.

After about an hour, as he supposed, he started up with a sudden terror,—a thing not at all surprising when there is tumult in the blood. He was broad awake; he listened whether all was quiet, and heard nothing but the clock strike twelve,—a piece of news which the watchman forthwith communicated to the hamlet in doleful recitative. Franz listened for a while, turned on the other side, and was again about to sleep, when he caught, as it were, the sound of a door grating in the distance, and immediately it shut with a stifled bang. “Alack! Alack!” bawled Fright into his ear; “this is the ghost in very deed!”—“’Tis nothing but the wind,” said Courage, manfully. But quickly it came nearer, nearer, like the sound of heavy footsteps. Clink here, clink there, as if a criminal were rattling his irons, or as if the porter were walking about the castle with his bunch of keys. Alas, here was no wind-business! Courage held his peace; and quaking Fear drove all the blood to the heart, and made it thump like a smith’s fore-hammer.

The thing was now beyond jesting. If Fear would still have let Courage get a word, the latter would have put the terror-struck watcher in mind of his subsidiary treaty with mine host, and incited him to claim the stipulated assistance loudly from the window; but for this there was

a want of proper resolution. The quaking Franz had recourse to the bedclothes, the last fortress of the timorous, and drew them close over his ears, as Bird Ostrich sticks his head in the grass when he can no longer escape the huntsman. Outside it came along, door up, door to, with hideous uproar; and at last it reached the bedroom. It jerked sharply at the lock, tried several keys till it found the right one; yet the bar still held the door, till a bounce like a thunder-clap made bolt and rivet start, and threw it wide open.

Now stalked in a long, lean man, with a black beard, in ancient garb, and with a gloomy countenance, his eyebrows hanging down in deep earnestness from his brow. Over his right shoulder he had a scarlet cloak; and on his head he wore a peaked hat. With a heavy step he walked thrice in silence up and down the chamber, looked at the consecrated tapers, and snuffed them that they might burn brighter. Then he threw aside his cloak, girded on a scissor-pouch which he had under it, produced a set of shaving-tackle, and immediately began to whet a sharp razor on the broad strap which he wore at his girdle.

Franz perspired in mortal agony under his coverlet, recommended himself to the keeping of the Virgin, and anxiously speculated on the object of this manœuvre, not knowing whether it was meant for his throat or his beard. To his comfort, the goblin poured some water from a silver flask into a basin of silver, and with his skinny hand lathered the soap into light foam, then set a chair, and beckoned with a solemn look to the quaking looker-on to come forth from his recess.

Against so pertinent a sign remonstrance was as bootless as it is against the rigorous commands of the Grand Turk when he transmits an exiled vizier to the Angel of Death, the Capichi Bashi with the Silken Cord, to take

delivery of his head. The most rational procedure that can be adopted in this critical case is to comply with necessity, put a good face on a bad business, and with stoical composure let one's throat be noosed. Franz honored the spectre's order; the coverlet began to move, he sprang sharply from his couch, and took the place pointed out to him on the seat. However strange this quick transition from the uttermost terror to the boldest resolution may appear, I doubt not but Moritz in his *Psychological Journal* could explain the matter till it seemed quite natural.

Immediately the goblin barber tied the towel about his shivering customer, seized the comb and scissors, and clipped off his hair and beard. Then he soaped him scientifically, first the beard, next the eyebrows, at last the temples and the hind head, and shaved him from throat to nape, as smooth and bald as a death's-head. This operation finished, he washed his head, dried it clean, made his bow, and buttoned up his scissor-pouch, wrapped himself in his scarlet mantle, and made for departing. The consecrated tapers had burned with an exquisite brightness through the whole transaction; and Franz, by the light of them, perceived in the mirror that the shaver had changed him into a Chinese pagoda. In secret he heartily deplored the loss of his fair brown locks, yet now took fresh breath, as he observed that with this sacrifice the account was settled, and the ghost had no more power over him.

So it was in fact: Redcloak went towards the door, silently as he had entered, without salutation or good-by, and seemed entirely the contrast of his talkative guild-brethren. But scarcely was he gone three steps, when he paused, looked round with a mournful expression at his well-served customer, and stroked the flat of his hand over

his black bushy beard. He did the same a second time, and again just as he was in the act of stepping out at the door. A thought struck Franz that the spectre wanted something; and a rapid combination of ideas suggested that perhaps he was expecting the very service that he himself had just performed.

As the ghost, notwithstanding his rueful look, seemed more disposed for banter than for seriousness, and had played his guest a scurvy trick, not done him any real injury, the panic of the latter had now almost subsided. So he ventured the experiment, and beckoned to the ghost to take the seat from which he had himself just risen. The goblin instantly obeyed, threw off his cloak, laid his barber-tackle on the table, and placed himself in the chair, in the posture of a man that wishes to be shaved. Franz carefully observed the same procedure which the spectre had observed to him, clipped his beard with the scissors, cropped away his hair, lathered his whole scalp, and the ghost all the while sat steady as a wig-block. The awkward journeyman came ill at handling the razor; he had never had another in his hand; and he shored the beard right against the hair; whereat the goblin made as strange grimaces as Erasmus's ape when imitating his master's shaving. Nor was the unpractised bungler himself well at ease, and he thought more than once of the sage aphorism, *What is not thy trade make not thy business*; yet he struggled through the task the best way he could, and scraped the ghost as bald as he himself was.

Hitherto the scene between the spectre and the traveller had been played pantomimically; the action now became dramatic. "Stranger," said the ghost, "accept my thanks for the service thou hast done me. By thee I am delivered from the long imprisonment which has chained me for three hundred years within these walls, to which my de-

parted soul was doomed till a mortal hand should consent to retaliate on me what I practised on others in my lifetime."

[The ghost proceeded to relate that he had been the castle barber for a wicked Count Hardman, whose sport it was to have pilgrims and travellers shaved bald and packed out of doors to be scoffed at by the children, a cruelty in which the barber had been a willing instrument. One day he shaved the wrong customer, a saintly man who condemned him to haunt the castle till some traveller unasked should retaliate by shaving him. Franz had freed him from this doom, and in reward the spectre told him how, in a round-about fashion, he might come at a buried treasure. He then vanished into air, while Franz went to bed again, where he slept soundly till mid-day, and was only roused then by the landlord, who had hoped for some sport from Franz's bald head, but had become sadly scared by his non-appearance.]

With seeming horror at the sight of him, mine host, striking his hands together, exclaimed, "By heaven and all the saints, Redcloak" (by this name the ghost was known among them) "*has* been here, and has shaved you bald as a block! Now it is clear as day that the old story is no fable. But tell me, how looked the goblin? What did he say to you? What did he do?"

Franz, who had now seen through the questioner, made answer, "The goblin looked like a man in a red cloak: what he did is not hidden from you, and what he said I well remember. 'Stranger,' said he, 'trust no innkeeper who is a Turk in grain. What would befall thee here he knew. Be wise and happy. I withdraw from this my ancient dwelling, for my time is run. Henceforth no goblin riots here; I now become a silent Incubus, to plague the landlord, nip him, tweak him, harass him, unless the Turk do expiate his sin,—do freely give thee prog and lodging till brown locks again shall cluster round thy head.'"

The landlord shuddered at these words, cut a large cross

in the air before him, vowed by the Holy Virgin to give the traveller free board so long as he liked to continue, led him over to his house, and treated him with the best. By this adventure Franz had wellnigh got the reputation of a conjurer, as the spirit thenceforth never once showed face. He often passed the night in the tower; and a desperado of the village once kept him company, without having beard or scalp disturbed. The owner of the place, having learned that Redeloak no longer walked in Rummelsburg, was, of course, delighted at the news, and ordered that the stranger, who, as he supposed, had laid him, should be well taken care of.

By the time when the clusters were beginning to be colored on the vine, and the advancing autumn reddened the apples, Franz's brown locks were again curling over his temples, and he girded up his knapsack; for all his thoughts and meditations were turned upon the Weser bridge, to seek the friend who, at the behest of the goblin barber, was to direct him how to make his fortune. When about taking leave of mine host, that charitable person led from the stable a horse well saddled and equipped, which the owner of the castle had presented to the stranger for having made his house again habitable; nor had the count forgotten to send a sufficient purse along with it, to bear its travelling charges; and so Franz came riding back into his native city brisk and light of heart as he had ridden out of it twelve months ago.

[What further happened we can tell but in epitome. Franz waited on the bridge, as directed by the ghost, till he almost despaired, when one day a beggar told him of a dream he had had of a buried treasure. Franz recognized the locality as a piece of ground left him by his father, dug there, and found a valuable deposit. With this he went into trade, grew rich, and when he next applied for the hand of his Meta the mother was only too glad to have the reformed spendthrift for a son-in-law.]

THE BATTLE OF LUTZEN.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

[The "Thirty Years War" of Schiller was characterized by Carlyle in 1824 as the finest historical work which Germany had produced, and as a picturesque description of one of the most stirring periods and of the careers of some of the most notable characters of German history it yet remains unsurpassed. We select from it a description of the battle of Lutzen, alike important as the scene of the death of Gustavus Adolphus, the great Swedish hero, and as one of the most desperately contested battles of that terrible religious war. The translation is that of the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison.

Wallenstein, the Imperial general, having detached Pappenheim with a considerable part of his army, was encamped near Lutzen with twelve thousand men. Gustavus Adolphus took instant advantage of this weakening of his opponent's army, and marched upon him with an army of twenty thousand men. The field of battle was a plain, through which ran a high-road, intersected by a canal. Wallenstein had the advantage of holding this highway, whose trenches he had deepened and lined with musketeers, while batteries were arranged to sweep the plain. The Swedish army arrived in the evening (November, 1632), and was at once arranged in order of battle, formed in two lines, with the high-road in front, the canal on the right, and the town on the left.]

IN this position they awaited the eventful dawn of morning, to begin a contest which long delay, rather than the probability of decisive consequences, and the picked body, rather than the number, of the combatants, was to render so terrible and remarkable. The strained expectation of Europe, so disappointed before Nuremberg, was now to be gratified on the plains of Lutzen. During the whole course of the war, two such generals, so equally matched in renown and ability, had not before been pitted

against each other. Never, as yet, had daring been cooled by so awful a hazard, or hope animated by so glorious a prize. Europe was next day to learn who was her greatest general: to-morrow the leader who had hitherto been invincible must acknowledge a victor. This morning was to place it beyond a doubt whether the victories of Gustavus at Leipsic and on the Lech were owing to his own military genius or to the incompetency of his opponent; whether the services of Wallenstein were to vindicate the Emperor's choice and justify the high price at which they had been purchased. The victory was as yet doubtful, but certain were the labor and the bloodshed by which it must be earned. Every private in both armies felt a jealous share in their leader's reputation, and under every corselet beat the same emotions that inflamed the bosoms of the generals. Each army knew the enemy to which it was to be opposed; and the anxiety which each in vain attempted to repress was a convincing proof of their opponent's strength.

At last the fateful morning dawned; but an impenetrable fog, which spread over the plain, delayed the attack till noon. Kneeling in front of his lines, the king offered up his devotions; and the whole army, at the same moment dropping on their knees, burst into a moving hymn, accompanied by the military music. The king then mounted his horse, and, clad only in a leathern doublet and surtout (for a wound he had formerly received prevented his wearing armor), rode along the ranks, to animate the courage of his troops with a joyful confidence, which, however, the foreboding presentiment of his own bosom contradicted. "God with us!" was the war-cry of the Swedes; "Jesus Maria!" that of the Imperialists. About eleven the fog began to disperse, and the enemy became visible. At the same moment Lutzen was seen in

flames, having been set on fire by command of the duke, to prevent his being outflanked on that side. The charge was now sounded; the cavalry rushed upon the enemy, and the infantry advanced against the trenches.

Received by a tremendous fire of musketry and heavy artillery, these intrepid battalions maintained the attack with undaunted courage, till the enemy's musketeers abandoned their posts, the trenches were passed, the battery carried and turned against the enemy. They pressed forward with irresistible impetuosity; the first of the five Imperial brigades was immediately routed, the second soon after, and the third put to flight. But here the genius of Wallenstein opposed itself to their progress. With the rapidity of lightning he was on the spot to rally his discomfited troops; and his powerful word was sufficient to stop the flight of the fugitives. Supported by three regiments of cavalry, the vanquished brigades, forming anew, faced the enemy, and pressed vigorously into the broken ranks of the Swedes. A murderous conflict ensued. The nearness of the enemy left no room for fire-arms, the fury of the attack no time for loading; man was matched to man, the useless musket exchanged for the sword and pike, and science gave way to desperation. Overpowered by numbers, the wearied Swedes at last retire beyond the trenches, and the captured battery is again lost by the retreat. A thousand mangled bodies already strewed the plain, and as yet not a single step of ground had been won.

In the mean time the king's right wing, led by himself, had fallen upon the enemy's left. The first impetuous shock of the heavy Finland cuirassiers dispersed the lightly-mounted Poles and Croats, who were posted here, and their disorderly flight spread terror and confusion among the rest of the cavalry. At this moment notice

was brought the king that his infantry were retreating over the trenches, and also that his left wing, exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's cannon posted at the wind-mills, was beginning to give way. With rapid decision he committed to General Horn the pursuit of the enemy's left, while he flew, at the head of the regiment of Steinbock, to repair the disorder of his right wing. His noble charger bore him with the velocity of lightning across the trenches, but the squadrons that followed could not come on with the same speed, and only a few horsemen, among whom was Francis Albert, Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, were able to keep up with the king. He rode directly to the place where his infantry were most closely pressed, and while he was reconnoitring the enemy's line for an exposed point of attack, the shortness of his sight unfortunately led him too close to their ranks. An Imperial ge-freyter,* remarking that every one respectfully made way for him as he rode along, immediately ordered a musketeer to take aim at him. "Fire at him yonder," said he: "that must be a man of consequence." The soldier fired, and the king's left arm was shattered. At that moment his squadron came hurrying up, and a confused cry of "The king bleeds! the king is shot!" spread terror and consternation through all the ranks. "It is nothing! follow me," cried the king, collecting his whole strength; but, overcome by pain, and nearly fainting, he requested the Duke of Lauenburg, in French, to lead him unobserved out of the tumult. While the duke proceeded towards the right wing with the king, making a long circuit to keep this discouraging sight from the disordered infantry, his majesty received a second shot through the back, which deprived him of his remaining strength. "Brother," said he, with a

* An officer of a rank about equivalent to that of corporal.

dying voice, "I have enough! look only to your own life." At the same moment he fell from his horse, pierced by several more shots; and, abandoned by all his attendants, he breathed his last amidst the plundering bands of the Croats. His charger, flying without its rider, and covered with blood, soon made known to the Swedish cavalry the fall of their king. They rushed madly forward to rescue his sacred remains from the hands of the enemy. A murderous conflict ensued over the body, till his mangled remains were buried beneath a heap of slain.

The mournful tidings soon ran through the Swedish army; but, instead of destroying the courage of these brave troops, it but excited it into a new, a wild and consuming flame. Life had lessened in value, now that the most sacred life of all was gone; death had no terrors for the lowly, since the anointed head was not spared. With the fury of lions the Upland, Småland, Finland, East and West Gothland regiments rushed a second time upon the left wing of the enemy, which, already making but feeble resistance to General Horn, was now entirely beaten from the field. Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar, gave to the bereaved Swedes a noble leader in his own person; and the spirit of Gustavus led his victorious squadrons anew. The left wing quickly formed again, and vigorously pressed the right of the Imperialists. The artillery at the wind-mills, which had maintained so murderous a fire upon the Swedes, was captured and turned against the enemy. The centre, also, of the Swedish infantry, commanded by the duke and Knyphausen, advanced a second time against the trenches, which they successfully passed, and retook the battery of seven cannons. The attack was now renewed with redoubled fury upon the heavy battalions of the enemy's centre; their resistance became gradually less, and chance conspired with Swedish valor to complete the

defeat. The Imperial powder-wagons took fire, and, with a tremendous explosion, grenades and bombs filled the air. The enemy, now in confusion, thought they were attacked in the rear, while the Swedish brigades pressed them in front. Their courage began to fail them. Their left wing was already beaten, their right wavering, and their artillery in the enemy's hands. The battle seemed to be almost decided; another moment would decide the fate of the day, when Pappenheim appeared on the field, with his cuirassiers and dragoons: all the advantages already gained were lost, and the battle was to be fought anew.

The order which recalled that general to Lutzen had reached him in Halle, while his troops were still plundering that town. It was impossible to collect the scattered infantry with that rapidity which the urgency of the order and Pappenheim's impatience required. Without waiting for it, therefore, he ordered eight regiments of cavalry to mount, and at their head he galloped at full speed for Lutzen, to share in the battle. He arrived in time to witness the flight of the Imperial right wing, which Gustavus Horn was driving from the field, and to be at first involved in their rout. But with rapid presence of mind he rallied the flying troops, and led them once more against the enemy. Carried away by his wild bravery, and impatient to encounter the king, who he supposed was at the head of this wing, he burst furiously upon the Swedish ranks, which, exhausted by victory and inferior in numbers, were, after a noble resistance, overpowered by this fresh body of enemies. Pappenheim's unexpected appearance revived the drooping courage of the Imperialists, and the Duke of Friedland quickly availed himself of the favorable moment to re-form his line. The closely-serried battalions of the Swedes were, after a tremendous conflict, again driven across the

trenches, and the battery, which had been twice lost, again rescued from their hands. The whole yellow regiment, the finest of all that distinguished themselves in this dreadful day, lay dead on the field, covering the ground almost in the same excellent order which, when alive, they maintained with such unyielding courage. The same fate befell another regiment of Blues, which Count Piccolomini attacked with the Imperial cavalry and cut down after a desperate contest. Seven times did this intrepid general renew the attack; seven horses were shot under him, and he himself was pierced with six musket-balls; yet he would not leave the field until he was carried along in the general rout of the whole army. Wallenstein himself was seen riding through his ranks with cool intrepidity, amidst a shower of balls, assisting the distressed, encouraging the valiant with praise and the wavering by his fearful glance. Around and close by him his men were falling thick, and his own mantle was perforated by several shots. But avenging destiny this day protected that breast for which another weapon was reserved; on the same field where the noble Gustavus expired, Wallenstein was not allowed to terminate his guilty career.

Less fortunate was Pappenheim, the Telamon of the army, the bravest soldier of Austria and the Church. An ardent desire to encounter the king in person carried this daring leader into the thickest of the fight, where he thought his noble opponent was most surely to be met. Gustavus had also expressed a wish to meet his brave antagonist, but these hostile wishes remained ungratified; death first brought together these two great heroes. Two musket-balls pierced the breast of Pappenheim, and his men forcibly carried him from the field. While they were conveying him to the rear, a murmur reached him that he whom he had sought lay dead upon the plain. When

the truth of the report was confirmed to him, his look became brighter, his dying eye sparkled with a last gleam of joy. "Tell the Duke of Friedland," said he, "that I lie without hope of life, but that I die happy, since I know that the implacable enemy of my religion has fallen on the same day."

With Pappenheim the good fortune of the Imperialists departed. The cavalry of the left wing, already beaten, and only rallied by his exertions, no sooner missed their victorious leader than they gave up everything for lost and abandoned the field of battle in spiritless despair. The right field fell into the same confusion, with the exception of a few regiments which the bravery of their colonels, Gotz, Terzky, Colloredo, and Piccolomini, compelled to keep their ground. The Swedish infantry, with prompt determination, profited by the enemy's confusion. To fill up the gaps which death had made in the front line, they formed both lines into one, and with it made the final and decisive charge. A third time they crossed the trenches, and a third time they captured the battery. The sun was setting when the two lines closed. The strife grew hotter as it drew to an end; the last efforts of strength were mutually exerted, and skill and courage did their utmost to repair in those precious moments the fortune of the day. It was in vain; despair endows every one with superhuman strength; no one can conquer, no one will give way. The art of war seemed to exhaust its powers on one side, only to unfold some new and untried masterpiece of skill on the other. Night and darkness at last put an end to the fight, before the fury of the combatants was exhausted; and the contest only ceased when no one could any longer find an antagonist. Both armies separated, as if by tacit agreement; the trumpets sounded, and each party, claiming the victory, quitted the field.

The artillery on both sides, as the horses could not be found, remained all night upon the field, at once the reward and the evidence of victory to him who should hold it. Wallenstein, in his haste to leave Leipsic and Saxony, forgot to remove his part. Not long after the battle was ended, Pappenheim's infantry, who had been unable to follow the rapid movements of their general, and who amounted to six regiments, marched on the field, but the work was done. A few hours earlier so considerable a reinforcement would perhaps have decided the day in favor of the Imperialists; and even now, by remaining on the field, they might have saved the duke's artillery and made a prize of that of the Swedes. But they had received no orders to act; and, uncertain as to the issue of the battle, they retired to Leipsic, where they hoped to join the main body.

The Duke of Friedland [Wallenstein] had retreated thither, and was followed on the morrow by the scattered remains of his army, without artillery, without colors, and almost without arms. The Duke of Weimar, it appears, after the toils of this bloody day, allowed the Swedish army some repose, between Lutzen and Weissenfels, near enough to the field of battle to oppose any attempt the enemy might make to recover it. Of the two armies more than nine thousand men lay dead; a still greater number were wounded, and among the Imperialists scarcely a man escaped from the field uninjured. The entire plain from Lutzen to the Canal was strewed with the wounded, the dying, and the dead. History says nothing of prisoners; a further proof of the animosity of the combatants, who neither gave nor took quarter. . . .

Duke Bernard, by keeping possession of the field, and soon after by the capture of Leipsic, maintained indisputably his claim to the title of victor. But it was a dear

conquest, a dearer triumph! It was not till the fury of the contest was over that the full weight of the loss sustained was felt, and the shout of triumph died away into a silent gloom of despair. He who had led them to the charge returned not with them: there he lay upon the field which he had won, mingled with the dead bodies of the common crowd. After a long and almost fruitless search, the corpse of the king was discovered not very far from the great stone which, for a hundred years before, had stood between Lutzen and the Canal, and which, from the memorable disaster of that day, still bears the name of the "Stone of the Swede." Covered with blood and wounds, so as scarcely to be recognized, trampled beneath the horses' hoofs, stripped by the rude hands of plunderers of its ornaments and clothes, his body was drawn from beneath a heap of dead, conveyed to Weissenfels, and there delivered up to the lamentations of his soldiers and the last embraces of his queen. The first tribute had been paid to revenge, and blood had atoned for the blood of the monarch; but now affection assumed its rights, and tears of grief must flow for the man. The universal sorrow absorbs all individual woes. The generals, still stupefied by the unexpected blow, stood speechless and motionless around his bier, and no one trusted himself enough to contemplate the full extent of their loss.

NATHAN THE WISE.

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING.

[Our present selection is from one of the most esteemed poets and finest critics of Germany, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, born in 1729 at Kamentz, in Lusatia. Following some minor works, in 1755 he wrote

the tragedy of "Sarah Sampson," the first German tragedy which dealt with the events of common life. He continued his literary labors, producing various works, among them the favorite dramas "Emilia Galotti" and "Minna von Barnhelm," the "Laocoön," and the "Dramaturgie." His latest and most celebrated drama was "Nathan the Wise," published two years before his death in 1781. To these might be added the names of many other works, in various departments of literature.

No man did more than Lessing in the service of German literature. He was the first German dramatic poet who came down from the clouds of ideality into the realm of actual life, placed real characters on the stage, and made his heroes of such men as we see around us. His "Nathan the Wise" is written in that attractive iambic metre afterwards adopted by Goethe and Schiller, but to which neither of the latter gave the naturalness and simplicity of their predecessor. In the words of Menzel, "The dramatic iambus has become too lyric; in Lessing it was nearer prose, and much more dramatic." From W. Taylor's version of "Nathan the Wise" we select its most admired scene, that of the conversation between Saladin and the Jew.]

SALADIN.

Draw nearer, Jew; yet nearer; here, quite by me,
Without all fear.

NATHAN.

Remain that for thy foes!

SALADIN.

Your name is Nathan?

NATHAN.

Yes.

SALADIN.

Nathan the Wise?

NATHAN.

No.

SALADIN.

If not thou, the people calls thee so.

NATHAN.

Maybe, the people.

SALADIN.

Fancy not that I

Think of the people's voice contemptuously :
I have been wishing much to know the man
Whom it has named the Wise.

NATHAN.

And if it named
Him so in scorn? If wise meant only prudent;
And prudent, one who knows his interest well?

SALADIN.

Who knows his real interest, thou must mean.

NATHAN.

Then were the interested the most prudent;
Then wise and prudent were the same.

SALADIN.

I hear
You proving what your speeches contradict.
You know man's real interests, which the people
Knows not,—at least, have studied how to know them.
That alone makes the sage.

NATHAN.

Which each imagines
Himself to be.

SALADIN.

Of modesty enough !
Ever to meet it, where one seeks to hear
Dry truth, is vexing. Let us to the purpose ;—
But, Jew, sincere and open——

NATHAN.

I will serve thee

So as to merit, prince, thy further notice.

SALADIN.

Serve me?—how?

NATHAN.

Thou shalt have the best I bring,—
Shalt have them cheap.

SALADIN.

What speak you of?—your wares?
My sister shall be called to bargain with you
For them (so much for the sly listener): I
Have nothing to transact now with the merchant.

NATHAN.

Doubtless, then, you would learn what, on my journey,
I noticed of the motions of the foe,
Who stirs anew. If unreserved I may——

SALADIN.

Neither was that the object of my sending:
I know what I have need to know already.
In short, I willed your presence——

NATHAN.

Sultan, order.

SALADIN.

To gain instruction quite on other points.
Since you are a man so wise,—tell me, which law,
Which faith, appears to you the better?

NATHAN.

Sultan,

I am a Jew.

SALADIN.

And I a Mussulman :

The Christian stands between us. Of these three
Religions only one can be the true.

A man like you remains not just where birth
Has chanced to cast him, or, if he remains there,
Does it from insight, choice, from grounds of preference.
Share, then, with me your insight ; let me hear
The grounds of preference, which I have wanted
The leisure to examine,—learn the choice
These grounds have motived, that it may be mine.
In confidence I ask it. How you startle,
And weigh me with your eye ! It may well be
I'm the first sultan to whom this caprice,
Methinks not quite unworthy of a sultan,
Has yet occurred. Am I not ? Speak, then,—speak.
Or do you, to collect yourself, desire
Some moments of delay ? I give them you.—
(Whether she's listening ?—I must know of her
If I've done right.)—Reflect,—I'll soon return.

[Saladin steps into the room to which Sittah had retired.]

NATHAN.

Strange ! How is this ? What wills the sultan of me ?
I came prepared with cash,—he asks truth. Truth ?
As if truth, too, were cash,—a coin disused,
That goes by weight : indeed, 'tis some such thing ;
But a new coin, known by the stamp at once,
To be flung down and told upon the counter,
It is not that. Like gold in bags tied up,
So truth lies hoarded in the wise man's head,
To be brought out.—Which, now, in this transaction,
Which of us plays the Jew ? He asks for truth.
Is truth what he requires, his aim, his end ?

That this is but the glue to lime a snare
Ought not to be suspected,—'twere too little.
Yet what is found too little for the great?
In fact, through hedge and pale to stalk at once
Into one's field beseems not: friends look round,
Seek for the path, ask leave to pass the gate.—
I must be cautious. Yet to damp him back,
And be the stubborn Jew, is not the thing;
And wholly to throw off the Jew, still less.
For, if no Jew, he might with right inquire,
Why not a Mussulman?—Yes, that may serve me.
Not children only can be quieted
With stories.—Ha! he comes. Well, let him come.

SALADIN (*returning*).

So there the field is clear.—I'm not too quick?
Thou hast besought thyself as much as need is?—
Speak; no one hears.

NATHAN.

Might the whole world but hear us!

SALADIN.

Is Nathan of his cause so confident?
Yes, that I call the sage,—to veil no truth;
For truth to hazard all things, life and goods.

NATHAN.

Ay, when 'tis necessary, and when useful.

SALADIN.

Henceforth I hope I shall with reason bear
One of my titles,—“Betterer of the world
And of the law.”

NATHAN.

In truth, a noble title.
But, Sultan, ere I quite unfold myself,
Allow me to relate a tale.

SALADIN.

Why not?
I always was a friend of tales well told.

NATHAN.

Well told,—that's not precisely my affair.

SALADIN.

Again so proudly modest?—Come, begin.

NATHAN.

In days of yore there dwelt in East a man
Who from a valued hand received a ring
Of endless worth,—the stone of it an opal,
That shot an ever-changing tint: moreover,
It had the hidden virtue him to render
Of God and man beloved, who in this view
And this persuasion wore it. Was it strange
The Eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
And studiously provided to secure it
Forever to his house? Thus he bequeathed it,
First, to the most beloved of his sons,—
Ordained that he again should leave the ring
To the most dear among his children, and
That, without heeding birth, the favorite son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord o' th' house.—You hear me, Sultan?

SALADIN.

I understand thee. On.

NATHAN.

From son to son,
At length this ring descended to a father
Who had three sons alike obedient to him,—
Whom, therefore, he could not but love alike.
At times seemed this, now that, at times the third
(Accordingly as each apart received
The overflowings of his heart), most worthy
To heir the ring, which, with good-natured weakness,
He privately to each in turn had promised.
This went on for a while. But death approached,
And the good father grew embarrassed. So
To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,
He could not bear. What's to be done? He sends
In secret to a jeweller, of whom
Upon the model of the real ring
He might bespeak two others, and commanded
To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,
Quite like, the true one. This the artist managed.
The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
Could not distinguish which had been the model.
Quite overjoyed, he summons all his sons,
Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
His blessing and his ring, and dies.—Thou hear'st me?

SALADIN.

I hear, I hear. Come, finish with thy tale:
Is it soon ended?

NATHAN.

It is ended, Sultan ;
For all that follows may be guessed of course.
Scarcely is the father dead, each with his ring
Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
Comes question, strife, complaint,—all to no end ;

For the true ring could no more be distinguished
Than now can—the true faith.

SALADIN.

How, how?—is that
To be the answer to my query?

NATHAN.

No,

But it may serve as my apology,
If I can't venture to decide between
Rings which the father got expressly made
That they might not be known from one another.

SALADIN.

The rings,—don't trifle with me; I must think
That the religions which I named can be
Distinguished, e'en to raiment, drink, and food.

NATHAN.

And only not as to their grounds of proof.
Are not all built alike on history,
Traditional or written,—is it not so?
In whom now are we likeliest to put trust?
In our own people, surely, in those men
Whose blood we are, in them who from our childhood
Have given us proofs of love, who ne'er deceived us,
Unless 'twere wholesomer to be deceived.
How can I less believe in my forefathers
Than thou in thine? How can I ask of thee
To own that thy forefathers falsified,
In order to yield mine the praise of truth?
The like of Christians.

SALADIN.

By the living God,
The man is in the right. I must be silent.

NATHAN.

Now let us to our rings return once more.
As said, the sons complained. Each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have received the ring,—as was the case,—
After he had long obtained the father's promise
One day to have the ring,—as also was.
The father, each asserted, could to him
Not have been false: rather than so suspect
Of such a father, willing as he might be
With charity to judge his brethren, he
Of treacherous forgery was bold to accuse them.

SALADIN.

Well, and the judge,—I'm eager now to hear
What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.

NATHAN.

The judge said, "If ye summon not the father
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
That the true ring should here unseal its lips?
But hold: you tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
Of God and man beloved: let that decide.
Which of you do two brothers love the best?
You're silent. Do these love-exciting rings
Act inward only, not without? Does each
Love but himself? Ye're all deceived deceivers,—
None of your rings is true. The real ring,

Perhaps, is gone. To hide or to supply
Its loss, your father ordered three for one."

SALADIN.

Oh, charming, charming!

NATHAN.

"And," the judge continued,
"If you will take advice, in lieu of sentence,
This is my counsel to you,—to take up
The matter where it stands. If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.
'Tis possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much loved you all,
And loved you all alike, it could not please him,
By favoring one, to be of two the oppressor.
Let each feel honored by this free affection
Unwarped of prejudice; let each endeavor
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the Godhead;
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children,
After a thousand thousand years, appear
Before this judgment-seat,—a greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide."—
So spake the modest judge.

SALADIN.

God!

NATHAN.

Saladin,
Feel'st thou thyself this wiser, promised man?

SALADIN.

I, dust,—I, nothing,—God?

[*Precipitates himself upon Nathan and takes hold of his hand, which he does not quit, the remainder of the scene.*]

NATHAN.

What moves thee, Sultan?

SALADIN.

Nathan, my dearest Nathan, 'tis not yet
The judge's thousand thousand years are past :
His judgment-seat's not mine. Go, go, but love me.

AN OLD-TIME CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

LUDWIG TIECK.

[The child's paradise of a Christmas Eve in Germany has never been more attractively described than by Tieck in his "Weihnachtsabend." It is his own youthful experience which he gives us in the following attractive description of a joyful occasion in which the oldest become children again. The translation is by Japp.]

IN that part of the city where the trades predominated, where merchants, mechanics, and citizens diffused a busy life, there was a street which led from the Kölln district to the castle, that a considerable time before saw the erection of the common booths, which were adorned with every kind of brilliant knick-knaek as the proper gift for the Christmas feast. Fourteen days before the feast the erection of these booths began. On New-Year's day the fair was closed; and the week before Christmas Eve was

properly the time in which the city pressed itself into this narrow space with the liveliest spirit and the crowd was at its greatest. Even rain and snow, bad and disagreeable weather, with the most biting cold, did not suffice to banish altogether the old any more than the young. But if at this time the winter days were fresh and pleasant, at all hours the rendezvous was gladdened by people of all ages, who desired only to be gay and to enjoy things; for nowhere else in Germany or in Italy have I seen anything so bright and hearty as was at that time the celebration of the Christmas festival in Berlin.

Most beautiful was it when snow had shortly before fallen, with moderate frost, and clear weather had for a time prevailed. Then through the ceaseless steps of innumerable wanderers the common plaster of the streets and places had been transformed into a marble pavement. About the mid-day hours the better classes came out and walked up and down, examining and buying, followed by their servants, who were burdened with the gifts that had been bought; or they came together in groups, as though in a hall, to converse with each other and interchange their news.

But the place was at its brightest in the evening hours, when, at both sides, the broad street was illuminated by the many thousands of lanterns on the booths that spread around a light as clear as daylight, which only here and there, owing to the dense crowd of people, seemed darkened, and played in deep shadows. All classes then mingled gayly, and with loud talk,—in a word, surged through each other. Here an aged burgher carried his child on his arm, and showed and explained all the wonders to his loud-jubilating son. A mother lifted up her little daughter that the child might be near enough to see the waxen hands and faces of the brilliant dolls, which, in

their red and white, came so closely after nature. A courtier drew along his gayly-dressed lady; the man of business was compelled to admit himself deafened by the din and confusion, and to leave his accounts and join in it; yea, even the beggars, old and young, openly and publicly rejoiced in the masquerade accessible to everybody. And they saw without envy the treasures of the season, and sympathized with the joy and pleasure of the children, sharing the lively hope that for each little one something would be borne from this great treasure-chamber into the little play-room. So the thousands moved about, joking over their plans to buy, counting up their money, laughing and crying after the sweet-scented manifold moulded confections, in some of which were fruits in graceful imitations, figures of all kinds, beasts and men, all shining in clear colors, smiling with lustre. Here, truly, is a bewildering exhibition of fruits,—apricots, peaches, cherries, pears, and apples,—all most artistically formed out of wax. There, in a great booth, are thousands of play-things formed in all shapes out of wood,—men and women, laborers and priests, kings and beggars, sledges and coaches, maidens, ladies, nuns, horses with bells and shining harness, whole suits of furniture, or hunters with hart and hounds; whatever thought could suggest for play is here represented; and the children, servants, and parents were all excited about choosing and buying. Yonder glances a stall overflowing with bright tin (for then it was still customary to make plates and dishes of this metal), but next to it, polished and shining implements glanced and shone in red and green, and gold and blue, an innumerable multitude regularly ranged, and representing soldiers, Englishmen, Prussians and Croats, Pandours and Turks, prettily-clothed Pachas on richly-caparisoned chargers, also harnessed knights, and peas-

ants, and forests in spring glory, huntsmen, stags, and bears, and hounds in the wild.

If one was not already absolutely deafened and bewildered with all this confusion of playthings, the lights, and the manifold surging multitude, augmented by the loud shrill cries of the itinerant venders of wares, who would not attach themselves to one particular spot, then one might have squeezed through the thickest press, with its screaming, shouting, laughing, and whistling, into a part a little more open, where the pressure was of a less oppressive kind, if still the gold could easily be spent. Here are young students who, incapable of fatigue, ceaselessly swing about a big polygon of pasteboard, which is fastened to a staff with horse-hair, a strange loud humming being produced, and at which the rogues loudly shout and cry. Now comes slowly forward a great coach with many servants. It contains the young princes and princesses of the royal house, who also will take part in the children's joy of the people. Now the citizens rejoice with a double pleasure at being so near to their sovereigns; the children are overflowing, and all draw, with new eagerness, round the now motionless carriage.

[This description of the out-door Christmas festivities is thus effectively supplemented in the memoir of Tieck by Koepke.]

Thousandfold sights it brought to see and wonder at; many opportunities, too, for little presents, were it only a piece of gingerbread or a monkey; and, finally, it was far from unattractive to stand behind the booths in the mighty darkness, watching and listening. With all the wanton humor, the whole had an indescribable magical, mysterious, even touching expression. How brightly all glanced in the light of the festive expectation! For

weeks before, all the wishes and hopes of the children's world had been awakened. With Mr. Tieck, also, the Christmas feast was a great domestic joy. He always procured a gayly-decorated Christmas-tree, set full of burning candles, and hung with flowers and sweetmeats, and from it much throughout the year derived a pardonable lustre. But among all the presents shone conspicuous the indispensable tin soldier, as the most attractive, which, under Ludwig's hand, soon became animatingly so,—an earnest plaything, indeed, to which in his later days he would often refer with the gayest humor.

A POET'S FANCIES.

HEINRICH HEINE.

[Heinrich Heine, selections from whose prose writings we have given, and some of whose poems we now append, was a native of Düsseldorf, on the Rhine, where he was born in 1800. Of his poems Longfellow says, "The minor poems of Heine, like most of his prose writings, are but a portrait of himself. The same melancholy tone, the same endless sigh, pervades them. Though they possess a high lyric merit, they are for the most part fragmentary,—expressions of some momentary state of feeling,—sudden ejaculations of pain or pleasure, of restlessness, impatience, regret, longing, love."]

THE TEAR.

The latest light of evening
Upon the waters shone,
And still we sat in the lonely hut,
In silence and alone.

The sea-fog grew, the screaming mew
Rose on the water's swell,
And silently in her gentle eye
Gathered the tears and fell.

I saw them stand on the lily hand ;
Upon my knee I sank,
And, kneeling there, from her fingers fair
The precious dew I drank.

And sense and power, since that sad hour,
In longing waste away :
Ah me ! I fear in each witching tear
Some subtile poison lay.

THE LORELEI.

I know not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe,
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine ;
The mountain-peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair ;
With gold is her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair ;

With a golden comb she combs it ;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move ;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above,
Till over the boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run :
And this, with her magic singing,
The Lorelei has done !

THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

The sea hath its pearls,
The heaven hath its stars,
But my heart, my heart,
My heart hath its love.
Great are the sea and the heaven,
Yet greater is my heart,
And fairer than pearls and stars
Flashes and beams my love.
Thou little, youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart ;
My heart, and the sea, and the heaven,
Are melting away with love.

THE FIR-TREE AND THE PALM.

A lonely fir-tree standeth
On a height where north winds blow ;
It sleepeth, with whitened garment,
Enshrouded by ice and snow.
It dreameth of a palm-tree,
That far in the Eastern land,
Lonely and silent, mourneth
On its burning shelf of sand.

[We subjoin, in the translation of James Freeman Clarke, one of Heine's longer poems.]

THE PILGRIMAGE TO KEVLAAR.

I.

The mother stood at the window ;
In the chamber lay her son :
" Arise, arise, dear William,
And see the crowd march on."
" I am so sick, my mother,
I cannot hear or see :
I think of my dead Gretchen,
And my heart is sad in me."

" Then we will go to Kevlaar,
With book and rosary,
And there God's gracious mother
Will heal thy heart for thee."

The banners flutter gayly,
The church-bells ring aloud ;
Past proud Cologne it marches,
The singing, praying crowd.
The son he leads his mother,
And all go marching on :
" All hail to thee, Maria !"
They sing with solemn tone.

II.

God's mother sits at Kevlaar,
With jewels in her hair ;
To-day she wears her diamonds,
For many guests are there.

The sick with votive offerings
Have come from many lands,
To hang upon her altar
Their waxen feet and hands.
For when one offers a waxen hand,
His hand is cured of its wound ;
And when one offers a waxen foot,
His foot at once is sound.
Many who came on crutches
Go running and dancing away,
And those whose fingers were stiff as sticks
On the violin can play.
Out of a waxen candle
The mother formed a heart :
" Give this to Holy Mary,
And she will cure thy smart !"
Sadly he took the image,
Went sadly to the shrine,
And, words with tears commingled,
He cried, " O Maid divine,
O Queen of heaven and angels,
Receive my bitter moan.
I dwell with my poor mother
In a street of fair Cologne,
Where, in three hundred churches,
Men go to sing and pray ;
And near to us lived Gretchen,
And she is dead to-day !
I bring this waxen image,
The image of my heart ;
Heal thou my bitter sorrow,
And cure my deadly smart !
Do this, and every morning,
Evening, and all day long,

Hail to thee, Blessed Mary,
Shall be my prayer and song!"

III.

The sick son and his mother
Slept in a little room,
Then came the Blessed Virgin,
Soft-stepping through the gloom.
She bent above the sick man,
And on his heart she laid
Her gentle hand, then, smiling,
Passed, like a mist, the maid.
The mother in her slumber
Had seen the whole event,
Then wakened, for the frightened dogs
Howled, as the Virgin went.
He lay stretched out before her,
Her son,—and he was dead ;
And on his thin and pallid cheek
The morning sun burnt red.
The mother knew not how she felt,
But bent in peace her head :
"God bless thee! Holy Mother!"
Were all the words she said.

[The appreciative translation of the two following poems is by
W. S. Walsh.]

THE HEART'S SECRET.

Could the tender tiny flowers
Know the anguish of my heart,
They would weep their tears in showers,
Tears of comfort for the smart.

Could the nightingales discover
Half my sorrow, half my wrong,
They would soothe the wearied lover
With a sweeter burst of song.

Could the golden planets know it,
They would pity me my grief,
Stepping down from heaven to show it,
Whispering words of sweet relief.

Ah! they know not how I'm laden!
Only one can know my pain,—
Only she, the cruel maiden,
She that broke my heart in twain.

THE LANGUAGE OF THE STARS.

Never moving, never changing,
Stand the great stars in the skies,
Gazing lonely on each other
With their sad and loving eyes.

And they speak throughout the ages
Language strangely rich and grand:
Not a man of all the sages
Can that language understand.

Only I have learned that language,
Mastered mood and tense and case,
And the grammar I made use of
Was my own beloved's face.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

JACOB AND WILLIAM GRIMM.

[Notable among the preservers of the ancient literature and popular tales of Germany were the Grimm brothers, Jacob Ludwig and William Karl, born at Hanau, the former in 1785, and the latter in 1786. Among the valuable works of Jacob Grimm may be named "Legal Antiquities of Germany," "German Mythology," and "History of the German Language," with an edition of "Reinhart Fuchs" and other Middle-Age fables. William Grimm also published editions of ancient German works, with treatises on antique literary subjects. But the work by which they are most widely known is their conjointly published "Kinder- und Hausmärchen." This collection of popular tales, many of them of extreme antiquity and handed down verbally for ages, has made the name of the Grimm brothers familiar in every land, and their tales of fairy- and folk-lore are welcome additions to the household literature of every civilized nation. From them we select the German form of a fairy legend whose poetical character has made it a favorite with readers, and which Tennyson has used as the theme of a charming poem.]

IN times past there lived a king and queen, who said to each other every day of their lives, "Would that we had a child!" and yet they had none. But it happened once that when the queen was bathing, there came a frog out of the water, and he squatted on the ground, and said to her,—

"Thy wish shall be fulfilled; before a year has gone by, thou shalt bring a daughter into the world."

And as the frog foretold, so it happened; and the queen bore a daughter so beautiful that the king could not contain himself for joy, and he ordained a great feast. Not only did he bid to it his relations, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be kind

and favorable to the child. There were thirteen of them in his kingdom, but, as he had only provided twelve golden plates for them to eat from, one of them had to be left out. However, the feast was celebrated with all splendor; and as it drew to an end, the wise women stood forward to present to the child their wonderful gifts: one bestowed virtue, one beauty, a third riches, and so on, whatever there is in the world to wish for. And when eleven of them had said their say, in came the uninvited thirteenth, burning to revenge herself, and, without greeting or respect, she cried with a loud voice,—

“In the fifteenth year of her age the princess shall prick herself with a spindle and shall fall down dead.”

And without speaking one more word she turned away and left the hall. Every one was terrified at her saying, when the twelfth came forward, for she had not yet bestowed her gift, and though she could not do away with the evil prophecy, yet she could soften it; so she said,—

“The princess shall not die, but fall into a deep sleep for a hundred years.”

Now, the king, being desirous of saving his child even from this misfortune, gave commandment that all the spindles in his kingdom should be burnt up.

The maiden grew up, adorned with all the gifts of the wise women; and she was so lovely, modest, sweet, and kind and clever, that no one who saw could help loving her.

It happened one day, she being already fifteen years old, that the king and queen rode abroad, and the maiden was left behind alone in the castle. She wandered about into all the nooks and corners, and into all the chambers and parlors, as the fancy took her, till at last she came to an old tower. She climbed the narrow winding stair which led to a little door, with a rusty key sticking out

of the lock; she turned the key, and the door opened, and there in the little room sat an old woman with a spindle, diligently spinning her flax.

"Good-day, mother," said the princess. "What are you doing?"

"I am spinning," answered the old woman, nodding her head.

"What thing is that that twists round so briskly?" asked the maiden, and, taking the spindle into her hand, she began to spin; but no sooner had she touched it than the evil prophecy was fulfilled, and she pricked her finger with it. In that very moment she fell back on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. And this sleep fell upon the whole castle; the king and queen, who had returned and were in the great hall, fell fast asleep, and with them the whole court. The horses in their stalls, the dogs in the yard, the pigeons on the roof, the flies on the wall, the very fire that flickered on the hearth, became still, and slept like the rest; and the meat on the spit ceased roasting, and the cook, who was going to pull the scullion's hair for some mistake he had made, let him go, and went to sleep. And the wind ceased, and not a leaf fell from the trees about the castle.

Then round about that place there grew a hedge of thorns thicker every year, until at last the whole castle was hidden from view, and nothing of it could be seen but the vane on the roof. And a rumor went abroad in all that country of the beautiful sleeping Rosamond, for so was the princess called; and from time to time many kings' sons came and tried to force their way through the hedge; but it was impossible for them to do so, for the thorns held fast together like strong hands, and the young men were caught by them, and, not being able to get free, there died a lamentable death.

Many a long year after there came a king's son into that country, and heard an old man tell how there should be a castle standing behind the hedge of thorns, and that there a beautiful enchanted princess named Rosamond had slept for a hundred years, and with her the king and queen and the whole court. The old man had been told by his grandfather that many kings' sons had sought to pass the thorn-hedge, but had been caught and pierced by the thorns and had died a miserable death. Then said the young man, "Nevertheless, I do not fear to try; I shall win through and see the lovely Rosamond." The good old man tried to dissuade him, but he would not listen to his words.

For now the hundred years were at an end, and the day had come when Rosamond should be awakened. When the prince drew near the hedge of thorns, it was changed to a hedge of beautiful large flowers, which parted and bent aside to let him pass, and then closed behind him in a thick hedge. When he reached the castle yard, he saw the horses and brindled hunting dogs lying asleep, and on the roof the pigeons were sitting with their heads under their wings. And when he came in-doors, the flies on the wall were asleep, the cook in the kitchen had her hand uplifted to strike the scullion, and the kitchen-maid had the black fowl on her lap ready to pluck. Then he mounted higher, and saw in the hall the whole court lying asleep, and above them, on their thrones, slept the king and the queen. And still he went farther, and all was so quiet that he could hear his own breathing; and at last he came to the tower, and went up the winding stair, and opened the door of the little room where Rosamond lay. And when he saw her looking so lovely in her sleep, he could not turn away his eyes; and presently he stooped and kissed her, and she awaked, and

opened her eyes, and looked very kindly on him. And she rose, and they went forth together, and the king and the queen and the whole court waked up, and gazed on each other with great eyes of wonderment. And the horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, the hounds sprang up and wagged their tails, the pigeons on the roof drew their heads from under their wings, looked round, and flew into the field, the flies on the wall crept on a little farther, the kitchen fire leaped up and blazed and cooked the meat, the joint on the spit began to roast, the cook gave the scullion such a box on the ear that he roared out, and the maid went on plucking the fowl.

Then the wedding of the prince and Rosamond was held with all splendor, and they lived very happily together until their lives' end.

[Or, as in the version of Tennyson,—

“And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt it fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old :
Across the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day,
The happy princess followed him.

“ ‘ I'd sleep another hundred years,
O love, for such another kiss ;’
‘ Oh, wake forever, love,’ she hears,
‘ O love, 'twas such as this, and this.’ ”

To the foregoing may be added another story, of more homely character, and with a specimen of old-fashioned humor at the end which resembles that of Aristophanes's comedy of “*The Clouds*.”]

There were two brothers who were both soldiers; the one was rich, the other poor. The poor man thought he

would try to better himself: so, pulling off his red coat, he became a gardener, and dug his ground well, and sowed turnips.

When the seed came up, there was one plant bigger than all the rest; and it kept getting larger and larger, and seemed as if it would never cease growing; so that it might have been called the prince of turnips, for there was never such a one seen before, and never will be again. At last it was so big that it filled a cart, and two oxen could hardly draw it; and the gardener knew not what in the world to do with it, nor whether it would be a blessing or a curse to him.

One day he said to himself, "What shall I do with it? If I sell it it will bring no more than another; and for eating the little turnips are better than this. The best thing, perhaps, is to carry it and give it to the king as a mark of respect."

Then he yoked his oxen, and drew the turnip to the court, and gave it to the king. "What a wonderful thing!" said the king; "I have seen many strange things, but such a monster as this I never saw. Where did you get the seed? or is it only your good luck? If so, you are a true child of fortune." "Oh, no!" answered the gardener, "I am no child of fortune; I am a poor soldier, who never could get enough to live upon: so I laid aside my red coat, and set to work, tilling the ground. I have a brother, who is rich, and your majesty knows him well, and all the world knows him; but because I am poor, everybody forgets me."

The king then took pity on him, and said, "You shall be poor no longer. I will give you so much that you shall be even richer than your brother." Then he gave him gold and land and flocks, and made him so rich that his brother's fortune could not at all be compared with his.

When the brother heard of all this, and how a turnip had made the gardener so rich, he envied him sorely, and bethought himself how he could contrive to get the same good fortune for himself. However, he determined to manage more cleverly than his brother, and got together a rich present of gold and fine horses for the king, and thought he must have a much larger gift in return; for if his brother had received so much for only a turnip, what must his present be worth?

The king took the gift very graciously, and said he knew not what to give in return more valuable and wonderful than the great turnip: so the soldier was forced to put it into a cart and drag it home with him. When he reached home he knew not upon whom to vent his rage and spite; and at length wicked thoughts came into his head, and he resolved to kill his brother.

So he hired some villains to murder him; and, having shown them where to lie in ambush, he went to his brother and said, "Dear brother, I have found a hidden treasure: let us go and dig it up and share it between us." The other had no suspicions of his roguery; so they went out together, and as they were travelling along the murderers rushed out upon him, bound him, and were going to hang him on a tree.

But, whilst they were getting all ready, they heard the trampling of a horse at a distance, which so frightened them that they pushed their prisoner neck and shoulders together into a sack, and swung him up by a cord to the tree, where they left him dangling, and ran away. Meantime he worked and worked away, till he made a hole large enough to put out his head.

When the horseman came up he proved to be a student, a merry fellow, who was journeying along on his nag, and singing as he went. As soon as the man in the sack saw

him passing under the tree, he cried out, "Good-morning! good-morning to thee, my friend!" The student looked about everywhere, and, seeing no one, and not knowing where the voice came from, cried out, "Who calls me?"

Then the man in the tree answered, "Lift up thine eyes, for behold here I sit in the sack of wisdom; here have I, in a short time, learned great and wondrous things. Compared to this seat all the learning in the schools is as empty air. A little longer, and I shall know all that man can know, and shall come forth wiser than the wisest of mankind. Here I discern the signs and motions of the heavens and the stars, the laws that control the winds, the number of the sands on the sea-shore, the healing of the sick, the virtues of all simples, of birds, and of precious stones. Wert thou but once here, my friend, thou wouldst feel and own the power of knowledge."

The student listened to all this, and wondered much; at last he said, "Blessed be the day and hour when I found you! cannot you contrive to let me into the sack for a little while?" Then the other answered, as if very unwillingly, "A little space I may allow thee to sit here, if thou wilt reward me well and entreat me kindly; but thou must tarry yet an hour below, till I have learned some little matters that are yet unknown to me."

So the student sat himself down and waited awhile; but the time hung heavy upon him, and he begged earnestly that he might ascend forthwith, for his thirst for knowledge was great. Then the other pretended to give way, and said, "Thou must let the sack of wisdom descend, by untying yonder cord, and then thou shalt enter." So the student let him down, opened the sack, and set him free. "Now, then," cried he, "let me ascend quickly." As he began to put himself into the sack, heels first, "Wait awhile," said the gardener; "that is not the way." Then

he pushed him in head first, tied up the sack, and soon swung up the searcher after wisdom, dangling in the air. "How is it with thee, friend?" said he: "dost thou not feel that wisdom comes unto thee? Rest there in peace, till thou art a wiser man than thou wert."

So saying, he trotted off on the student's nag, and left the poor fellow to gather wisdom till somebody should come and let him down.

MACBETH.

AUGUST WILHELM SCHLEGEL.

[Of the two brothers Schlegel who attained fame in literature, the author of our present selection is best known to English readers by his "*Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature.*" He was born in Hanover, September 8, 1767, was an intimate friend of most of the great German authors of his period, and in 1805 became the German instructress of Madame De Staël and the tutor of her children. He continued with her till her death, when he accepted a professorship at Bonn. He died in 1845. To the writings and the influence of himself and his brother we owe the modern Romantic school of German literature. Among his numerous works was a translation of Shakespeare into German. We give a selection from his valuable and suggestive dramatic criticisms.]

OF "Macbeth" I have already spoken once in passing; and who could exhaust the praises of this sublime work? Since the "Eumenides" of Æschylus, nothing so grand and terrible has ever been written. The witches are not, it is true, divine Eumenides, and are not intended to be; they are ignoble and vulgar instruments of hell. A German poet, therefore, very ill understood their meaning when he transformed them into mongrel beings, a mixture of fates, furies, and enchantresses, and clothed them with

tragic dignity. Let no man venture to lay hand on Shakespeare's works thinking to improve anything essential: he will be sure to punish himself. The bad is radically odious, and to endeavor in any manner to ennoble it, is to violate the laws of propriety. Hence, in my opinion, Dante, and even Tasso, have been much more successful in their portraiture of demons than Milton. Whether the age of Shakespeare still believed in ghosts and witches is a matter of perfect indifference for the justification of the use which in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" he has made of pre-existing traditions. No superstition can be widely diffused without having a foundation in human nature: on this the poet builds; he calls up from their hidden abysses that dread of the unknown, and presage of a dark side of nature, and a world of spirits, which philosophy now imagines it has altogether exploded. In this manner he is in some degree both the portrayer and the philosopher of superstition; that is, not the philosopher who denies and turns it into ridicule, but, what is still more difficult, who distinctly exhibits its origin in apparently irrational and yet natural opinions. But when he ventures to make arbitrary changes in these popular traditions he altogether forfeits his right to them, and merely holds up his idle fancies to our ridicule. Shakespeare's picture of the witches is truly magical: in the short scenes where they enter he has created for them a peculiar language, which, although composed of the usual elements, still seems to be a collection of formulæ of incantation. The sound of the words, the accumulation of rhymes, and the rhythmus of the verse, form, as it were, the hollow music of a dreary witch-dance. He has been abused for using the names of disgusting objects; but he who fancies the kettle of the witches can be made effective with agreeable aromatics is as wise as those who

desire that hell should sincerely and honestly give good advice. These repulsive things, from which the imagination shrinks, are here emblems of the hostile powers which operate in nature; and the repugnance of our senses is outweighed by the mental horror. With one another the witches discourse like women of the very lowest class; for this was the class to which witches were ordinarily supposed to belong: when, however, they address Macbeth they assume a loftier tone: their predictions, which they either themselves pronounce, or allow their apparitions to deliver, have all the obscure brevity, the majestic solemnity, of oracles.

We here see that the witches are merely instruments; they are governed by an invisible spirit, or the operation of such great and dreadful events would be above their sphere. With what intent did Shakespeare assign the same place to them in his play which they occupy in the history of Macbeth as related in the old chronicles? A monstrous crime is committed: Duncan, a venerable old man, and the best of kings, is, in defenceless sleep, under the hospitable roof, murdered by his subject, whom he has loaded with honors and rewards. Natural motives alone seem inadequate, or the perpetrator must have been portrayed as a hardened villain. Shakespeare wished to exhibit a more sublime picture,—an ambitious but noble hero yielding to a deep-laid bellish temptation, and in whom all the crimes to which, in order to secure the fruits of his first crime, he is impelled by necessity, cannot altogether eradicate the stamp of native heroism. He has, therefore, given a threefold division to the guilt of that crime. The first idea comes from that being whose whole activity is guided by a lust of wickedness. The weird sisters surprise Macbeth in the moment of intoxication of victory, when his love of glory has been gratified; they

cheat his eyes by exhibiting to him as the work of fate what in reality can be accomplished only by his own deed, and gain credence for all their words by the immediate fulfilment of the first prediction. The opportunity of murdering the king immediately offers; the wife of Macbeth conjures him not to let it slip; she urges him on with a fiery eloquence which has at command all those sophisms that serve to throw a false splendor over crime. Little more than the mere execution falls to the share of Macbeth; he is driven into it, as it were, in a tumult of fascination. Repentance immediately follows, nay, even precedes, the deed, and the stings of conscience leave him rest neither night nor day. But he is now fairly entangled in the snares of hell; truly frightful is it to behold that same Macbeth, who once as a warrior could spurn at death, now that he dreads the prospect of the life to come,* clinging with growing anxiety to his earthly existence the more miserable it becomes, and pitilessly removing out of the way whatever to his dark and suspicious mind seems to threaten danger. However much we may abhor his actions, we cannot altogether refuse to compassionate the state of his mind; we lament the ruin of so many noble qualities, and even in his last defence we are compelled to admire the struggle of a brave will with a cowardly conscience. We might believe that we witness in this tragedy the overruling destiny of the ancients represented in perfect accordance with their ideas: the whole originates in a supernatural influence, to which the subsequent events seem inevitably linked. Moreover, we even find here the same ambiguous oracles which, by their literal fulfilment, deceive those who confide in them.

Yet it may be easily shown that the poet has, in his

* "We'd jump the life to come."

work, displayed more enlightened views. He wishes to show that the conflict of good and evil in this world can only take place by the permission of Providence, which converts the curse that individual mortals draw down on their heads into a blessing to others. An accurate scale is followed in the retaliation. Lady Macbeth, who of all the human participators in the king's murder is the most guilty, is thrown by the terrors of her conscience into a state of incurable bodily and mental disease; she dies, unlamented by her husband, with all the symptoms of reprobation. Macbeth is still found worthy to die the death of a hero on the field of battle. The noble Macduff is allowed the satisfaction of saving his country by punishing with his own hand the tyrant who had murdered his wife and children. Banquo, by an early death, atones for the ambitious curiosity which prompted the wish to know his glorious descendants, as he thereby has roused Macbeth's jealousy; but he preserved his mind pure from the evil suggestions of the witches: his name is blessed in his race, destined to enjoy for a long succession of ages that royal dignity which Macbeth could only hold for his own life. In the progress of the action, the piece is altogether the reverse of "*Hamlet*:" it strides forward with amazing rapidity, from the first catastrophe (for Duncan's murder may be called a catastrophe) to the last. "Thought, and done!" is the general motto; for, as Macbeth says,—

"The flighty purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the deed go with it."

In every feature we see an energetic heroic age, in the hardy North which steels every nerve. The precise duration of the action cannot be ascertained,—years, perhaps, according to the story,—but we know that to the imagi-

nation the most crowded time appears always the shortest. Here we can hardly conceive how so very much could ever have been compressed into so narrow a space; not merely external events, the very inmost recesses of the minds of the dramatic personages are laid open to us. It is as if the drags were taken from the wheels of time and they roll along without interruption in their descent. Nothing can equal the picture in its power to excite terror. We need only allude to the circumstances attending the murder of Duncan, the dagger that hovers before the eyes of Macbeth, the vision of Banquo at the feast, the madness of Lady Macbeth: what can possibly be said on the subject that will not rather weaken the impression they naturally leave? Such scenes stand alone, and are to be found only in this poet; otherwise the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the head of Medusa.

FRITHIOF'S HOMESTEAD.

ESAIAS TEGNER.

[Esaias Tegner, the greatest of the poets of Sweden, was born in 1782, in the parish of By, in Wernland. In 1812 he became professor of Greek in the University of Lund, and in 1824 was made Bishop of Wexiö. As a poet he possessed a genius of high order, his "Frithiof's Saga" being the finest epic production that has appeared within the last two centuries. It is composed of a series of ballads, each descriptive of some event in the hero's life, and each written in a different metre, which, while detracting somewhat from the dignity of the poem, gives it much greater spirit and variety. Of his minor poems, "Axel," "Sven," and "The Children of the Lord's Supper" are most esteemed. Tegner died in 1846. A colossal statue has been raised to his memory by his admiring countrymen. We select Longfellow's translation of one of the shorter cantos of "Frithiof's Saga."]

THREE miles extended around the fields of the homestead,
on three sides
Valleys and mountains and hills, but on the fourth side was
the ocean.
Birch woods crowned the summits, but over the down-
sloping hill-sides
Flourished the golden corn, and man-high was waving the
rye-field.
Lakes full many in number their mirror held up for the
mountains,
Held for the forests up, in whose depths the high-antlered
reindeers
Had their kingly walk and drank of a hundred brooklets.
But in the valleys, full widely around, there fed on the
greensward
Herds with sleek, shining sides, and udders that longed for
the milk-pail.
'Mid these were scattered, now here and now there, a vast,
countless number
Of white-woolled sheep, as thou seest the white-looking
stray clouds,
Flock-wise, spread o'er the heavenly vault, when it bloweth
in spring-time.
Twice twelve swift-footed coursers, mettlesome, fast-fet-
tered storm-winds,
Stamping stood in the line of stalls, all champing their
fodder,
Knotted with red their manes, and their hoofs all whitened
with steel shoes.
The banquet-hall, a house by itself, was timbered of hard fir.
Not five hundred men (at ten times twelve to the hun-
dred)
Filled up the roomy hall, when assembled for drinking at
Yule-tide.

Through the hall, as long as it was, went a table of holm
oak,
Polished and white, as of steel; the columns twain of the
high-seat
Stood at the end thereof, two gods carved out of an elm-
tree,—
Odin with lordly look, and Frey with the sun on his
frontlet.
Lately between the two, on a bear-skin (the skin it was
coal-black,
Scarlet-red was the throat, but the paws were shodden
with silver),
Thorsten sat with his friends, Hospitality sitting with
Gladness.
Often, when the moon among the night-clouds flew, related
the old man
Wonders from far-distant lands he had seen, and cruises
of Vikings
Far on the Baltic and Sea of the West, and the North
Sea.
Hushed sat the listening bench, and their glances hung on
the graybeard's
Lips, as a bee on the rose; but the Skald was thinking of
Bragé,
Where, with silver beard, and runes on his tongue, he is
seated
Under the leafy beach, and tells a tradition by Mimer's
Ever-murmuring wave, himself a living tradition.
Midway the floor (with thatch was it strewn) burned for-
ever the fire-flame
Glad on its stone-built hearth; and through the wide-
mouthed smoke-flue
Looked the stars, those heavenly friends, down into the
great hall.

But round the walls, upon nails of steel, were hanging in
order
Breastplate and helm with each other, and here and there
in among them
Downward lightened a sword, as in winter evening a star
shoots.
More than helmets and swords, the shields in the banquet-
hall glistened,
White as the orb of the sun, or white as the moon's disk
of silver.
Ever and anon went a maid round the board and filled up
the drink-horns ;
Ever she cast down her eyes and blushed ; in the shield
her reflection
Blushed too, even as she :—this gladdened the hard-drink-
ing champions.

[We add, from the poem of "Axel," a poetic description of a veteran of the army of the Swedish hero, Charles XII.]

I love the old heroic times
Of Charles the Twelfth, our country's glory,
And deem them fittest for the scenes
Of stern or tender story ;
For he was blithe as Peace may be,
Yet boisterous as Victory.
Even now, on high, there glide,
Up and down, at eventide,
Mighty men, like those of old,
With frocks of blue and belts of gold.
Oh, reverently I gaze upon
Those soldier spirits clad in light,
And hold as things most wonderful
Their coats of buff and swords of giant height !

One of his oldest veterans
I knew before my boyhood's prime ;
He seemed like some triumphal pillar
Undermined by Time.
The scars along his forehead were
Like sculptures on a sepulchre ;
There flowed behind that old man's ears
The silver of a hundred years ;
'Twas all that old man had.
The stranger, gazing on his door,
Might sigh to think on one so poor ;
But Time had trained his soul, and he
Had shaken hands with Poverty ;
He was nor sick, nor sad.
With two possessions, all his pride,
Yet dearer than the world beside,—
The sword that earned his soldier fame,
A Bible, with King Charles's name,—
He lived, beneath a forest's shade,
Within a hut himself had made
And fancied like a tent.
And all that Sweden's hero did,
Of valor praised, or craven chid,
Or Cossack foeman bent,—
That now the child who runs may read
(For fame, the Eagle, flew with speed),—
Were stored within that soldier's mind,
Each in their own heroic kind,
Like monumental urns beneath
A barrow in the field of death.
Oft as he told of toils gone through
For Charles and his dragoons of blue,
That soldier seemed to rise in height,
Flashed from his eyes unwonted light,

And all his gestures, all his words,
Sprang out like flame from Swedish swords.
Why say that, in the winter nights,
He loved to tell his former fights,
And, grateful, only spoke to praise
King Charles, and never failed to raise,
When mention of his name was made,
His rimless hat and torn cockade?
My infant height scarce reached his knees,
And yet I loved his histories.
His sunken cheek and wrinkled brow
Have lived with me from then till now,
And, with his stories strange and true,
Keep rising in my mind anew;
Like snowdrop-bells, that wait to blow
Beneath the winter's shielding snow.

THE HUNTSMAN.

PAUL HEYSE.

[Johann Ludwig Paul Heyse, born at Berlin in 1830, is a poet, novelist, and dramatist of eminence, his plays including "Francesca von Rimini," "The Sabine Women," "Meleager," etc.; his poems, "Thekla," "The Brothers," and "Novellen in Versen;" and his stories, a long philosophical novel entitled "The Children of the World." He has also written on æsthetics and the literature of Southern Europe. It is, however, in his short stories that his special merit lies. These are novelettes of the French pattern, light, superficial, yet graceful, full of gayety, artistic in handling, and resembling the French novelettes not only in grace and lightness, but also in a lack of moral elevation. These stories, which have a fluency and an elegance of style and management unequalled among the productions of other

German writers, deal principally with Italian subjects. There are among them, however, a few characteristic stories of German life. We copy a portion of the Zimmern sisters' translation of one of these. The story opens with the description of a wild Alpine scene, in which appears a young, handsomely-dressed hunter, followed by a mountain-youth. It is the desire of the huntsman to bring down a mighty stag of which he has been told by the youth.]

THEY had been several hours on the road, when a strong daring-looking fellow came towards them from above, stood still suddenly, and examined them with an angry gaze. He could scarcely have been twenty-four years of age, wore a very faded old jacket, a weather-beaten little hat with a long cock's-feather; the strong bare knees showed their brownness as they looked out from the leather breeches and woollen socks, and his coarse shirt left neck and chest uncovered. He stood now leaning on his tall mountain-stick in the middle of the way with almost sarcastic obstinacy, as though he were ruler here, and did not turn a step aside when the dandy stranger approached. The bold fellow pleased him. He looked confidently at him, nodded, and said,—

"God greet you! How far is it from here to the Regenalm?"

The youth's sharp-cut mouth fell: he bit his lips together, as though he preferred to swallow the answer.

"To the Regenalm?" he repeated, at length, with a scornful glance at the stranger's costume. "Do you suppose it is carnival up there?"

He raised his stick, and struck it against a stone, as if to test the power of the sharp iron point.

"Seppi," said the hunter-boy, "stand aside at once, or I will tell the ranger you know what!"

The other laughed.

"Talk what stuff you please," said he. "I fear no devil,

least of all such a creature as you, who carries the gun for such a monkey. God be with you, Phrygius!"

And with another laugh he struck aside among the firs, and disappeared in a hollow. The other two looked after him.

"Who is that rude fellow?" asked the baron.

"Seppi from Thiereck, your honor," answered the boy, staring down into the hollow as if a wounded deer had escaped that way. "The ranger has had his eye on him for some time; for he poaches about dangerously, just as he feels inclined. Formerly, when his mother still lived, he kept quieter; now he carries on in broad daylight. Resei on the Regenalm is his sweetheart. That is why he pricked up his ears when your honor asked the way there. And another thing that did not please him was that you wear the blackcock feather in front instead of behind. When any of the people wear it so, it means he wants to pick a quarrel, and every one is ready to fall upon him. I will not answer for it that Sepp may not want to pick a quarrel with your honor, although he has gone out of your way now."

"What can he do to me?" said the young man, calmly. "He has not even a gun."

"Oh, yes, he has, sir; only you did not see it. He has one to screw. He carries the butt-end in his pouch, and the barrel, which is quite short, in his jacket-pocket. When he wants to shoot, he can put it together in a second. But if the game-keeper gets hold of him he must give it up, and then he will be locked up for several weeks."

"And what did you threaten to tell the ranger about him, Phrygius?"

"I saw him last Saturday with a chamois in the Ofenthal, just by the place where the king shoots. He was

going down to the Hintersee. If his mother were not my godmother, I believe he would have shot me, he was so furious at my meeting him. I promised him to keep silence. But he has no peace in his conscience."

"Is he poor, that he must go poaching?"

"He might live quite comfortably if he did not gamble and act the grand gentleman at every kermess and shooting-match. But he thinks it must be so; and for that his box-making does not bring him in enough. His mother, who kept things together a bit, is no longer there: he has sold his cows, is in debt for his house. Where is he to get something from? Resei does not care about him any more, either; I heard myself how she said to her friend that she would not take a good-for-nothing and poacher. That makes him twice as fierce and furious, and he would like to shoot down every one. But your honor need not be afraid. I will take care, with the gun behind you. In another hour we shall be at the huts."

After this conversation they were silent again, and the more persistently since the last steep bit of road required firm breath. When they passed out of the shade of the wood, and now looked up at the free green slopes of the last height, the baron again stood still, and fixed his eyes on a spot high up on the hill, where something dark was moving backwards and forwards before the clear sky. The boy told him that it was a seesaw, on which the cow-girls sometimes amused themselves. Continuing his way, he soon heard the shrill cry with which the quick-sighted girls welcomed him from a distance. But when he reached the top, had climbed the highest ridge, and approached the seesaw, he felt a cold shudder at the sight of this dangerous game. Hard by the steep precipice a stake of about a man's height had been driven into the ground, and over it

lay the long board of the seesaw, and moved backwards and forwards. At each end, holding on to a short peg, sat one of the Sennerinnen astride, with her legs crossed. Up and down they flew, while the ends of their black head-dresses fluttered, and the ground shook when they struck on it with all their weight, to fly up next moment high over the precipice, into which the least swerve of the pole must have thrown them. As they hung in mid-air, nodding and laughing welcome to the strange hunter, and waving their hands high in the air, while their white teeth shone, the spectator forgot all his fear, and enjoyed the sight of the fresh youth that smiled on him here in the wilderness, like a bunch of Alpine roses on the steep rocky wall.

[One of the girls was that Resei who had been spoken of as the sweet-heart of the poacher. Leaving the seesaw, they led the hunter to their mountain-hut, where they prepared supper for him. Early the next morning Phrygius was out after the stag, whose haunts he knew, and which he was to drive to a point where the baron could get a shot at him. Resei led the latter part of the way, and warned him to beware of Seppi, who might play him some trick to spoil his hunt. She advised him particularly to speak no angry word to the poacher, if they should meet. The hunter reached his station, and halted between two small fir-trees.]

There he crouched down behind the stems, between which he could see and aim very well. All around him not a creature stirred, except the birds, who now and then buzzed out from the branches, and always made the watcher's heart beat faster, as though they proclaimed the approach of the expected stag.

Gradually, amid watching and listening, he sank into a pleasant day-dream. He planned out for himself how he would set to work this evening to please Resei. He laid his gun down beside him, and removed the traces of his

hay bed from his clothing. Meantime the sun was slowly rising behind the ridge, and pouring a full light into the Maple Valley. The hunter wore a ruby on his finger; he let it play in the sun, and felt, as he looked at his image in the bright blade of his new hunting-knife, that he was completely irresistible, the handsomest, most distinguished, and richest man for many miles around. How could he fail in anything?

Just as he had finished his toilet, he heard a rustling of dead branches close by, and saw the stag breaking forth on a side to which the track had not pointed. He was not running, but looking round wildly,—a strong royal stag, quite black, with shaggy breast, and spreading sharp-pointed branches. One moment he stood in the clearing, scenting, with head erect, and emitting a low murmuring noise. The next moment he became aware of the man behind the fir; his black eye gave the hunter one hasty glance, then he turned round with a mighty spring and stormed into the wood up the slope. But behind him sounded two reports one after another, and the certain tokens of a hasty flight showed the startled hunter that he had had more luck than prudence, and had certainly hit the animal. Eagerly he sprang up, and rushed after the fugitive into the forest, intent now only on discovering the stag's blood. With strong steps he followed in that direction, and a cry of joy escaped from him when he perceived on a piece of bare rock the red track, although it was almost immediately after lost among grass and tall ferns. He stood still for one moment and considered whether he should wait for Phrygius. But after his contemptible beginning he felt the desire doubly strong to seek the stag alone, whom he expected to find dead. So he carefully reloaded both barrels of his gun, and continued to climb the difficult

path between cliffs, bushes, and underwood, from time to time encouraged by meeting the bloody track.

He had soon climbed so far up the mountain that he could look down on to the trees in the Maple Valley and see along the whole length of the hollow. Two or three times he thought he saw his hunting-boy's gray jacket appear between the branches; and now he also heard a whistle, but further in the distance. Without letting himself be detained, he climbed on along the wild slope up which the wounded stag had hurried, following the track which shone plainly in bright red drops on the gray rock, and the perspiration stood on his forehead from the difficult pursuit. For still the warm south wind was blowing up from the valley, which, even had the sun not been rising higher in the heavens, would have increased a wanderer's difficulties. Now he had climbed the ridge of the mountains, and the view opened out on to the blue lake below and the walls of the giant Watzmann. But close by the huntsman's feet lay another craggy wilderness of immense blocks, here and there overgrown with Alpine roses. A novice could not be blamed for stopping here to take breath and consider what he should do next. Now he did repent that he had not first waited for his able hunting-companion. He listened to hear whether he might not have climbed after him of his own accord; and in truth he fancied he heard, at no great distance, the sound of nailed boots on the hard rock.

"Phrygius!" he called three times. Not a sound in answer. But should he turn back now, while there in the bright sun lay the red track, whose drops were getting bigger and bigger? "Forward!" exclaimed he, with determination, and again began to pursue the uncertain zigzag course of the fugitive over the loose stones that

rolled beneath his steps fast and noisily down into the abyss.

Suddenly he saw a mighty vulture flying from the lake, shooting through the steel-blue air. Now it stopped just above the cliff, its glance firmly fixed on one spot. There could be no doubt, there, only fifty paces from the baron, behind the sheltering rock that rose sheer from among the stones, the stag had stopped, and was perhaps already dead. While the huntsman rejoiced in the auspicious omen, its motionless hovering roused him to attempt a new aim. The barrel of his gun was loaded with a bullet. But the bird was as still as the black spot in the target, and if the one ball failed there still remained the other for the stag. He calmly took aim, shot, and with convulsive wings the vulture fell out of the air. At the same moment the mighty head of the stag rose from behind the rock, and the wounded creature stood opposite its enemy, in the wild mountain-solitude, prepared for a last struggle. He felt his heart beating. Next him he saw the precipice, where there was no escape either up or down. He knew by the animal's proud bearing that the shot had only wounded its thigh, but had not reached the seat of life. The savage creature had already bent its antlers for the attack; everything depended on one last bullet; but with cool hand the hunter raised the gun to his cheek, aimed just as the stag was storming against him, and would have been sure of his shot, when his gun treacherously failed him, and only the cap went off. A sudden shudder overcame the defenceless man. He saw the raging beast springing towards him, and had only sufficient consciousness to commend his soul to God and throw himself down, so that the enemy might possibly rush over him, when—hark!—behind him sounded a shot; and when he started up and looked round he saw, twenty paces from

him, the falling stag, who struck down the low dwarf pines, and in his death-struggle threw down sand and stones into the abyss with the points of his antlers.

Instantly the baron sprang to his feet, saved, and turned towards the ridge of the mountain, whence help in need had come. "Phrygius!" exclaimed he, for his eyes were dazzled, and he did not immediately recognize the form that stood calmly among the crags. Now it moved. The marksman opposite threw the discharged blunderbuss over his shoulder and turned round, slowly reascending the height. Not till then did the baron see that it was no other than Sepp from Thiereck. But, before he could realize how it had all come about, his suspicious deliverer had disappeared on the other side of the ridge, and he was left alone with the dead stag.

A quarter of an hour later, when Phrygius came breathlessly to the spot, he found the baron plunged in revery and mentally exhausted, sitting on a stone and staring into the animal's breast-wound, so that he at first thought the gentleman must be asleep with his eyes open. He had to call him several times before he stirred.

"I am glad," said the honest fellow, "that your honor has all your limbs left you. For I heard Sepp's shot, that sounds different from your twin barrels. I turned hot all over; for I know well enough that when Sepp is in a passion he could aim at the Lord himself; and directly after, when I met him there where the trees begin, he looked at me so strangely that I could say nothing to him but, 'Sepp, have you seen the baron?' Then he pointed back over the ridge with his hand, and said, 'He has shot a stag and a vulture.' And with that he went his way. But, sir, it is a glorious stag, and a beautiful shot. And where is the vulture?"

The baron pointed to the rock, from which Phrygius

soon brought the stately bird. He tied it on to the gun, threw it across his back, and said,—

“We will fetch the stag this afternoon; he will never get up any more. But what was that about Sepp, sir? What did he shoot at? And how is it that I only heard you shoot once up here?”

“I will tell you some other time,” said the hunter, rising. “Where is Sepp gone?”

“I cannot tell. No one knows his ways.”

EGMONT AND CLARA.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

[From Goethe's fine tragedy of “Egmont” we select the charming love-scene between the great noble and the humbly-born but heroic-hearted girl whom he has made happy with his affection. The scene is one of the most graceful and pathetically passionate in his works,—one of those bursts of sunshine by contrast with which the noblest tragic artists enhance the gloom of the scenes of terror that follow. The difficulty of adequately translating Goethe is thus indicated by Mrs. Austin, whose translation we use: “In Goethe's style it is not quaintness or singularity that reduces his translator to despair; it is its perfection: one sees that every change of form must be for the worse. He was, I think, the most consummate master of *form* the world has seen since the days of Virgil and Catullus; and how difficult it is to reproduce form! The perfectly apposite words, which hang together like a string of pearls, the ease, the euphony, the adaptation of the style to each of the innumerable subjects he wrote on,—these are merits which elude the hand of the most scrupulous or the most successful translator.”]

ACT III.—SCENE II.

[*Clara's House; Clara and her Mother.*]

Mother.—Such a love as Brackenburg's I never saw. I did not believe there were such, except in romance-books.

(*Clara walks up and down the room, humming an air between her lips.*)

“Happy alone
Is the soul that loves.”

Mother. He suspects your love for Egmont; and yet I do believe, if you would but appear a little kind to him, he would marry you, if you would have him.

Clara (singing),

“To be full of joy,
And of sorrow,
And of thick-coming thoughts;
To float painfully
From passionate longing
To anxious fear;
Now sending shouts of exultation to the skies,
Now sad unto death,—
Happy alone
Is the soul that loves.”

Mother. Leave off that rockaby-baby stuff.

Clara. Don't despise it; it is a song of wonderful virtue. Many's the time I have lulled a great child to sleep with it.

Mother. Ay, you have nothing in your head but your love; I wish you did not forget all for one. You ought to have more respect for Brackenburg, say I. He will make you happy some day or other.

Clara. He!

Mother. Oh, yes! there'll come a time;—you children don't look forward, and you turn a deaf ear to our experience. Youth and bright love, all come to an end, and the time comes when we thank God if we have any hole to creep into.

Clara (shudders, is silent, and walks away). *Mother,* let that time come,—when it must,—like death. To think of

it beforehand is horrible! And if it should come,—if we must,—then—we will bear ourselves as we may. Egmont, I live without thee? (*Weeping.*) No, never,—never!

(*Enter Egmont in a soldier's cloak, with his hat slouched over his face.*)

Clara (*cries out and steps back*). Egmont! (*she flies to him.*) Egmont! (*embraces him and rests her head on his bosom.*) Oh, you kind, dear, sweet one! Are you come? Are you there?

Egmont. Good-evening, good mother.

Mother. God bless you, noble sir. My poor child has nearly fretted herself to death because you have stayed away so long. She has been talking and singing about you again, the livelong day.

Egmont. But you will give me some supper, won't you?

Mother. You do us too much honor. If we had but anything to offer you——

Clara. Be at ease about that, mother. I have taken care of all that already. I have prepared something. (*Aside.*) Don't betray me, mother.

Mother. (*Aside.*) There's little enough.

Clara. (*Aside.*) Stay—— And then,—when he is with me I am never hungry, so that I think he cannot have much appetite when I am with him.

Egmont. What are you saying?

(*Clara stamps with her foot, and turns away pettishly.*)

Egmont. What is the matter with you?

Clara. How cold you are to-day! You have not offered me one kiss yet. Why do you keep your arms swathed in your mantle, like those of a babe a week old? It ill becomes either soldier or lover to have his arms muffled.

Egmont. Sometimes, darling, sometimes; when the sol-

dier stands in ambush, watching to fall upon the enemy, he gathers himself together, folds his arms, and ruminates on his attack. And a lover——

Mother. Won't you be seated? Won't you make yourself comfortable? I must go into the kitchen. Clara thinks of nothing when you are by. You must take the will for the deed.

Egmont. Your good will is the best sauce. [*Mother goes.*

Clara. And what then is my love?

Egmont. Whatever you please.

Clara. Come, liken it to something, if you have the heart.

Egmont. First, there! (*Throws off his mantle and stands disclosed in his splendid dress.*)

Clara. Ah me!

Egmont. Now my arms are free! (*Clasps her to his heart.*)

Clara. Don't; you will spoil yourself. (*Steps back.*) How splendid! I dare not touch you now.

Egmont. Well, are you satisfied? I promised you that I would come once dressed in the Spanish fashion.

Clara. I have never reminded you of your promise. I thought you did not like it. Ah! and the Golden Fleece!

Egmont. Ay, now you see it.

Clara. And did the Emperor hang that round your neck?

Egmont. Yes, dear child; and this chain and device invest their wearer with the noblest privileges. I acknowledge no judge of my actions on earth, save the Grand Master of the Order and the assembled chapter of knights.

Clara. Oh, you might let the assembled world judge you! How magnificent the velvet is! and the fringe-

work! and the embroidery! One can't tell where to begin.

Egmont. Well, now look your fill.

Clara. And the Golden Fleece! You told me the whole story; and you said it was a badge of everything grand and precious,—everything that man can deserve or win by labor and industry. It is very precious. It seems to me like your love. I bear that, just so, upon my heart; and yet——

Egmont. Well, what?

Clara. And yet,—again it is *not* like.

Egmont. How so?

Clara. It is not by labor or pains that I have won your love,—nor deserved it.

Egmont. In love the case is different. You deserved it, because you did not strive for it; those people are generally most sure to win love who do not hunt about for it.

Clara. Did you learn that from yourself? Was it from yourself you drew that proud reflection?—yourself, whom all the people love?

Egmont. Oh that I had, indeed, done something for them! that I *could* do something for them! It is their good pleasure to love me.

Clara. You have been with the regent to-day, doubtless,—have you not?

Egmont. I have.

Clara. Are you on good terms with her?

Egmont. It seems so. We are friendly and civil to each other.

Clara. And in your heart?

Egmont. I like her. Every one has his own peculiar views; but that is nothing. She is an excellent woman, knows the people she has to deal with, and would see deeply enough if she were not somewhat suspicious. I

give her plenty of occupation; for she always searches for some mystery behind my conduct, and I have none.

Clara. What, none at all?

Egmont. Why, true, dear,—one little exception. All wine leaves lees in the cask, if it stands long enough. Orange is, however, a more interesting study to her, and an ever new problem. He has got credit for having always some secret design, and now she is constantly trying to read on his brow what he is thinking,—in his step, whither he is going.

Clara. Does she dissemble?

Egmont. A regent,—and you ask that?

Clara. Pardon me; I meant, is she false?

Egmont. Neither more nor less so than every one who seeks to obtain his ends.

Clara. I should not know what to do in the great world. But she has a manly spirit; she is another sort of woman than we seamstresses and housewives. She is great, brave-hearted, resolute.

Egmont. Yes, perhaps a little too much so; she is a perfect Amazon.

Clara. A majestic woman! I should dread to come into her presence.

Egmont. And yet you are not generally so timid. It would not be fear,—only maidenly shame.

(Clara casts down her eyes, takes his hand, and leans her head upon him.)

Egmont. I understand you, dear girl!—you may raise your eyes. *(He kisses her eyes.)*

Clara. Let me be silent!—let me hold you fast!—let me gaze in your eyes, and find in them everything,—comfort, and hope, and joy, and sorrow. *(She embraces, and looks at him.)* Tell me,—tell me,—I cannot conceive it,—

are *you* Egmont?—Count Egmont?—the great Egmont, who is so famous, whose name is in every newspaper, on whom the provinces place their whole reliance?

Egmont. No, my Clara, I am not.

Clara. What!

Egmont. Look you, Clara,—let me sit down. (*He sits down: she kneels before him on a footstool, leans her arms on his knees, and looks up in his face.*) That Egmont is a morose, unbending, cold Egmont, compelled to shut himself up, and to assume now one aspect, and now another,—fretted, misunderstood,—constrained, when people think him gay and joyous,—beloved by a people which knows not what it wishes,—honored and exalted by an impracticable multitude,—surrounded by friends to whom he dares not commit himself unreservedly,—watched by men who would avail themselves of any means to rival him,—laboring and toiling, often without aim, generally without reward. Oh, let me not say how it fares with him, what are his feelings! But *this* Egmont, Clara, the tranquil, open, happy,—beloved and understood by the best of hearts, that heart which he fully understands, and with entire love and confidence presses to his own (*embracing her*),—this is *your* Egmont.

Clara. So,—let me die! The world has no joy after this!

PHILOSOPHY IN VERSE.

VARIOUS.

[The inherent German tendency to deep thought on the problems of life is here and there reflected in poetry, of which we select a few examples. From the “*Adrastea*” of Carl Ludwig von Knebel, a lyric poet born in 1744, we quote the opening portion, with its deep-reaching queries.]

ADRASTEIA.

Ween ye that law and right and the rule of life are uncertain,—

Wild as the wandering wind, loose as the drift of the sand?

Fools! look round and perceive an order and measure in all things!

Look at the herb as it grows, look at the life of the brute:

Everything lives by a law, a central balance sustains all;

Water, and fire, and air, wavy and wild though they be,

Own an inherent power that binds their rage; and without it

Earth would burst every bond, ocean would yawn into hell.

Life and breath, what are they? the system of laws that sustains thee

Ceases; and, mortal, say whither thy being hath fled!

What thou art in thyself is a type of the common creation;

For, in the universe, life, order, existence, are one.

Look to the world of mind: hath soul no law that controls it?

Elements many in one build up the temple of thought;
And when the building is just, the feeling of truth is the offspring:

Truth, how great is thy might, e'en in the breast of the child!

Constant swayeth within us a living balance that weighs all,

Truth and order and right, measures and ponders and feels.

Passions arouse the breast; the tongue, swift-seized by
the impulse,

Wisely (if wisdom there be) follows the law of the
soul:

Thus, too, ruleth a law, a sure law, deep in the bosom,
Blessing us when we obey, punishing when we offend.

[Johann Gaudenz von Salis (born in 1762) leads us in song cheerfully
into that land of the hereafter towards which all life tends as surely as
all streams flow to the ocean. The poem is in Longfellow's well-known
and favorite translation.]

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land!

Ah! who shall lead us thither?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, oh, thither,

Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning visions

Of beauteous souls! The Future's pledge and band!

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land!

O Land! O Land!

For all the broken-hearted

The mildest herald by our fate allotted

Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand

To lead us with a gentle hand

Into the land of the great departed,

Into the Silent Land!

[Hermann Neumann has briefly but suggestively told in verse the story of the heart, which has been thus aptly rendered in English by F. D'Anvers.]

THE HEART.

Two chambers hath the heart,
Where slumber
Sorrow and Joy apart.

When Joy in hers awaketh,
Still sleeping,
Sorrow no moan maketh.

Hush, Joy! Ah, have a care!
Speak softly!
Sorrow lies sleeping there.

[From the "Oriental Anthology" of Herder we select a neat fragment of the philosophy of common sense.]

CHANCE.

Rare luck makes not a rule. One day it pleased
The Persian king to place a precious ring
On a tall staff, and offer it a prize
To any archer who should hit it there.
The better marksmen soon assembled round:
They shot with skill, yet no one touched the ring.

A boy, who sat upon the palace-roof,
Let fly his arrow, and it hit the mark.
On him the monarch then bestowed the prize.
The lad threw bow and arrows on the fire:
"That all my glory may remain to me,
This my first shot," he said, "shall be my last."

[From Johannes Evald, a Danish poet of much celebrity (born in 1743), the author of several dramas, and as a lyric poet without a rival in Denmark, we select the following brief poem.]

SONG.

From high the seaman's wearied sight
Spies the green forests with delight,
Which seem to promise rest and joy ;
But woe is him if hope deceives,
If his fond eye too late perceives
The breakers lurking to destroy !

Oh, sweetest pledge of love and pleasure,
Enchanting smile, thy depth I'll measure,
Wary, as in the shallow tide,
That, if beneath that garb of beauty
The mind has shoals to wreck my duty,
I straight may seek the waters wide.

[“The Sunken City,” a beautifully imaginative poem from the pen of Wilhelm Müller (born at Dessau in 1794), comes next in order, in the graceful translation of J. C. Mangan.]

Hark ! the faint bells of the Sunken City
Peal once more their wonted evening chime :
From the deep's abysses floats a ditty,
Wild and wondrous, of the olden time.

Temples, towers, and domes of many stories
There lie buried in an ocean grave,
Undescried save when their golden glories
Gleam, at sunset, through the lighted wave.

And the mariner who hath seen them glisten,
In whose ears those magic bells do sound,
Night by night bides there to watch and listen,
Though Death lurks behind each dark rock round.

So the bells of Memory's wonder-city
Peal for me their old melodious chime;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and pleasant, from the by-gone time.

Domes and towers and castles, fancy-builted,
There lie lost to daylight's garish beams,
There lie hidden, till unveiled and gilded,
Glory-gilded, by my nightly dreams!

And then hear I music sweet upknelling
From a many well-known phantom band,
And through tears can see my natural dwelling
Far off in the Spirit's luminous Land!

[From the sonnets of Adelbert von Chamisso, which embrace the finest examples of this form of poetry in the German language, we select the following examples.]

I feel, I feel, each day, the fountain failing;
It is the death that gnaweth at my heart:
I know it well, and vain is every art
To hide the fatal ebb, the secret ailing.
So wearily the spring of life is coiling,
Until the fatal morning sets it free:
Then sinks the dark, and who inquires for me
Will find a man at rest from all his toiling.
That I can speak to thee of death and dying,
And yet my cheeks the loyal blood maintain,
Seems bold to thee, and almost over-vain:
But Death!—no terror in the word is lying:
And yet the thought I cannot well embrace,
Nor have I looked the angel in the face.

He visited my dreams, the fearful guest,
My careless vigor, while I slumbered, stealing,

And, huge and shadowy above me kneeling,
 Buried his woesome talons in my breast.
 I murmured, "Dost thou herald my hereafter?
 Is it the hour? Art calling me away?
 Lo! I have set myself in meet array."—
 He broke upon my words with mocking laughter.
 I scanned him sharply, and the terror stood
 In chilly dew: my courage had an end:
 His accents through me like a palsy crept.
 "Patience!" he cried; "I only suck thy blood:
 Didst think 'twas Death already? Not so, friend;
 I am Old Age, thy fable: thou hast slept."

[This series of selections may be fitly concluded with Longfellow's version of some of the most neatly turned of Solomon von Logau's poetic aphorisms.]

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
 If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves
 be ground.

BLINDNESS AND POVERTY.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
 For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind
 exceeding small;
 Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness
 grinds he all.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it
 bespoke;
 But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the
 smoke.

RHYMES.

If perhaps these rhymes of mine should sound not well in
strangers' ears,
They have only to bethink them that it happens so with
theirs ;
For so long as words, like mortals, call a fatherland their
own,
They will be most highly valued where they're best and
longest known.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

LEOPOLD VON SACHER-MASOCH.

[Sacher-Masoch, born at Lemberg, Galicia, in 1836, is an Austrian novelist of unusual ability and force, though very unequal in his powers. His works principally deal with Galician scenes and sentiments, and he may be looked upon as the chief spokesman of the Slavic and anti-German party in Austria. His most important work is "The Legacy of Cain," which is as yet but partly written, and in which he proposes to deal, in a series of novels, with all the evils incident to mankind. Others of his works are "Galician Tales," "Count Donski," "The Emissary," and "The New Job." While an excellent character-painter, he depicts landscape and the incidents of nature with equal power. As an instance, we append Zimmern's translation of an effectively-painted snow-scene.]

HE who has glided over the peaceful ocean in a light bark, and let the element play with him and the shadowy coast-lines of the continent and island sink behind him, while he gazed into that second ocean of air with its heaving clouds, will easily understand me when I tell of the Galician plain, the wintry snow-ocean, the ride in the fleeting sledge. These two, the ocean and the plain, alike

attract the soul of man with melancholy longing. But the flight in the sledge is swifter, more eagle-like, while the boat rolls in the water like a duck in the air: only the color of the endless plain and its melody are graver, gloomier, more threatening. We see Nature in her nakedness; we feel the struggle for existence; we feel Death nearer; we perceive his atmosphere; we hear his voice.

The clear winter afternoon had enticed me out.

The day was glorious; the air seemed to stand still; even the light, the golden sun-waves, did not tremble in the gentle mist that rose from the ground. Air and light were one element. In the village, too, all was still; not a sound betrayed the inhabitants of the silent thatched cottages; only the sparrows flew in flocks on to the hedges, and twittered.

Farther on stood a little sledge, to which a lame horse, no higher than a foal, was harnessed, and on it a peasant was bringing wood from the forest. His daughter, a girl not yet fully grown, called to him, and waded, with bare feet, through a yard's depth of snow, to pick up a little fagot that he had lost.

As we flew down the bare mountain-side with clear-sounding bells, there lay before us the plain, immeasurable, incomprehensible, endless. The wintry ermine lent it the highest majesty. It was enveloped by it; only the bare stems of the stunted willows, farther off single long-armed draw-wells, in the distance a few forlorn sooty huts, stood out black against the white snow-fur.

We flew along over the hard road.

Opposite lay a farm-house; behind it, a little village. The snow had silvered over everything,—had covered with silver the wretched overhanging roofs, had adorned the little panes with silver flowers, and from every gutter, every pump, every crippled fruit-tree, hung silver tassels.

High walls of snow surrounded every dwelling; there man has been forced to scoop out for himself passages, like the badger or the fox. The light smoke that rises from the roof seems to freeze in the air. Tall silver-poplars surround the farm. Here and there little grains of frost flutter into the air, and float through it like swarms of diamond gnats, a miniature thunder-storm, scattering a thousand little lightning-flashes.

At the end of the hamlet peasant-boys, with white heads and rosy cheeks, are tumbling about half naked in the snow. They are forming a man out of it, and they put a long pipe into his broad mouth, such as noblemen smoke. There sits a young peasant on a hand-sledge, and some pretty girls, with long brown plaits and full white bodices, are drawing him along pell-mell. The shouts of their buoyant spirits rise above them like a carolling lark. How they laugh! And he laughs even more wildly, and has lost his cap.

We flew past the wood.

Where is now its melody? The fox barks hoarsely, and the daw shrieks. The bright-red foliage is swathed in one monotony of snow. A roseate watery atmosphere pervades wood and sky. Before us lie only snowy hills, like the frozen waves of a white sea. Where the white heavens dip into it there rests a lustre. Only that eye can behold it that can gaze into the sun. Behind us the village, the red wood, disappear; the last summits of the bare mountains give forth one more ray of light; then they also disappear, like the hills and the solitary trees. The limitless plain has received us. Before us naught but snow; behind us snow; above us the white sky like snow; around us the most intense solitude, death, silence.

We glided on as in a dream. The horses swam in the snow, the sledge followed noiselessly. Across the snow-

field ran a little gray mouse. Far and wide not a chimney, not a hollow stem, not a mole-hill, was in sight; and so it ran on with cautious earnestness. Whither? Now it was only a little dark spot. Then again all around us was solitude. It was as though we made no progress. Nothing changed before us, nothing behind us; not even the sky. It stands stiff, cloudless, colorless, as though newly washed with lime; it does not move; it does not even glimmer. Only the air becomes more evening-like and sharper; it cuts like glass.

Surely our sledge must be standing still, like a vessel in the enchanted sea, that moves without leaving the spot. We only *believe* that we are driving,—nothing before us, nothing behind us,—just as we believe we live. For do we live? Does not to live mean to be? and to be no more, never to have been?

There flies a raven: he pushes on powerfully with his dusky wings in silence, with open bill.

As the sun sets, it gradually becomes visible down below as a shining ball of mist. It does not set; it sinks into the snow. It dissolves like molten gold; golden waves play across to us; wondrous colors run over the snow, which is sprinkled with liquid silver. Now it expires. The thousand lights which it has thrown out run together, become pale; a light-red whiff yet floats in the air; then it too dissolves, and once more everything is colorless, cold, and motionless.

Only for a moment.

Then we meet a sudden icy gust from the east.

In the distance floated a sledge; the fleeting waves of air carried the wailing sound of its bells across to us; then it was consumed by the ashy fog, which, quickly rising on the horizon, gathered into a compact mass and began to surge towards us. It became rapidly dark;

formless white-gray clouds spanned the sky,—a terrible armada, sail upon sail. Now the wind strikes them and swells them; they swim nearer, they approach us, and we drive into them. Evening mists spring up and dissolve into light shadows.

On we flew. The torn mists whirled around us like birds with large tired wings.

Already the wind is striking us in the neck with both fists; it howls with horrible, lamentable, mad voices; it leaps down from the height into the snow, tears it up, bursts the great clouds, scatters them to earth in flaky masses, and threatens to bury us under them. The horses drop their heads between their legs, and pant. The storm whirls up white clouds to the heavens, sweeps the plain with white broom, and forms immense heaps, in which it buries men, beasts, whole villages.

The air burns as though it were glowing hot; it has become firm; broken by the storm, it flies about in pieces, and penetrates like glass-splinters into the lungs when we take breath.

The horses can advance but slowly; they dig their way through snow, air, and wind.

The snow has become an element in which we swim with all our might, so as not to be drowned; we breathe it; it threatens to burn us. In the most terrible commotion, Nature becomes fixed and icy. We ourselves are but part of the universal rigid cold. We can now conceive how the ice holds a world entombed, how we may cease to live without death, without decay.

Thoughts are suspended in our brains like icicles; the soul is wrapped in ice; the blood falls like quicksilver. We no longer think our own thoughts, no longer feel as human beings feel.

Here is the struggle for existence; but we fight, as the

elements do, patiently, silently, resigned,—almost indifferent. The life that we love so much is frozen; we are a stone, a piece of ice,—one more rigid bubble in the battle of the elements.

A white curtain separates us from our horses; the sledge carries us through the storm like a boat without oar, without sail: it almost stands still.

The hurricane howls on monotonously, the air burns, the snow whirls, space and time vanish. Are we advancing? Are we standing still? Is it night?—is it day?

Slowly the clouds move towards the west. Slowly the horses pant again; now they rise up, their backs covered with snow; thick flakes fall; they lie piled on the earth a yard's height, but we can see again, and advance. The storm only gasps now, and, whining, rolls in the snow. The mists lie on the ground like gray ashes. Where are we?

Round about, everything has disappeared; no road,—not a rubbish-heap, not a wooden cross, to mark it. The horses wade up to their breasts; only in the distance a few solitary sounds of the storm. We stand, move, on our way again.

The horses shake themselves and go more quickly. Only light watery flakes fall now. But in the distance everything is still veiled. Again we halt and take counsel.

Night draws on; dull cloudy twilight spreads over us, and enwraps us more and more.

A glowing red streak is on the horizon. We turn towards it. It was as though the red moon had fallen on to the earth and were being extinguished in the snow; it flickered up, and illumined strong dark shadows.

"It is the peasant-watch near the birch wood," said the Jew; "and behind the wood lies Tulawa."

KARA GEORGE.

LEOPOLD RANKE.

[From the "History of Servia" by the celebrated historian Leopold Ranke, whose works have already yielded us a selection, we extract a biographical sketch of a noted personage, who by his great military and executive ability freed Servia from the Turks and became the chief of the nation. The translation is by Mrs. Alexander Kerr.]

GEORGE PETROWITSCH, called Kara, or Zrni, the Black, was born between the years 1760 and 1770, in the village of Wischewzi, in the district of Kragujewaz. He was the son of a peasant named Petroni; and in his early youth he went with his parents higher up into the mountains to Topola. In the very first commotion of the country [Servia]—which was in the year 1787, when an invasion by the Austrians was expected—he took a part that decided the character of his future life. He saw himself compelled to flee; and, not wishing to leave his father behind among the Turks, he took him also, with all his movable property and cattle. Thus he proceeded towards the Save; but the nearer they approached the river the more alarmed became his father, who from the first would have preferred surrendering, as many others had done, and often advised him to return. Once again, and in the most urgent manner, when they already beheld the Save before them, "Let us humble ourselves," the old man said, "and we shall obtain pardon. Do not go to Germany, my son; as surely as my bread may prosper thee, do not go." But George remained inexorable. His father was at last equally resolved. "Go thou over alone," he said; "I remain in this country." "How?" replied Kara George: "shall I live to

see thee slowly tortured to death by the Turks? It is better that I should kill thee myself on the spot!" Then, seizing a pistol, he instantly shot his father, and ordered one of his companions to give the death-blow to the old man, who was writhing in agony. In the next village Kara said to the people, "Get the old man who lies yonder buried for me, and drink also for his soul at a funeral feast." For that purpose he made them a present of the cattle he had with him, and then crossed the Save. This deed, which was the first indication of his character, threw him out of the common course.

* * * * *

Kara George was a very extraordinary man. He would sit for days together without uttering a word, biting his nails. At times when addressed he would turn his head aside and not answer. When he had taken wine, and if in a cheerful mood, he would perhaps lead off a Kolo dance. Splendor and magnificence he despised. In the days of his greatest success he was always seen in his old trousers, in his worn-out short felt, and his well-known black cap. His daughter, even while her father was in the exercise of princely authority, was seen carrying her water-vessel like other girls in the village. Yet, strange to say, he was not insensible to the charms of gold.

In Topola he might have been taken for a peasant. With his Momkes [cavalry troops] he would clear a piece of forest-land or conduct water to a mill, and they would fish together in the brook Jasenitza. He ploughed and tilled the ground, and spoiled the insignia of the Russian order with which he had been decorated whilst putting a hoop on a cask. It was in battle only that he appeared a warrior. When the Servians saw him approach, surrounded by his Momkes, they took fresh courage. Of lofty stature, spare, and broad-shouldered, his face seamed

by a large scar and enlivened with sparkling, deep-set eyes, he could not fail to be instantly recognized. He would spring from his horse,—for he preferred fighting on foot,—and, though his right hand had been disabled from a wound received when a Heydue [bandit], he contrived to use the rifle most skilfully. Wherever he appeared, the Turks became panic-stricken; for victory was believed to be invariably his companion.

In the affairs of peace Kara George evinced a decided inclination for a regular course of proceeding; and, although he could not himself write, he was fond of having business carried on in writing. He allowed matters to follow their own course for a long time together; but if they were carried too far his very justice was violent and terrible. His only brother, presuming on his name and relationship, took unwarrantable license, and for a long time Kara George overlooked his misconduct; but at length he did violence to a young maiden, whose friends complained loudly, exclaiming that it was for crimes of such a nature that the nation had risen against the Turks. Kara George was so greatly enraged at this vile deed that he ordered this only brother, whom he loved, to be hanged at the door of the house, and forbade his mother to mourn outwardly for the death of her son.

Generally speaking, he was kindly disposed; yet he would readily accredit what was related to him in prejudice of another, although a short time before convinced of the contrary; and if once irritated and angry he could not be restrained. He would not even pause to tell his Momkes to beat the offender to the ground, but he would himself slay his adversary; and he spared none. To the Knes Theodosi he was indebted for his dignity, yet him he slew. When such an event occurred, he would weep and exclaim, "May God punish him who gave cause for this

quarrel!" Yet he was not vindictive. When he had once pardoned an offender he never recurred again to the offence.

Such was Kara George; a character of extraordinary strength, unconscious, as it were, of its own powers, brooding in the vague sense of dormant energies till roused to action by some event of moment, but then bursting forth into vigorous activity, for good or for evil, as circumstances might direct.

His character much resembles that of the heroes celebrated in the national songs of Servia.

LAYS OF THE MINNESINGERS.

VARIOUS.

[The Troubadours of France exercised a powerful influence over the literature of the neighboring countries, and made the song of love and springtide the popular poetry of castle and court for considerably more than a century. In Germany the Minnesingers took up this festive strain, and their lays of hope and tenderness everywhere resounded. Mr. Taylor, the translator of the examples we give, says of them, "It is surely difficult, in the perusal of many of these ancient songs, to abstain from partaking in the joyous hilarity, the frolic festivity of spirit, with which they seem to revel in the charms of Nature, as clothed in her most smiling forms. The gay meadows, the budding groves, the breezes and flowers, sparkle in the song; and the buoyant effervescence of youthful gayety is often in delightful keeping with the bounding rhythm and musical elegance of the verse." The first example we give is from Count Conrad von Kirchberg, of whom we only know that he lived in the twelfth century. It sings those charms of the May-tide which were such a favorite theme with these early poets.]

MAY, sweet May, again is come,
May, that frees the land from gloom :
Children, children, up, and see
All her stores of jollity !
On the laughing hedge-row's side
She hath spread her treasures wide ;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody ;
Hill and dale are May's own treasures.
Youths, rejoice ! In sportive measures
Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !
Hail this merry, merry May !

Up, then, children ! we will go
Where the blooming roses grow ;
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see :
Up, your festal dress prepare !
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart and sight and ear delighting.
Listen to the birds' sweet song :
Hark ! how soft it floats along !
Courtly dames, our pleasures share !
Never saw I May so fair ;
Therefore dancing will we go.
Youths, rejoice ! the flowerets blow !
Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !
Hail this merry, merry May !

* * * * *

Our manly youths,—where are they now ?
Bid them up and with us go

To the sporters on the plain :
Bid adieu to care and pain.
Now, thou pale and wounded lover,
Thou thy peace shalt soon recover.
Many a laughing lip and eye
Speaks the light heart's gayety ;
Lovely flowers around we find,
In the smiling verdure twined,
Richly steeped in May-dews glowing.
Youths, rejoice ! the flowers are blowing !
 Sing ye ! join the chorus gay !
 Hail this merry, merry May !

Oh, if to my love restored,—
To her, o'er all her sex adored,—
What supreme delight were mine !
How would Care her sway resign !
Merrily in the bloom of May
Would I weave a garland gay.
Better than the best is she,
Purer than all purity ;
For her spotless self alone
I will praise this changeless one ;
Thankful or unthankful, she
Shall my song, my idol be.
 Youths, then join the chorus gay !
 Hail this merry, merry May !

[We follow with a song from Walther von der Vogelweide, one of the most distinguished of the Minnesingers, whose life was spent in journeying from court to court, to sing his joyful lays. The selection we give, like the preceding, shows how welcome was the spring to the castle-dwellers after the weary imprisonment of the winter.]

When from the sod the flowerets spring,
And smile to meet the sun's bright ray,

When birds their sweetest carols sing,
In all the morning pride of May,
What lovelier than the prospect there?
Can earth boast anything more fair?
To me it seems an almost heaven,
So beauteous to my eyes that vision bright is given.

But when a lady chaste and fair,
Noble, and clad in rich attire,
Walks through the throng with gracious air,
As sun that bids the stars retire,
Then where are all thy boastings, May?
What hast thou beautiful and gay,
Compared with that supreme delight?
We leave thy loveliest flowers, and watch that lady bright.

Wouldst thou believe me,—come and place
Before thee all this pride of May,
Then look but on my lady's face,
And which is best and brightest say:
For me, how soon (if choice were mine)
This would I take, and that resign,
And say, "Though sweet thy beauties, May,
I'd rather forfeit all than lose my lady gay!"

[One of the most admired of these lays is "The Poet's Complaint" of Henry, Herzog von Breslau, who flourished from 1266 to 1299. It is a very early example of the dramatic form of composition.]

POET.

To thee, O May, I must complain,—
O Summer, I complain to thee,—
And thee, thou flower-bespangled Plain,—
And Meadow, dazzling bright to see!

To thee, O Greenwood, thee, O Sun,
And thee, too, Love, my song shall be
Of all the pain my lady's scorn
Relentlessly inflicts on me.
Yet, would ye all with one consent
Lend me your aid, she might repent:
Then, for kind heaven's sake, hear, and give me back content!

MAY, ETC.

What is the wrong? Stand forth and tell us what:
Unless just cause be shown, we hear thee not.

POET.

She lets my fancy feed on bliss;
But when, believing in her love,
I seek her passion's strength to prove,
She lets me perish merciless:
Ah, woe is me, that e'er I knew
Her from whose love such misery doth ensue!

MAY.

I, May, will straight my flowers command,
My roses bright and lilies white,
No more for her their charms expand.

SUMMER.

And I, bright Summer, will restrain
The birds' sweet throats; their tuneful notes
No more shall charm her ear again.

PLAIN.

When on the Plain she doth appear,
My flowerets gay shall fade away:
Thus crossed, perchance to thee she'll turn again her ear.

MEAD.

And I, the Mead, will help thee too :
Gazing on me, her fate shall be
That my bright charms shall blind her view.

WOOD.

And I, the Greenwood, break my bowers
When the fair maid flies to my shade,
Till she to thee her smile restores.

SUN.

I, Sun, will pierce her frozen heart,
Till from the blaze of my bright rays
Vainly she flies,—then learns a gentler part.

LOVE.

I, Love, will banish instantly
Whatever dear and sweet I bear,
Till she in pity turn to thee.

POET.

Alas! must all her joys thus flee?
Nay, rather I would joyless die,
How great soe'er my pain may be.

LOVE.

Seek'st thou revenge?—saith Love,—then at my nod
The paths of joy shall close, so lately trod.

POET.

Nay, then, oh, leave her not thus shorn of bliss!
Leave me to die forlorn, so hers be happiness.

[Among the latest of the Minnesingers was Johann Hadloub, a native of Zurich, who lived at the end of the thirteenth century. With the songs of this bard and of a few contemporaries the age of

poetry in Germany closed for many a long year. We conclude our selections with a prettily-conceived example from this poet.]

I saw yon infant in her arms caressed,
And as I gazed on her my pulse beat high :
Gently she clasped it to her snowy breast,
While I, in rapture lost, stood musing by :
Then her white hands around his neck she flung,
And pressed it to her lips, and tenderly
Kissed his fair cheek, as o'er the babe she hung.

And he, that happy infant, threw his arms
Around her neck, imprinting many a kiss,
Joying, as I would joy, to see such charms,
As though he knew how blest a lot were his.
How could I gaze on him and not repine ?
“Alas !” I cried, “would that I shared the bliss
Of that embrace, and that such joy were mine !”

Straight she was gone ; and then that lovely child
Ran joyfully to meet my warm embrace :
Then fancy with fond thoughts my soul beguiled,—
It was herself ! Oh, dream of love and grace !
I clasped it where her gentle hands had pressed,
I kissed each spot which bore her lips' sweet trace,
And joy the while went bounding through my breast.

VOYAGE DOWN THE DANUBE.

KARL FRIEDRICH ZELTER.

[Zelter, born at Berlin in 1758, was a distinguished German composer, who in 1809 was appointed professor of Music in the Berlin Academy of Arts and Sciences. Mendelssohn was among his pupils,

while Goethe was his intimate friend. His contribution to literature is his "Correspondence with Goethe," in six volumes, published in 1833, the year after his death. The letters given in this work are full of art-criticism, vigorously expressed, acute, and original. The pleasantly-written letter of travel which we quote is from Mrs. Austin's translation.]

VIENNA, July 20, 1810.

I arrived here last Saturday, after a voyage down the Danube from Regensburg which lasted six days. The Danube, especially from Lintz hither, is so rapid that the boat could make the voyage in three days at most, so that we lay to and rested at night. A common passage-boat is detained for days by the custom-house annoyances. From Lintz downward our boat made thirty miles (German) in two half-days; but I liked it all the better, as it gave me an opportunity of looking about and enjoying the view at my leisure. If you have careful sailors, the multitude of whirlpools (among which the Saurüssel is the most magnificent) make the voyage a treat, which I enjoyed like an imperial banquet.

The build of such a passage-boat is so ludicrously slight that, even before you know the danger, you go on board and look at it to see how the joke is to end. It is all of deal, cut with axe and saw, like a sort of model, without iron, cordage, canvas, tar, pitch, anchor, or anything that is generally thought necessary to work a vessel. There is a single cable for mooring; mast and sails are out of the question, since the tub imitates the progress of the Israelites into the Promised Land. The seams are stuffed with moss and regularly sewed together with wire. It is about a hundred tons' burden, a hundred and twenty feet long and sixteen or seventeen broad, and is quite water-tight.

Our company consisted of an Irish doctor, a German engraver, who held extraordinary discourses on art and was bearded about the mouth and chin after the fashion

of the Middle Ages, an apothecary, a butcher, a sword-cutter, a Capuchin monk, women, children, travelling handicraftsmen, and your humble servant. The artisans, who were to pay little or nothing for their passage, bound themselves to stand to the helm two hours at a time in turns, but they were rather lazy about it. In the cool of morning and evening I gave them a hand, which made matters go on better; and at last even the women and girls took a share in this hard labor. A tailor had a dispensation in consideration of sewing on the buttons to our coats and breeches and mending our linings and pockets; some of the girls washed our stockings and pocket-handkerchiefs.

This motley company was so gay and joyous that the six days flew by like six hours. The boatmen had on board some of the best Bavarian beer; meat and bread and wine we could lay in fresh every morning; and, in short, we might have gone on in this way to Peterwardein and wanted for nothing. For my own particular, I was little tormented with custom-house plagues.

THE FOES OF LIGHT.

JOHAN HENRIK KELLGREN.

[The distinguished Swedish poet to whom we owe our present selection was born in the parish of Floby, West Gothland, in 1751. In 1778 he established in Stockholm a weekly literary journal, named *Stockholms Posten*, which exercised an important influence on the development of Swedish literature. At the suggestion of the King of Sweden, he wrote three dramas on national subjects, "Gustaf Wasa," "Christine," and "Gustaf Adolph and Ebba Brahe." But

he is much better known through his satires and lyrical poems, which are of high merit. As an illustration of his satirical powers we give the following poem.]

ONE eve last winter,—let me see,—
 It was, if rightly I remember,
 About the 20th of December;
 Yes, reader,—yes, it so must be,
 For winter's solstice had set in,
 And Phœbus—he, the ruler bright
 Who governs poets and the light
 (This latter shines, the former rhyme,
 More dimly in the Northern clime)—
 At three o'clock would seek the deep
 For nineteen hours' unbroken sleep,—
 Lucidor on such eve went forth
 To join the club upon the North.
 A club?—political?—Herein
 No trace the manuscript doth show,
 And nothing boots it now to know.
 Enough, he went,—the club he found,—
 Entered, sat down, and looked around;
 But very little met his sight,
 For yet they had not ordered light,
 And heaven's all-glorious President
 To rest had long since stole away,
 While dim his pale vice-regent went
 Declining on her cloudy way.
 Though thus in darkness, soon he knew
 The senseless crowd, who kept a pother
 With wondrous heat (as still they do
 Whene'er they can't conceive each other)
 About the form the chamber bore,—
 The color of the chairs,—and more.

At length they one and all bethought
Themselves how dull, how worse than naught,
It was to prate of form and hue
While blindness bandaged thus their view
(For to be blind, and not to see,
The self-same thing appeared to be);
So various voices mingling cry,
"Light! light!"

Light came,—and then the eye
Was glad; for who doth not delight
To see distinctly black from white?
Yet here and there a friend of gloom
Gave light and lamps—you know to whom:
And now of these there's more to come.

A blear-eyed man was first to bawl
Against the light; yet this must call,
Not wonder, pity from each heart:
For how should he enjoy the ray,
When even the smallest gleam of day
Falls on his view with deadly smart?

Like him, in evil plight much pained,
An old and nervous man complained:
"By heaven!" he cried, "this cruel glare
Of light is more than I can bear."
Nor should *his* murmur much amaze:
The poor old man had all his days
Groped out his path through darksome ways;
But to learn to walk and see
Are both of like necessity,
And custom gives us faculty.

A drowsy man, with startled stare,
Amazed, leaped high from off his chair;
His name was Dulness. Ever deep
Both soul and body he would steep,
By day and night, in ceaseless sleep.
One well may fancy what a doom
For him to be deprived of gloom.
Now all behold his laziness,
The senseless swine can do no less
Than blush to be discovered, making
The only drone amongst the waking.

The Enthusiast cries, "Most sweet to me
The hour when twilight's veil is drawn!
O blissful twilight! Rapture's dawn!

O darkness mild and soft to see!
While thou dost all in charms array,
What is't to me, if thou betray?
In thee may Fancy, fearless, stray,
Released from Reason's rigid thrall,
In joyful chaos mingling all!
Through thee, the shadow substance shows,
Through thee, the earth empeopled grows,
Gods, giants, wizards, sprites, appear!
Just now I caught a shadow here
From Swedenborg's enchanted sphere.
But light—a cursed trick!—now beams,
Consuming all my blissful dreams.

"A cursed trick!"—This cry, too, rose
Loud from behind the corner screen,
From one whose thriving trade had been
In legerdemain and raree-shows:

“The Swedish public soon will see
My art’s long-hidden mystery :
In twilight all went on divinely,
I tricked their eyes and purses finely ;
But now they’ve brought this devilish light,
Farewell to witchcraft every way ;
Farewell to magic,—black and white !”
So said my lord, and sneaked away.

Soon as this last lament was o’er,
The self-same exit—through the door—
Was taken by a worthy spark
Who—honest else, we may remark—
Had lately, wandering in the dark,
Mistook—by accident alone—
His neighbor’s pocket for his own.

A member of the king’s police,
Who loved his knowledge to increase
(In vulgar parlance called a spy),
Now sought the chimney skulkingly.
’Tis hard to listen in the light,—
Partly for its still flickering glare,
And partly that, when forced to beat
A swift and unforeseen retreat,
’Twill sometimes with the listener fare
That he must be content to spare
An arm or leg, and leave it there.

With hump before and hump behind,
A cripple had for hours depicted
How dear he was to womankind
(In darkness none could contradict it),
And countless blisses called to mind ;

But light appeared, and who looked down,
If not this miserable clown?
For not a more revolting creature
Ever yet was seen in nature.

A speaker rose, and said, "'Twere vain,
Now that the thing has gone so far,
To strive light's progress to restrain;
Then leave all matters as they are,
So that we can but keep the rays
From spreading to the public gaze.
And, to avert this awful scourge
From our dear country, let me urge
'Twere best to leave the light to me
An undisturbed monopoly."

"Well said!" another answered straight.
"Farewell to ministerial state,
To court, to customs, honor, birth,
And all we value most on earth,
If we allow the light to fall
In common for the eyes of all!
But now, as Government alone
Has power to say how every one
May innocently hear and see
And eat and drink, it seems to me,
For my part,—and by this is meant
My portion of the public rent,—
That we had better fix the light
The Crown's hereditary right."

Of those assembled in the room,
Whom shame constrained, in hate's despite,
To hide the rage they felt at light,
Mine host and each assistant groom

Were found ; for guests could now behold
What drugs were given for their gold.
The miracle, admired of yore,
Of turning water into wine,
Is now a trick, and nothing more,
Which, as all may well divine,
Will hardly cheat the taste and sight
Of sober folks, except at night.

“ Oh, sin and shame,” the parson cries,
“ To jest with heaven’s providing care !
Think that a child of dust should dare
At eve, when darkness veils the skies,
To strike a light and use his eyes !
Then vainly God prescribes the sun
His rising and his going down,
In order that the human kind
May needful warmth and radiance find.
Now man creates a warmth by fires,
And with his tallow-light aspires
To ape the blessed beams of day !
Soon Nature will not have a nook,
No soundless depths, nor darksome caves,
Impervious to his searching look ;
His skill can curb the winds and waves ;
Nay, more tremendous still to say,
He dares, when clouds are torn asunder,
To save his body from the thunder !”

The assembly here in laughter burst.
The priest, preparing to depart,
His brethren most devoutly cursed
To pest and death with all his heart,—

When suddenly was heard a sound
Of trumpets, drums, and bells around,
And soon a cry in every mouth
Of "Fire is raging in the South!"
The part, the streets, the house, are named,
And *Light*, the cause of all, is blamed :
"O Lucifer's and Genius' sons
 (From *Lux* comes *Lucifer*), see here,"
The parson cries, "ye faithless ones,
 What direful fruits from light appear !
Upon the Southern side bursts forth
The fire, and doubt not but the North
Like end will find to crown such crime :
Then let us all resolve in time,
With strictest care, to quench outright
Whatever can conduce to light."

Already have the friends of light
(Such is fanaticism's might),
Now here, now there, by looks expressed
A secret fear that rules the breast.
At length arises one whose voice
Is destined to decide their choice.
All hushed, Lucidor has the word :
"My friends and brothers," thus he's heard,
"A law there is, prescribed by heaven,
For every good to mortals given,
And this the precept all-sublime :
 That, 'wanting wisdom's due control,
Even virtue's self becomes a crime,—
 The cup of bliss, a poisoned bowl.'
All useful things may noxious be :
Sleep strengthens,—sleep brings lethargy ;
 Meat feeds,—meat brings obstruction after ;

Ale warms,—ale causes strangury ;
Smiles cheer,—convulsions come from laughter ;
Nay, more, the mother virtue, whence
Arises earth's and heavenly bliss,
The fear of God itself, has this
(When overstretched) sad consequence,
Of voiding certain heads of sense.
And yet, should any man from hence
Induce a Christian soul to think
'Twere wrong to sleep, eat, laugh, or drink,
He is, by giving such a rule,
A self-convicted knave—or fool.
As to what concerns the right
Administration of the light,
Wise rulers have two means of might,—
Lashes, by which the over-bold
And negligent may be controlled,
And engines, to allay the ire
Of the most infuriate fire.”

He ceased ;—a general bravo cry,
A loud and general applause,
Save from the priest and company,
Who took their party prudently
And mumbled curses 'twixt their jaws.

What happened on the Southern side,—
How quenched they there the flame so feared,
Or what new palace there was reared
Above the former's fallen pride,—
Of this we'll sing in future lays,
Should heaven vouchsafe us length of days.

[We append an amusing character-sketch by a Swedish authoress,
Anna Maria Lenngren, a writer with a rich sense of humor.]

FAMILY PORTRAITS.

Upon an old estate, her father's heritage,
A shrivelled countess-dowager
Had vegetated half an age ;
 She drank her tea mingled with elder-flowers,
By aching bones foretold the weather,
Scolded at times, but not for long together,
 And mostly yawned away her hours.
One day (God knows how such things should occur),
Sitting beside her chambermaid
In her saloon, whose walls displayed
Gilt leather hangings, and the pictured face
Of many a member of her noble race,
She pondered thus: "I almost doubt
 Whether, if I could condescend
 Some talk on this dull wench to spend,
It might not call my thoughts off from my gout;
 And, though the malkin cannot comprehend
The charms of polished conversation,
 'Twill give my lungs some exercise ;
And then the goosecap's admiration
 Of my descent to ecstasy must rise."—
"Susan," she said, "you sweep this drawing-room,
 And sweep it almost every day ;
 You see these pictures, yet your looks betray
You're absolutely ignorant whom
You clear from cobwebs with your broom.
Now, mind! That's my great-grand sire to the right,
 The learned and travelled president,
 Who knew the Greek and Latin names of flies,
And to the Academy, in form polite,
Was pleased an earthworm to present
 That he from India brought,—a prize
 Well worth its weight in gold.—

That next him, in the corner hung by chance,
The ensign is, my dear, lost, only son,
A pattern in the graces of the dance,
My pride and hope, and all the family's.
Seven sorts of riding-whips did he invent;
But sitting by the window caught a cold,
And so his honorable race was run.

He soon shall have a marble monument.—
Now, my good girl, observe that other,
The countess grandam of my lady mother,
A beauty in her time famed far and near;
On Queen Christina's coronation-day
She helped her majesty, they say,—
And, truly, no false tale you hear,—
To tie her under-petticoat.—
The lady whose manteau you note
Was my great-aunt. Beside her see
That ancient noble in the long simar;
An uncle of the family,
Who once played chess with Russia's mighty czar.—
That portrait further to the left
Is the late colonel, my dear wedded lord;
His equal shall the earth, of him bereft,
In partridge-shooting nevermore afford!—
But now observe the lovely dame
In yonder splendid oval frame,
Whose swelling bosom bears a rose;—
Not that one, ninny;—look this way:
What haughtiness those eyes display!
How nobly aquiline that nose!

King Frederick once was by her beauty caught;
But she was virtue's self, fired as she ought,
And scolded, reverently, the royal youth,
Till, utterly confused, he cried, 'My charmer,

Your virtue's positively cased in armor!"
Many can yet attest this story's truth.
Well, Susan, do you know the lady now?
What! don't you recognize *my* lofty brow?"
But, "Lord have mercy on me!" Susan cries,
And scissors, needle, thread, lets slip,
"Could that be ever like your ladyship?"—
"What! what!" the countess screams, with flashing eyes;
"Could that be like me? Idiot! Nincompoop!"
Out of my doors, with all thy trumpery!
Intolerable! But so must it be,
If with such creatures to converse we stoop."
A gouty twinge then seized the countess' toe,
And of her history that's all I know.

VAN DER KABEL'S WILL.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

[From Richter's "Flegeljahre" we select the following bit of odd humor, as a counterpart to the ghostly seriousness of our former selection from this strange genius. The translation is by Professor Hedge.]

No one, since Haslau was made a royal residence, could remember anything, unless it were the birth of a crown-prince, which had been looked forward to with such interest as the opening of Van der Kabel's will.

Van der Kabel might be called the Haslau Cræsus, and his life a numismatic diversion, or a gold wash under a gold rain, or whatever else wit might choose to term it. Seven living distant relations of seven deceased distant relations entertained, indeed, some hopes of a place in his testament, inasmuch as the Cræsus had sworn to them to

remember them in it; but their hopes were faint, for the reason that they did not especially trust him, not only because he managed everything in such a grumblingly moral and disinterested fashion (the seven relations being still beginners in morals), but also because he had such a mocking way, and a heart so full of tricks and traps that no reliance could be placed on him. The persistent smile about his temples and his thick lips, and his sneering, piping voice, weakened the good impression which might have been made by his nobly-formed countenance and a pair of big hands from which fell daily New-Year's presents and benefit-plays and donations. For which reason the birds of passage represented the man—this bird-berry tree on which they fed and roosted—as a hidden snare, and could scarcely see the visible berries for the invisible hair-springes.

Between two strokes of apoplexy he had made his will and deposited it with the magistracy. In the very act of delivering, when half dying, their certificates of deposit to the seven presumptive heirs, he said, in his old tone, that "he hoped that this token of his approaching end would not depress grave men, whom he would much rather think of as laughing heirs than as weeping ones." Only one of them—Police-Inspector Harprecht, the cold ironist—replied to this warm irony that "probably their interest in such a loss did not depend on themselves."

Finally the seven heirs appeared with their certificates at the Council-house; namely, the Church-Councillor Glanz, the Police-Inspector Harprecht, the Court-Agent Neupeter, the Court-Solicitor Knoll, the Bookseller Pasvogel, the Morning-Preacher Flachs, and Flitte from Alsace. They claimed the notice deposited by the late Kabel, and the regular and formal opening of the will. The chief executor of this was the reigning burgomaster

himself; the sub-executors, the rest of the City Council. The Notice and the Testament were immediately produced, . . . shown to the assembled Councillors and heirs, for inspection of the secret city stamp; the registered certificates were read aloud by the city clerk to the seven heirs, who were thereby informed that the departed had actually deposited such notice with the magistracy and intrusted it to the public archives, and that on the day of the deposition he had been of sound mind. Then finally the seven seals which he himself had stamped upon them were inspected and found entire. Now, after the city clerk had made a record of all this, the will could, in God's name, be opened and read aloud by the reigning burgomaster, as follows:

"I, Van der Kabel, here in my house in Dog Street, Haslau, on the 7th May, 179-, do make my will without many million words, although I have been a German notary and a Dutch domine. . . .

"Devising and disinheriting are universally regarded as the most essential parts of a will. Accordingly I bequeath to Mr. Ecclesiastical-Councillor Glanz, Mr. Court-Solicitor Knoll, Mr. Court-Agent Peter Neupeter, Mr. Police-Director Harprecht, Mr. Morning-Preacher Flachs, Mr. Bookseller Pasvogel, and Mr. Flitte, for the present, nothing. Not because, being very distant relatives, they are entitled to no *Trebellianica*, or because most of them have enough of their own to devise, but because I know from their own lips that they esteem my poor person much more than my large estate, which person, therefore, I leave to them, however little may be got by it."

At these words seven long faces started up like the Seven Sleepers. The ecclesiastical councillor, a young man still, but famous in all Germany by his spoken and printed discourses, was the one who felt himself most

offended by such insinuations. The Alsatian Flitte muttered a half-audible curse. The morning-preacher Flach's chin dropped down like a beard. The City Council could hear sundry half-loud exclamations against the late Kabel, such as "scalawag," "fool," "infidel," etc. But the Burgomaster Kuhnold beckoned with his hand, and, while the solicitor and the bookseller set all the muscles in their faces like so many spring-traps, read on, although with forced gravity:

"Except my present house in Dog Street, which, just as it stands, shall be adjudged and shall belong to that one of my seven above-named relatives who, within the space of half an hour, to be reckoned from the reading of this clause, shall sooner than the other six rivals succeed in shedding a tear or tears in the presence of an honorable magistrate, who shall make protocol thereof. But if all remain dry, then the house must also lapse to the universal heir, whom I shall immediately name."

Here the burgomaster closed the will, and remarked that the condition might be an unusual one, but was not contrary to law, and that the Court must adjudge the house to the first one who should weep. He laid his watch, which indicated half-after eleven, on the sessions table, and sat quietly down, in order, with the rest of the Court, as executors of the testament, to note who should first shed the desired tears for the testator.

That so long as the earth had stood and moved there was ever upon it a more troubled and perplexed congress than this of seven united dry provinces assembled for weeping, can hardly without partiality be supposed. At first, for some precious minutes, there was mere confusion, astonishment, smiles. The congress saw itself too suddenly transported into the position of that dog which, in the midst of its fiercest onset, the enemy brought to a still

stand by crying out "Watch!" and which suddenly stood on its hind legs and, snarling, watched. From cursing they were too swiftly hurried up to weep. Every one saw that genuine emotion was out of the question: a shower on the gallop, a hunting baptism of the eyes, was not to be thought of. Nevertheless, in twenty-six minutes something might be accomplished.

The merchant Neupeter asked if it were not a cursed business and fool's trick, and would have nothing to do with it. Nevertheless, at the thought that a house might float into his possession on a tear he experienced a peculiar irritation of the glands, and looked like a sick lark that is being elystered with an oiled pin's head. The house was the pin's head.

The solicitor Knoll distorted his face like a mechanic's apprentice whom one of his cronies is shaving and scraping of a Saturday evening by a shoemaker's candle. He was fearfully enraged by the misuse of the title "testament," and near enough to tears of wrath.

The sly bookseller Pasvogel quietly addressed himself at once to the matter in hand, and went over in a hurry everything of a moving kind that he had in his shop, or on commission, and looked the while like a dog that is licking off the emetic which the Parisian dog-doctor Demet has smeared his nose with. Time was absolutely necessary to produce the desired effect.

Flitte, the Alsatian, danced without ceremony in the sessions room, laughed at all the serious faces, and swore that, though he was not the richest of the lot, he could not weep in so funny a case for all Strasburg and Alsace to boot. At last the police-inspector Harprecht gave him a significant look, and assured him that if Monsieur hoped by laughter through the well-known glands—the Meibomian, the caruncula, and others—to produce the desired

drops, and thus surreptitiously to moisten his eyes with this window-sweat, he would have him know that as little could be gained in that way as by blowing his nose,—in which operation, as we know, more tears flow into the eyes through the *ductus nasalis* than into all the church pews during a funeral sermon. But the Alsatian declared that he was laughing only for the fun of the thing, and not with any graver design.

The inspector, on his part, conscious of the dephlegmatized state of his heart, endeavored to force into his eyes something that would answer the purpose by staring with them wide open.

The morning-preacher, Flachs, looked like a Jew beggar on horseback when his horse is running away with him. Nevertheless, he might have drawn up the needful water by the action of a heart which had already gathered about it the sultriest clouds, out of domestic and ecclesiastical miseries, had not the vision of the house come floating in with a joyful aspect that dammed the current.

Glanz, the church-councillor, who knew his own nature from the experience of many New Year's and funeral sermons, and was aware that he himself was the first to be moved when he sought to awaken emotion in others, rose up, and, seeing the others hanging so long on the drying-rope, said, with dignity, that every one who had read his printed works must know that he had a heart in his bosom which compelled him rather to repress such sacred signs as tears, in order to rob no one, than laboriously to elicit them for secondary purposes. "This heart has already shed them, but secretly; for Kabel was my friend," he said, and looked around. With satisfaction he perceived that they were all sitting still as dry as corks. Especially at this moment crocodiles, deer, elephants,

witches, grape-vines, could have wept sooner than the heirs thus disturbed and enraged.

Flachs alone profited thereby. He thought over in a hurry Kabel's charities and the poor frocks and gray hairs of his female hearers at the morning service; Lazarus with his dogs, and his own long coffin; moreover, the beheading of so many victims, the sorrows of Werther, a miniature battle-field; and himself worrying and tormenting himself in his young years so miserably for the sake of that clause in the will. It needed but three strokes more with the pump-handle, and he would fetch the water and the house.

"O Kabel, my Kabel!" continued Glanz, almost weeping for joy at the prospect of the coming tears of sorrow, "when at some future day, by the side of thy breast full of love which the earth now covers, mine shall also lie and mould——"

"I believe, worthy sirs," interrupted Flachs, standing up and looking round with a sad and streaming countenance, "I believe I am weeping."

He then sat down and let the tears flow more joyfully. He had reached dry land; he had fished away the prize-house from the competing eyes of Glanz, who was now greatly vexed at the effort he had made, having talked away half his appetite to no purpose.

Flachs's emotion was duly recorded, and the house in Dog Street awarded to him forever.

[As a second brief example of Richter's odd humor we copy one of the "Extra-leaves" of "*Hesperus*," that entitled "Extra-leaf on Daughter-full Houses." As Carlyle, the translator, says, "Of these Extra-leaves in '*Hesperus*' a considerable volume might be formed, and truly one of the strangest."]

The minister's house was an open book-shop, the books in which (the daughters) you might read there, but could

not take home with you. Though five other daughters were already standing in five private libraries, as wives, and one under the ground at Maienthal was sleeping off the child's play of life, yet still in this daughter-warehouse there remained three gratis copies to be disposed of to good friends. The minister was always prepared, in drawings from the office lottery, to give his daughters as premiums to winners, and holders of the lucky ticket. Whom God gives an office, he also gives, if not sense for it, at least a wife. In a daughter-full house there must, as in the church of St. Peter's, be *confessionals* for all nations, for all characters, for all faults; that the daughters may sit as confessoresses therein, and absolve from all, bachelorship only excepted. As a natural-philosopher I have many times admired the wise methods of nature for distributing daughters and plants. Is it not a fine arrangement, said I to the natural-historian Goeze, that nature should have bestowed specially on young women, who for their growth require a rich mineralogical soil, some sort of hooking apparatus, whereby to stick themselves on miserable marriage-cattle, that they may carry them to fat places? Thus Linnæus, as you know, observes that such seeds as can flourish only in fat earth are furnished with barbs, and so fasten themselves the better on grazing quadrupeds, which transport them to stalls and dunghills. Strangely does nature, by the wind—which father and mother must raise—scatter daughters and fir seeds into the arable spots of the forest. Who does not remark the final cause here, and how nature has equipped many a daughter with such and such charms, simply that some peer, some mitred abbot, cardinal-deacon, appanaged prince, or mere country baron, may lay hold of said charmer, and, in the character of father or brideman, hand her over ready made to some gawk of the like sort, as a wife acquired by purchase? . . .

Oh, my heart is more in earnest than you think; the parents anger me who are soul-brokers, the daughters sadden me who are made slave-negresses. . . . Ye poor lambs!—and yet ye too are as bad as your sale-mothers and sale-fathers:—what is one to do with his enthusiasm for your sex, when one travels through German towns, where every heaviest-pursed, every longest-titled individual, were he second-cousin to the devil himself, can point with his finger to thirty houses, and say, “I know not, shall it be from the pearl-colored, or the nut-brown, or the steel-green house, that I wed; open to customers are they all.” How, my girls! is your heart so little worth that you cut it, like old clothes, after any fashion, to fit any breast, and does it wax or shrink, then, like a Chinese ball, to fit itself into the ball-mould and marriage-ring case of any male heart whatever? “Well, it must, unless we should sit at home, and grow Old Maids,” answer they; whom I will not answer, but turn scornfully away from them, to address that same Old Maid in these words:

“Forsaken but patient one, misknown and mistreated! Think not of the times when thou hadst hope of better than the present are, and repent the noble pride of thy heart never. It is not always our duty to marry, but it is always our duty to abide by right, not to purchase happiness by loss of honor, not to avoid unweddedness by untruthfulness. Lonely, unadmired heroine! in thy last hour, when all life and the by-gone possessions and scaffoldings of life shall crumble to pieces, ready to fall down, in that hour thou wilt look back on thy untenanted life; no children, no husband, no wet eyes, will be there; but in the empty dusk one high, pure, angelic, smiling, beaming figure, godlike and mounting to the godlike, will hover, and beckon thee to mount with her: mount thou with her, the Figure is thy Virtue.”

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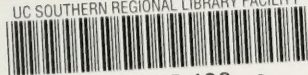
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